

# The Tragically Hip, Save The Planet

the man 'cross the street he don't move a muscle  
though he's all covered in dust  
when constitutions of granite can't save the planet  
what's to become of us?

with a painted restraint i don't move a muscle  
though a turbine roars  
if the bathwater's clear and my ear's underwater  
it's a tolerant hum from the core

sleep's beckoning from the depths  
from the cracks and from the crevices  
join the army of ghosts, the murmurs in the mist

that's when the powers of observation  
come to the periphery town  
and we'd carry their water  
we don't make a sound

and after gaining our resignation  
they come through the chain link fence  
your only enemy's panic  
your only chance is to start making sense

sleep plunging into deeper debt  
inter bunkers and black minarets  
on a geyser of ink a morning voice faint and yet

and it sounds heroincredible  
sound that makes the headphones edible  
awake, affiliated and indelible

the man across the street don't move a muscle  
though he's all covered in dust  
says constitutions of granite can't save the planet  
what's left to captivate us?

what's to become of us?