

# Ahead By A Century

## The Tragically Hip

First we'd climb a tree and maybe then we'd talk or sit silently  
And listen to our thoughts will illusions of someday casting a  
Golden light no dress rehearsal, this is our life

That's where the hornet stung me and I had a feverish dream with revenge and doubt tonight,  
We smoked them out

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

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 but this is our life and disappointing you's gettin' me down

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written by BAKER, ROBERT / DOWNIE, GORDON / FAY, JOHNNY / LANGLOIS, JOSEPH PAUL /  
SINCLAIR, ROBERT GORDON

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