

The Tragically Hip "Sherpa"

Visit "[Sherpa](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 of flee 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 point when we can
neither love nor hate it we can lay down and obliterate
it

Visit [The Tragically Hip](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.