Hip Tragically "Looking For A Place To Happen"

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I've got a job, I explore, I follow every little whiff

And I want my life to smell like this

To find a place, an ancient race

The kind you'd like to gamble with

Where they'd stamp on burning bags of shit.

Looking for a place to happen

making stops along the way

Wayward ho! Away we go,

It's a shame to leave this masterpiece

With its' gallery gods and its' garbage-bag trees

So I'll paint a scene, from memory,

so I'd know who murdered me

It's a vain pursuit, but it helps me to sleep

Looking for a place to happen

making stops along the way

Jacques Cartier, right this way,

I'll put your coat up on the bed

Hey man you've got a real bum's eye for clothes

And come on in, sit right down,

no you're not the first to show

We've all been here since, God, who knows?

Looking for a place to happen,

making stops along the way

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