

Blow At High Dough

The Tragically Hip

They shot a movie once, in my hometown
Everybody was in it, from miles around
Out at the speedway, some kind of Elvis thing
Well I ain't no movie star
But I can get behind anything
Yeah I can get behind anything

Get it out, get it all out
Yeah stretch that thing
Make it last, make it last
At least until the supper bell rings
Well the taxi driver likes his rhythm
Never likes the stops
Throes of passion, throes of passion
When something just threw him off

Sometimes the faster it gets
The less you need to know
But you gotta remember
The smarter it gets
The further its gonna go
When you blow at high dough
When you blow at high dough

Baby I feel fine
I'm pretty sure it's genuine
It makes no sense, no it makes no sense
But I'll take it free anytime
Whoever fits her usually gets her
It was the strangest thing how she moved so fast, moved so fast
Into that wedding ring

Out at the speedway, same Elvis thing
Well I can't catch her, but I can get behind anything
Yea I can get behind anything
Well I can get behind anything

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