

Tragically Hip "Thirty-Eight Years Old"

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Twelve men broke loose
In seventy-three
From Millhaven maximum security
Twelve pictures lined up
Across the front page
Seems the mounties
Had a summertime war to wage
The cheif told the people
They had nothing to fear
Said,
"The last thing they wanna do, is hang around here"
They mostly came from towns
With long french names
But one of the dozen
Was a hometown shame

Same pattern on the table
Same clock on the wall
Been on seat empty, eighteen years in all
Freezing slow time away from the world
He's thrity-eight years old
Never kissed a girl
He's thirty-eight years old
Never kissed a girl

We were sitting round the table
Heard the telephone ring
Father said he'd tell em
If he saw anything
Heard a tap on my window
In the middle of the night
Held back the curtains
For my older brother Mike

See my sister got raped
So a man got killed
Local boy went to prision
Man's buried on the hill
Folks went back to normal
When they closed the case
But they still stare at their shoes
When they past our place

My mother cried.
"The horror has finally ceased!"
He whispered,
"Yeah, for the time being at least"
Over her shoulder
On the squad car megaphone
Said,
"Let's Go Michael, son, we're taking you home"

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