

## **Hip Tragically**

### **"Last American Exit"**

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words and music by Gord Sinclair)

You know the reasons I can't conceal

You know I'm leaving you

obviously you know how I feel

it's not as easy as calling out your name when I'm down

it's not a matter for wrong or right

it ain't much better that drinking and looking to fight

you know I'm tired of crawling hind my name among  
the crowd

I'm on the last American exit to the northland

I'm on the last American exit to my homeland

I'm on the last American exit to my last chance

they keep calling out my name-shout it down

you've made them wonder and know for sure

you've made them hunger at night and then run for the  
door

you know you'll probably cry like Caesars son when

you're found

it's not your place it's another town

let's face it baby I'm up and then baby I'm down

you'll watch the border offer you fame and watch you  
drown

chorus

know your neighbors and know they'll take us

know my city it's just like theirs are

hope I make it. I know I'm going to make it somehow

know my saviour he knows you shakers

know my pity. I'll see you later

I'd like to stay but i know it doesn't matter somehow

chorus

They keep callin out my name

They keep callin out my name

They keep callin out my name

I shout it down

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