HIPQUEST LYRICS

Fireworks

If there's a goal that everyone remembers,  
It was back in ol' 72  
We all squeezed the stick and we all pulled the trigger  
And all I remember is sitting beside you

You said you didn't give a \*\*\*\* about hockey  
And I never saw someone say that before  
You held my hand and we walked home the long way  
You were loosening my grip on Bobby Orr

Isn't it amazing anything's accomplished  
When the little sensation gets in your way  
Not one ambition whisperin' over your shoulder  
Isn't it amazing you can do anything

We hung out together every single moment  
'Cause that's what we though married people do  
Complete with the grip of artificial chaos  
And believing in the country of me and you

Crisis of faith and crisis in the Kremlin  
And yea we'd heard all of that before  
It's wintertime, the house is solitude with options  
And loosening the grip on a fake cold war

Isn't it amazing what you can accomplish  
When you don't let the nation get in your way  
No ambition whisperin' over your shoulder  
Isn't it amazing you can do anything

Next to your comrades in the national fitness program  
Caught in some eternal flexed arm hang  
Droppin' to the mat in a fit of laughter  
Showed no patience, tolerance or restraint

Fireworks exploding in the distance  
Temporary towers soar  
Fireworks emulating heaven  
Til there are no stars anymore  
Fireworks aiming straight at heaven  
Temporary towers soar  
Til there are no stars shining up in heaven  
Til there are no stars anymore

Isn't it amazing what you can accomplish  
When the little sensation gets in your way  
No ambition whisperin' over your shoulder  
Oh isn't it amazing what you can accomplish, eh  
This one thing probably never goes away  
I think this one thing is always supposed to stay  
Oh this one thing doesn't have to go away

Fifty-Mission Cap

Bill Barilko disappeared that summer,  
He was on a fishing trip.  
The last goal he ever scored  
Won the Leafs the cup  
They didn't win another until 1962,  
The year he was discovered.  
I stole this from a hockey card,  
I keep tucked up under

My fifty mission cap, I worked it in  
To look like that

Bill Barilko disappeared that summer, (in 1950)  
He was on a fishing trip.(in a plane)  
The last goal he ever scored (in overtime)  
Won the Leafs the cup  
They didn't win another until 1962,  
The year he was discovered.  
I stole this from a hockey card,  
I keep tucked up under

My fifty mission cap, I worked it in  
To look like that

Nautical Disaster

I had this dream where I relished the fray and the screaming filled my head all day.  
It was as though I had been spit here,  
Settled in,  
Into the pocket of a lighthouse on some rocky socket,  
Off the coast of France, dear.  
One afternoon,  
Four thousand men died in the water here

and five hundred more were thrashing madly as parasites might

in your blood.  
Now I was in a lifeboat designed for ten and ten only,  
Anything that systematic would get you hated.  
It's not a deal not a test nor a love of something fated.  
(Death)  
The selection was quick,  
The crew was picked and those left in the water were kicked off our pant leg and we headed for home.

Then the dream ends when the phone rings,  
You're doing alright he said it's out there most days and nights,  
But only a fool would complain.  
Anyway Susan, if you like,  
Our conversation is as faint as a sound in my memory,  
As those fingernails scratching on my hull.

Courage

Watch the band through a bunch of dancers  
Quickly, follow the unknown with something more familiar.  
Quickly something familiar  
Courage, my word it didn't come it doesn't matter

Sleepwalk, so fast asleep in a motel  
That has the lay of home and piss on all of your  
Background and piss on all your surroundings  
Courage, my word, it didn't come, it doesn't matter  
Courage, it couldn't come at a worse time

So there's no simple explanation  
For anything important any of us do  
And yeah the human tragedy  
Consists in the necessity  
Of living with the consequences  
Under pressure, under pressure.  
Courage, my word, it didn't come, it doesn't matter,  
Courage, it couldn't come at a worse time.

Looking For A Place To Happen

I've got a job, I explore, I follow every little whiff  
And I want my life to smell like this  
To find a place, an ancient race  
The kind you'd like to gamble with  
Where they'd stamp on burning bags of shit.  
Looking for a place to happen  
Making stops along the way

Wayward ho! Away we go,  
It's a shame to leave this masterpiece  
With it's gallery gods and it's garbage-bag trees  
So I'll paint a scene, from memory,  
So I'd know who murdered me  
It's a vain pursuit, but it helps me to sleep  
Looking for a place to happen  
Making stops along the way

Jacques Cartier, right this way,  
I'll put your coat up on the bed  
Hey man you've got a real bum's eye for clothes  
And come on in, sit right down,  
No you're not the first to show  
We've all been here since, God, who knows?  
Looking for a place to happen,  
Making stops along the way.

