(Gordon Downie, Johnny Fay, Paul Langlois, Gord Sinclair)

First thing we'd climb a tree... and maybe then we'd talk

Or sit silently... and listen to our thoughts

Cadd9

D

(1,2) With illusions of someday casting a golden light

C

D

No dress rehearsal... this is our life



Then that's where the hornet stung me (123)

D
Cadd9

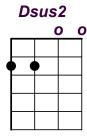
And I had a feverish dream (34,1), with revenge and doubt

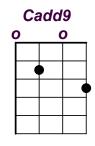
D
Tonight, we smoke them ou-ou-out (4,1234)



You are ahead by a century G/G/G/(234)

```
D Dsus2 D
|/ | open A | / | /
D Dsus2 D
|/ | open A | / | /
D Dsus2 D
|/ | open A | / | /
D Dsus2 D
|/ | open A | / | /
```





```
D
   Stare in the morning shroud... and then the day began
   I tilted your cloud... you tilted my hand
Cadd9
         Rain falls in real time And rain fell through the night
C
   No dress rehearsal this is our life
   Dsus2
          open A
   Dsus2
          open A ////
  Then that's where the hornet stung me (123)
And I had a serious dream (34,1), with revenge and doubt
Tonight, we smoke them ou-ou-out (4,1234)
   You are ahead by a cent'ry

You are ahead by a cent'ry
A
  You are ahead by a century
G (1234, 1234) A You are ahead by a cent'ry You are ahead by a cent'ry
   You are ahead by a century G/G/G/
And disappointing you's getting me down (4,1234)
   Dsus2
          open A
   Dsus2
          open A
   Dsus2
```