

The Tragically Hip "At Transformation"

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"Imagine an eye unruled by man-made laws of perspective,
an eye unprejudiced by compositional logic,
an eye which does not respond to the name of everything
but which must know each object encountered in life
through an adventure of perception.
How many colors are there in a field of grass to the
crawling baby unaware of green?
How many rainbows can light create for the untutored
eye? How aware of variations in heat waves can that
eye be? Imagine a world alive with incomprehensible
objects, and shimmering with an endless variety of
movements and innumerable gradations of color.
Imagine a world before the beginning was the word."

Gently breathing, lit by the morning sun
Through the night, it'd been raining venom
I want to be kind, not a bullet in the right place
Or just of two minds, more important than importance

I want to help you lift enormous things
A pinch, a sting, I don't feel a thing
But as the earth revolved around the sun

All those shadows, waiting round the last lights
To the dream of being, here comes the night
All of the tiptoeing, past all our most-feared buildings
I only say this now because, I didn't when it was
happening

I want to help you lift enormous things
A pinch, a sting, I don't feel a thing
But as the earth revolves around the sun

I can see it all at once
And, oh, what a glittering chance
In my head the game goes quiet
And I can see it all at once
Them yelling, "Yer not the goods!
A kid before the rapids!"

But in my head the game is quiet
And, oh, what a glittering chance
Oh, what a glittering chance
Oh, what a glittering chance

At transformation
At transformation

That's my dream of being
That's my dream of being
That's my dream of being
That's my dream of being

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