

The Tragically Hip "The Rules"

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legs scream at bikes and bikes scream at trucks and
motorists curse their lousy luck crossing guard's not
doing his job and traffic's not about to stop for the first
casualty of though it's the rules it's the rules
superfarmer's bent on the cover of time the moralist
screams he's all mine so the bard isn't doing her job
the vacuum night the darkest rites the small
quarantined thoughts it's the rules it's the rules
salesman says this vacuum's guaranteed it could suck
an ancient virus from the sea it could put the dog out of
a job could make the traffic stop so little thoughts can
safely get across it's the rules it's the rules guaranteed
or not it's the rules

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