

## Tragically Hip "Little Bones"

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It gets so sticky down here  
Better butter your cue finger up  
It's the start of another new year  
Better call the newspaper up

Two fifty for a hi-ball  
And buck and a half for a beer  
Happy hour, happy hour  
Happy hour is here

The long days of Shockley are gone  
So is football Kennedy style  
Famous last words were taken all wrong  
Wind up on the very same pile

Two fifty for a decade  
And a buck and a half for a year  
Happy hour, happy hour  
Happy hour is here

I can cry, beg and whine  
To every rebel I find  
Just to give me a line  
I could use to describe

They'd say  
"Baby eat this chicken slow  
It's full of all them little bones"  
Baby eat this chicken slow  
It's full of all them little bones

So regal and decadent here  
Coffin cheaters dance on their graves  
Music, all it's delicate fear  
Is the only thing that don't change

Two fifty for an eyeball  
And a buck and a half for an ear  
Happy hour, happy hour  
Happy hour is here

Well, nothing's dead down here, just a little tired

Nothing's dead down here, it's just a little tired  
Nothing's dead down here, it's just a little tired  
Nothing's dead down here, it's just a little tired

Oh baby eat this chicken slow  
It's full of all them little bones  
Oh baby eat this chicken slow  
It's full of all them little bones  
Little bones, full of all them  
Little bones

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