

Tragically Hip "The Rules"

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Legs scream at bikes and bikes scream at trucks
And motorists curse their lousy luck
Crossing guard's not doing his job
And traffic's not about to stop for the first causality

Of though it's the rules, it's the rules

Super farmer's bent on the cover of Time
The moralist screams he's all mine
So the bard isn't doing her job the vacuum night
The darkest rites the small quarantined thoughts

It's the rules, it's the rules

Salesman says this vacuum's guaranteed it
Could suck an ancient virus from the sea
It could put the dog out of a job
Could make the traffic stop so little thoughts can safely
get across

It's the rules, it's the rules
Guaranteed or not it's the rules

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