

The Tragically Hip "Vapour Trails"

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titillatons been replaced by interstate brickface and
coffee-mate and by a list of phone calls you'll like to
make where you could sit on the edge of your bed and
you could stare into your own shoes and in the pools of
light there go wherever you choose just rig up a
complication and if it derails you can throw away the
rudder and float away like vapour trails there's nothing
funnier then pride in an utterly confident stride so i
pulled the car on over to give you a ride damn this
sleepy weather he said as he marched in sopping wet
shoes through rainpools evapourating says in this sign
i'll conquer you i pulled the car on over to give you a
ride but there's nothing uglier then a man hittin' his
stride (now the morning's over light wind blows) past
mexicans all dressed in beige shirts leaning over their
hoes now the morning's over it's time to let them
sprinklers hoes past hills of chambermaids' dark bare
arms and fileds of muscles quilted to the bone right
now i'm flying over yea right now i'm flying home
where i can sit on the end of my bed and i can stare
into my own shoes and in the pools of light years go
wherever i choose and throw away the rudder and float
away on vapour trails i rigged up a complication totally
derailed so i threw away the rudder float away like
vapour trails i pulled the car on over (its time to let the
sprinklers hoes) throw away the rudder float away on
vapour trails

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