

Tragically Hip "Vapour Trails"

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Titillations been replaced
By Interstate brickface and Coffee-Mate
And by a list of phone calls
You'll like to make
Where you could sit on the edge of your bed
And you could stare into your own shoes
And in the pools of light there
Ao wherever you choose

Just rig up a complication
And if it derails,
You can throw away the rudder
And float away like vapour trails

There's nothing funnier than pride
In an utterly confident stride
So I pulled the car on over to give you a ride
Damn this sleepy weather he said,
As he marched in sopping wet shoes
Through rainpools evaporating
Says in this sign I'll conquer you

I pulled the car on over to give you a ride
But there's nothing uglier than a man hitting his stride
Past Mexicans all dressed in beige shirts
Leaning over their hoes
Now the mornin's over,
It's time to let them sprinklers hose

Past hills of chambermaids' dark bare arms
And fields of muscles quilted to the bone
Yight now I'm flying over
Yea right now I'm flying home
Where I can sit on the end of my bed
And I can stare into my own shoes
And in the pools of light years
Go wherever I choose

And throw away the rudder ,
Float away on vapour trails
I rigged up a complication totally derailed
So I throw away the rudder,

Float away like vapour trails
I pulled the car on over
(it's time to let them sprinklers hose)

Throw away the rudder
Float away on a vapour trail

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