

Emergency

The Tragically Hip

I've often dreamt of a conversation
That just keeps coming up again and again.
We're sitting in the Baby Bar bereft
At a shadowy table out past the sentences end.
From until it's no longer fun
'Til that's no longer relevant.
From until we're no longer one
'Til the bona-fide embodiment of an endless
Emergency without end.
We're an endless emergency without end

We often stop in these conversations,
Things we say here stay here forever amen.
When everything seems either funny or lousy,
Funny or lousy, that's where it usually ends.
From until we're no longer fun
'Til that's no longer relevant.
From until we're no longer one
'Til that's no longer permanent.
From the last survivors of those terms
To the bona-fide embodiment
Of an endless emergency
Without end.
We're an endless emergency
Without end.
We're an endless emergency
Without end,

But
Your finger starts to wiggle
And
Landscapes emerge

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