

# Bobcaygeon

## The Tragically Hip

I left your house this morning,  
'Bout a quarter after nine.  
Coulda been the Willie Nelson,  
Coulda been the wine

When I left your house this morning,  
It was a little after nine  
It was in Bobcaygeon, I saw the constellations  
Reveal themselves, one star at time

Drove back to town this morning,  
With working on my mind  
I thought of maybe quittin',  
Thought of leavin' it behind

Went back to bed this morning  
And as I'm pullin' down the blind,  
Yeah, the sky was dull and hypothetical  
And fallin' one cloud at a time

That night in Toronto,  
With its checkerboard floors  
Riding on horseback,  
And keeping order restored,  
Til The Men They Couldn't Hang,  
Stepped to the mic and sang,  
And their voices rang with that Aryan twang

I got to your house this morning,  
Just a little after nine  
In the middle of that riot,  
Couldn't get you off my mind

So, I'm at your house this morning,  
Just a little after nine  
'Cause, it was in Bobcaygeon  
Where I saw the constellations reveal themselves  
One star at time

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