

# Bobcaygeon

## The Tragically Hip

I left your house this morning about 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 a time

Drove back to town this morning with working on my mind  
I thought of maybe quitting  
Thought of leaving it behind  
Went back to bed this morning  
And as I'm pulling down the blind  
The sky was dull and hypothetical  
And falling one cloud at a time

That night in Toronto with it's 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 a time

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