

# The Tragically Hip, No Threat

got a window washer's head  
for an unmakeable bed  
for loneliness  
the past is no place to-

rest your weary arms 'cept at sevens at your sides  
your face a campaign debt reflected sky  
you die to your fans  
one window at a time, that's right

got a window washer's eye  
for an untuckable sky  
for lonely design  
the past is no place to-

try but I'll get my mind's armies moving at full stride  
they're singing in one voice, preoccupied  
and with nothing to say  
I'll sing it bright, that's right

I am here, it's only me  
I ain't freed nobody yet  
it's just me, I'll just be a sec  
I'm a cleaner, I'm no threat  
no threat, no threat  
I'm a reader, I'm no threat

who sings lonely? everyone sings lonely  
it doesn't sound so bad  
who is free? everybody's freed  
from the tired of being sad  
so sad

how will I know? how will I know if I'm helping?  
more so, how will she know if I'm helping?  
if I'm not in the saddle, I'm nothing  
that's right

I am here, it's only me  
I ain't freed nobody yet  
it's just me, clearing spiderwebs  
I'm a listener, I'm no threat  
I am here, failed and failing breath  
I'm a listener, I'm no threat  
no threat, no threat  
I'm a watcher, I'm no threat  
no threat..

(I am a Beatles fan)