

# The Tragically Hip, Sherpa

me and the vivid girl in our hammock to the stars  
staring into the fire before t.v., the remote control's on mars

in the dope of the pigment, in a poetic state of mind  
in a flood of the 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 or flee  
and of nothing in particularly underneath the cannonball tree

we spoke offhandedly of the new extremes  
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 neither love nor hate it  
we can lay down and obliterate it