

Tragically Hip "Ultra Mundane"

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Come the ultra mundane of another life
You know it by the trail of the nervousness
Your memories compress, your senses are sly
And portions of your shadowiness on, on your
everyday nights
Into northern lights
Pour it all at their service

Start beginning by beginning
It's time, it's time, it's time
A new tradition, a new beginning
It's time, it's time, it's time

It's time to make it inside with a wristband, alright
To see Etobicoke coyotes
To get pretend scars, to see like a pair
To feel as welcome as a sneeze in a motorcycle helmet

Feel the ultra mundane of another life
A poet in the service

Start beginning, new traditions
It's time, it's time, it's time
The demolition is beginning
It's time, it's time, it's time
They're underpinning the tradition

It's time, it's time, it's time
No perdition in the beginning
It's time, it's time

But there's no time to ask, "Hey, whatcha building?
Another ocean?"
You looked at me like I was eating runny eggs in slow
motion
Maybe, maybe I saw you soften, baby
When your angst had me over your shoulder
Your beleaguered old lady

Start beginning, a new tradition
It's time, it's time, it's time
No tradition of dereliction

It's time, it's time, it's time
No conditions, no sedition
It's time, it's time, it's time
A new beginning, a new tradition

And at the end I'll burn so unkind
You might ask, "Hey, whatcha building? Another
ocean? Another ocean?"

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