

# Ahead By A Century

## The Tragically Hip

First thing we'd climb a tree  
And maybe then we'd talk  
Or sit silently  
And listen to our thoughts  
With illusions of someday  
Cast in a golden light  
No dress rehearsal,  
This is our life

And that's where the hornet stung me  
And I had a feverish dream  
With revenge and doubt  
Tonight, we smoke them out

You are ahead by a century  
You are ahead by a century  
You are ahead by a century

Stare in the morning shroud  
And then the day began  
I tilted your cloud  
You tilted my hand  
Rain falls in real time  
And rain fell through the night  
No dress rehearsal, this is our life

But that's when the hornet stung me  
And I had a serious dream  
With revenge and doubt  
Tonight, we smoked them out

You are ahead by a century  
You are ahead by a century  
You are ahead by a century

You are ahead by a century  
You are ahead by a century  
You are ahead by a century  
And disappointing you is gettin' me down

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