

A Century by The Tragically Hip

"Ahead By A Century"

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First we'd climb a tree and maybe then we'd talk
Or sit silently and listen to our thoughts
With illusions of someday casting a golden light
No dress rehearsal, this is our life
That's when the hornet stung me and I had a feverish
dream
With revenge and doubt tonight we smoke them out

You are ahead by a century

Stare in the morning shroud and then the day began
I tilted your cloud, you tilted my hand
Rain falls in real time and rain fell through the night
No dress rehearsal, this is our life

That's when the hornet stung me and I had a serious
dream
With revenge and doubt tonight, we smoked them out

You are ahead by a century
But this is our life and disappointing you getting me
down

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