

The Tragically Hip "Small Town Bringdown"

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lets go to the park, lets go watch 'em floodin' out there
after dark, don't have to think of nothin' and i love that
for, for the way
i'm feeling 700 foot, 700 foot ceiling

lets take it to the top of the tobacco nation we can aim
the dish for hardcore invitations and i hate that for, for
the things i'm
thinking when the clouds are low, 700 are sinking

it's part hard, hard to remember it's part hard to say
parts unknown, unknown forever and those parts fade
away but leanings
toward, toward a full-stop's all i hear you say

one foot on the stump, the other's on the pulpit 700
foot, 700 foot pulpit and i love that for, for the way i'm
feeling 700 foot,
700 foot ceiling in our own backyard, we can do some
floodin' when it's cold and dark, don't have to think or
nothin

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