

The Tragically Hip, Inevitability Of Death

i had this dream where i relished the fray and the screaming filled my head all day. it was as though i was in, into the pocket of a lighthouse on some rocky socket, off the coast of france, dear. one afternoon in the water here and five hundred more were thrashing madly as parasites might in your blood. no one was designed for ten and ten only, anything that systematic would get you hated. it's not a deal not a test. i was fated. the selection was quick, the crew was picked and those left in the water got kicked off our patch. home. then the dream ends when the phone rings, you doing alright he said it's out there most days. i would complain. anyway susan, if you like, our conversation is as faint as a sound in my memory, a scratching on my hull.