

The Tragically Hip "Emperor Penguin"

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i like the tone of your trumpet come let's spill some
paint let's raise a glass of milk to the end of another
day and to the kiss that's still intangible the kids are
alright just unmanageable they won't do a damn thing
that you say your voice is all detached on a radio-wave
breeze we have another caller with a bachelor degree
talkin' alien invasion as the only chance for unity well
sorry to interrupt you caller but that's a physical
impossibility you'd be tossed up or wash up the
narrator relates in a spartan antarctican walk for many
days meet with emperor penguin devotion to the egg
and their women are swimming from half an ocean
away don't sound so detached this is you and me just
give me your opinion before you turn to leave but your
crust is just incredible the radio was edible when you
said don't wipe your asses with your sleeves your're a
physical impossibility

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