Wheat Kings

Sundown in the Paris of the prairies wheat kings have all their treasures buried  
And all you hear are the rusty breezes pushing  
Around the weather vane Jesus

In his Zippo lighter, he sees the killer's face maybe  
It's someone standing in a killer's place twenty years for nothing, well that's  
Nothing new, besides, no one's interested in something you didn't do  
Wheat kings and pretty things, let's just see what the morning brings

There's a dreamy dream where the high school is dead and stark it's a museum  
And we're all locked up in it after dark where the walls  
Are lined all yellow, grey and sinister hung  
With pictures of our parents' prime ministers wheat kings and pretty things  
Wait and see what tomorrow brings

Late breaking story on the CBC, a nation whispers,  
"We always knew that he'd go free" they add, "you can't be fond of living in  
The past, 'cause if you are then there's no way that you're gonna last"  
Wheat kings and pretty things  
Let's just see what tomorrow bring  
Wheat kings and pretty things  
Oh, that's what tomorrow brings

38 Years Old

Twelve men broke loose in seventy-three  
From Mill Haven maximum security  
Twelve pictures lined up across the front page  
Seems the Mounties had a summertime war to wage

The chief told the people they had nothing to fear  
Said, "The last thing they wanna do is hang around here"  
They mostly came from towns with long French names  
But one of the dozen was a hometown shame

Same pattern on the table, same clock on the wall  
Been one seat empty, eighteen years in all  
Freezing slow time, away from the world  
He's thirty-eight years old, never kissed a girl  
He's thirty-eight years old, never kissed a girl

We were sitting around the table, heard the telephone ring  
Father said he'd tell 'em if he saw anything  
Heard the tap on the window in the middle of the night  
Held back the curtains for my older brother Mike

See my sister got raped so a man got killed  
Local boy went to prison, man's buried on the hill  
Folks went back to normal when they closed the case  
They still stare at their shoes when they pass our place

My mother cried, "The horror has finally ceased!"  
He whispered, "Yeah, for the time being at least"  
Over her shoulder on the squad car megaphone  
Said, "Let's go Michael, son, we're taking you home"

Same pattern on the table, same clock on the wall  
Been one seat empty, eighteen years in all  
Freezing slow time, away from the world  
He's thirty-eight years old, never kissed a girl

Bobcaygeon

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

## Secret Path

Freezing rain   
And ice pellets   
Walking home   
I'm covered in it   
Walking home   
Along the tracks   
Secret Path   
Did you say, 'Secret Path?'   
  
Pale blue   
Doesn't do what they said it'd do   
It's just a jacket   
It's a windbreaker   
It's not a jean jacket   
It's - they call it a windbreaker   
  
Walking home   
Along the tracks   
'Secret Path'   
He said, 'Secret Path'   
I am soaked   
To the skin   
There's never been   
A colder rain than this one I'm in   
  
Pale blue   
Doesn't do what they said it'd do   
It's not my jacket   
It's a windbreaker   
It's not my jean jacket   
It's just a windbreaker   
And the fuck-off rocks   
Along the tracks   
Secret Path   
There's no 'Secret Path'   
  
And the freezing rain   
And the ice pellets   
Coat the rail   
So I can't even tightrope it

## Land

They buried me up to my knees in the cold December ground  
The cold came up to get me  
Blinding me in my land  
  
Land  
In my land  
Land  
  
I was landed on this moment  
Then was given every chance  
To form a healing circle  
To doin' the living dance of my land  
  
Land  
My land  
Land  
  
Water's not just a purity  
Water's not just the key  
It's the melody of panic  
Feeds the life of mine throughout our land  
  
Land  
Throughout our land  
Land  
  
But every action has an opposite reaction  
But every lie and equal and opposite lie  
And every day is an accident waiting to happen  
For every life there's ten more waiting in line  
  
But every action has an opposite reaction  
For every life there's ten more waiting in line  
  
Cutting all the tall trees down  
And I hope you understand  
By the time your children come of age  
They're gonna scream out, they're gonna moan  
They're gonna cry for their  
  
Land  
For their  
Land  
  
Land  
Land

LEARN WHEAT KINGS:

[Intro]

G C G C x 2

[Verse 1]

G C G C

Sundown in the Paris of the prairies

G C G C

Wheat kings have all their treasures buried

G C G C

And all you hear are the rusty breezes

G C G C

Pushing around the weathervane Jesus

G C G C

[Verse 2]

G C G C

In his Zippo lighter he sees the killer's face

G C G C

Maybe it's someone standing in the killers place

G C G C

Twenty years for nothing, well that's nothing new, besides

G C G C

No one's interested in something you didn't do

[Chorus]

D G C G C

Wheat kings and pretty things,

D G C G C

Let's just see what the morning brings

[Verse 3]

G C G C

There's a dream he dreams where the high school is dead and stark

G C G C

It's a museum and we're all locked up in it after dark

G C G C

Where the walls are lined all yellow, grey and sinister

G C G C

Hung with pictures of our parents' Prime Ministers

[Chorus]

D G C G C

Wheat kings and pretty things

D G C G C

Wait and see what tomorrow brings

[Verse 4]

G C G C

Late breaking story on the CBC

G C G C

A nation whispers, "We always knew that he'd go free"

G C G C

They add, "You can't be fond of living in the past

G C G C

Cause if you are then there's no way that you're gonna last"

[Chorus]

D G C G C

Wheat Kings and pretty things

D G C G C

Let's just see what tomorrow brings

D C

Wheat Kings and pretty things

C D

Ah that's what tomorrow brings