

The Tragically Hip, Save The Planet

the man 'cross the street he don't move a muscle
though he's all covered in dust
when constitutions of granite can't save the planet
what's to become of us?

with a painted restraint i don't move a muscle
though a turbine roars
if the bathwater's clear and my ear's underwater
it's a tolerant hum from the core

sleep's beckoning from the depths
from the cracks and from the crevices
join the army of ghosts, the murmurs in the mist

that's when the powers of observation
come to the periphery town
and we'd carry their water
we don't make a sound

and after gaining our resignation
they come through the chain link fence
your only enemy's panic
your only chance is to start making sense

sleep plunging into deeper debt
inter bunkers and black minarets
on a geyser of ink a morning voice faint and yet

and it sounds heroincredible
sound that makes the headphones edible
awake, affiliated and indelible

the man across the street don't move a muscle
though he's all covered in dust
says constitutions of granite can't save the planet
what's left to captivate us?

what's to become of us?