

Silver Jet

The Tragically Hip

There's a still in the night, a tuneless moonlight
Just the I-need-you-and-here's-
whys of snoring Gordy and Cheryl
There's a heron outside, in violet light
There's an urge to go, a shadow, a heightened air of peril

Your heart jumps to
And my heart jumps too
I think to myself "I don't really know my heart"
As you whisper "me too"

A silver jet roars overhead
Rocks the nocturne all everglade and grey sheers
A silver jet, so far off already
Fought the hot spurs off all the way to Cape Spear

It's quiet again, when a car like Big Ben
The radio dopplering, for all you Gregory Peck fans
Let Us Now Praise Famous Men
To take some pressure off the wonderous to fight and

Your heart jumps to
And my heart jumps too
As if the Wolves of Northumberland themselves
Were rumoured to be en route

A silver jet, way overhead
You're an archipelago, a satellite, a green star
A silver jet, so far off already
With your I-need-you-and-here's-why flying to the next part

Your heart jumps to
And my heart jumps too
I'm thinking to myself "packing is a secret art"
And as you whisper "me too"

A silver jet roars overhead
A silver jet, flying to the next part
A silver jet, so far off already
A silver jet, a satellite, a green star
A silver jet, way overhead
A silver jet, evergladed grey sheers
A silver jet, so far off already
A silver jet, Clayqout sound to Cape Spear