

Tragically Hip "Sherpa"

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Me and the vivid girl
In our hammock to the stars
Staring into the fire before TV
The remote-control's on Mars

In the dope of the pigment
In a poetic state of mind
In a flood of the country
We lay down to kill some time

And we spoke languidly
Of the Northern Bee
And collecting dewdrops for tea
Underneath the cannonball tree

We were high, we were Sherpa-high
We conspired against old friends
We said, "We must be friends or die"
And we've died a thousand times since then

And we spoke long at length
Of the fight or flee
And of nothing in particularly
Underneath the cannonball tree

We spoke off-handedly
Of the new extremes
And of nothing in particularly
Underneath the cannonball tree

We're at that point where we love or hate it
We can write it down and obliterate it
When we're at the point when we neither love nor hate
it
We can lay down and obliterate it

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