The Tragically Hip
"Fireworks"

If there's a goal that everyone remembers it was back
in ole' 72
We all squeezed the stick and we all pulled the trigger
And all I remember was sitting beside you
You said you didn't give a fuck about hockey
And I never saw someone say that before
You held my hand and we walked home the long way
You were loosening my grip on Bobby Orr
Isn't it amazing anything's accomplished
When the little sensation gets in your way
Not one ambition whisperin' over your shoulder
Isn't it amazing you can do anything
We hung out together every single moment
Cause that's what we thought married people do
Complete with the grip of artificial chaos
And believing in the country of me and you
Crisis of faith and crisis in the Kremlin
And yea we'd heard all of that before
It's wintertime, the house is solitude with options
And loosening the grip on a fake cold war
Isn't it amazing what you can accomplish
When you don't let the nation get in your way
No ambition whisperin' over your shoulder
Isn't it amazing you can do anything

Next to your comrades in the national fitness program
Caught in some eternal flexed-arm hang
Droppin' to the mat in a fit of laughter
Showed no patience, tolerance or restraint

Fireworks exploding in the distance
Temporary towers soar
Fireworks emulating heaven
Til there are no stars anymore
Fireworks aiming straight at heaven
Temporary towers soar
Til there are no stars shining up in heaven
Til there are no stars anymore
Isn't it amazing what you can accomplish
When the little sensation gets in your way
No ambition whisperin' over your shoulder

Isn't it amazing what you can accomplish, eh
This one thing probably never goes away
I think this one thing is always supposed to stay
This one thing doesn't have to go away