

The Tragically Hip "Thirty Eight Years Old"

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twelve men broke loose in seventy-three from
millhaven maximum security twelve pictures lined up
across the front page

seems the mounties had a summertime war to wage
the chief told the people they had nothing to fear said,
"the last thing they

wanna do, is hang around here" they mostly came
from towns with long french names but one of the
dozen was a hometown

shame

same pattern on the table same clock on the wall been
one seat empty, eighteen years in all freezing slow
time, away from the

world he's 38 years old, never kissed a girl

we were sitting round the table, heard the telephone
ring father said he'd tell em if he saw anything heard
the tap on my

window in the middle of the night held back the
curtains for my older brother mike

see my sister got raped, so a man got killed local boy
went to prison, man's buried on the hill folks went back
to normal when

they closed the case but they still stare at their shoes
when they pass our place

my mother cried, "the horror has finally ceased!" he
whispered, "yeah, for the time being at least" over her
shoulder, on the

squad car megaphone said, "let's go michael, son,
we're taking you home"

chorus

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