

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

