

Hip Tragically

"38 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 stick around here"

They mostly came from towns with long French names

But one of the dozen was a hometown shame.

(Chorus)

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 year's old, never kissed a girl

We were sitting round the table, heard the telephone ring

Father said he tell em if he saw anything

Heard the tap on my window in the middle of the night

Held back the curtain 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, "Yea 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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