

Tragically Hip "We'll Go To"

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To boldly clap in a room full of nothing
You never know, it could be one of those, poignant
evenings
Museum's locked and it's long since past closing
You cannot know, you cannot not know, what you're
knowing

What can you do, they're all gone
And we'll go too
What can you do, they're all gone
And we'll go too

The curtain climbs over me every morning
I don't know why I'm so immunized against reforming
To coldly slap at a face full of nothing
You never know it could've been one of those looks of
longing

What can you do, they're all gone
And we'll go too
What can you do, they're all gone
And we'll go too

What can you do, they're all gone
And we'll go too
What can you do, they're all gone
And we'll go too

We'll go too
We'll go too
We'll go too
We'll go too

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