

## The Tragically Hip "Gift Shop"

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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 gift shop

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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