

## The Tragically Hip

### "On The Verge"

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Here we are, now where are we?  
It's like nothing I've ever seen  
We got hoarse-throated hucksters whispered gimmicks  
Rubbernecking the curious cynics  
And headlong-walkers, one born every minute  
Do I plug it in? Or do I stick it in it?

I don't know what came over me  
I'm too dumb for words  
I didn't think I'd like it here at all  
But I swear, I swear I'm on the verge

Here we are, now who are you?  
The long lost Queen's of some Hoodoo?  
Well we're the last of the big-time penetrators  
Playing dead to fuck the undertaker  
The movie'll come out a little bit later  
The Men, The Legend, The Goat, The Satyr

I don't know what came over me  
I'm too dumb for words  
I didn't say I'd like it here at all  
But I swear, I swear I'm on the verge

Here we are, now don't ask how  
The time to leave was kinda now  
Well don't cry, baby, there's no cause for grief

Deadheading's never gonna kill the Chief  
It's an empty road without relief  
And I'm a highway romance milking Thief

I don't know what came over me  
I'm too dumb for words  
I didn't think I'd like it here at all  
But I swear, I swear I'm on the verge

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