

## The Tragically Hip "Flamenco"

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the beautiful lull, the dangerous tug we get to feel  
small from high up above and after a glimpse over the  
top the rest of the  
world becomes a gift shop

the pendulum swings for the horse like a man out over  
the rim is ice cream to him the beautiful lull, the  
dangerous tug we get  
to feel small but not out of place at all

we're forced to bed but we're free to dream all us  
human extras, all us herded beings and after a  
glimpse over the top the rest  
of the world becomes a giftshop

i don't know what to believe sometimes i even forget  
and if it's a lie, terrorists made me say it the beautiful  
lull, the dangerous  
tug we get to feel small from high up above

from high up above

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