

The Tragically Hip "Put It Off"

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me and the vivid girl in our hammock to the stars
staring into the fire before tv, the remote-control's on
Mars

in the dope of the pigment, in a poetic state of mind in
a flood of country we lay down to kill some time

and we spoke languidly of the northern bee and
collecting dewdrops for tea underneath the cannonball
tree

we were high, we were sherpa-high, we conspired
against old friends we said we must be friends or die
and we've died a
thousand times since then

and we spoke long, at length of the fight or flee and of
nothing in particularly underneath the cannonball tree

we spoke off-handedly of the new extremes and of
nothing in particularly underneath the cannonball tree

we're at the point where we love or hate it we can write
it down and obliterate it when we're at the pint when we
neither love
nor hate it we can lay down and obliterate it

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