

## The Tragically Hip

### "Twist My Arm"

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There She Blows, Jacque Cousteau  
Hear her sing so sweet and low  
Lull me overboard, cold-out  
Gathered in a swallowed hole.

Do I want to? With All that charm  
Do I want to? Twist my arm

You just hit me where I live  
I guess it looked quite primitive  
What was that supposed to prove?  
Throw the calf or he'll throw you

Sucked in by the victim world  
Thirsty as a cultured pearl  
Culled and wooed, bitten chewed  
It won't hurt if you don't move

Do I want to? With All that charm  
Do I want to? Twist my arm

Musical chairs, double dares , memorized stairs  
Shootin' of flares, springtime hairs and broken down  
mares

Coward phones , big soup stones, pride less loans  
Grill-sick cows, motel moans and big fat Jones

Martyrs don't do much for me  
Though I enjoy them vicariously  
After you No, after me  
No I insist please after me

Do I want to? With All that charm  
Do I want to? Twist my arm

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