

The Tragically Hip "Cemetery Sideroad"

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i had heart, but i used to be older i'm not like i used to
be had you, but i guess its all over you talk, but you're
not like me. you talk and you talk like some weird saint
what do you think that we could taint? when your
nothing i am and i'm something you ain't hold me, until
the night makes colder tell me, how life's made you
bad kick me when i choke and i smolder when i'm not
what you had. i'm looking for a cemetery sideroad i'm
screaming like a lighthouse lamp i'm chasing after
what i think i'm owed like a french foreign tramp you
swim in an ocean that's storming you eat when the
wolves all do you ache like a mother mourning when
you're left alone with you.

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