

Hip Tragically

"Sherpa"

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Me and the vivid girl in our hammock to the stars
staring into the fire before TV, the remote-control's on
Mars
In the dope of the pigment, in a poetic state of mind
in a flood of country, we lay down to kill some time
And we spoke languidly of the Northern Bee
and collecting dewdrops for tea underneath the
cannonball tree
We were high, we were sherpa-high
we conspired against old friends
we said we must be friends or die
and we've died a thousand times since then
And we spoke long, at length of the fight of flee
and of nothing in particularly underneath the
cannonball tree
We're at the point where we love or hate it
we can write it down and obliterate it
when we're at the point when we can neither love nor
hate it
we can lay down and obliterate it

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