

The Tragically Hip "Coconut Cream"

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sled dogs after dinner close their eyes on the howling'
wastes kurt cobain, reincarnated, sighs and licks his
face then they drift
past strips of serengeti and the gates of sleepy hollow
too you can pause in wonder, they paused in wonder
and yea, i paused in
wonder too just don't wake daddy

they can lay their heads on their futon-beds, so many
miles from home you teach yout children some fashion
sense and they
fashion some of their own for when the policy-weary
commune on the untamed land through white sheers
whispers in their
ears, you're damned and don't wake daddy

you can stuff yer void with the asteroid that's hurtlin
toward the earth you can drop the bomb that restores
some calm then
promises rebirth just don't wake daddy

it's the perfect time now for an eclectic choice they're
all asleep but us now it's time to hear your voice

sing to end all songs to end all songs

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