

# The Tragically Hip, The Dire Wolf

in that september off, isle aux morts  
the desultory sea grew more so through the night  
and made one think of tawny ports  
as aspen trembling in tomorrow's thorough light  
and of tallulah bank head and canada lee  
somewhere far off, peaceful, sleeping, and done with acting  
past the dire wolf's lair on a newfoundland's paws  
close to nowhere and halfway across  
but never more here, expanse getting broader  
though bigger boats have been done by this water  
though better boats have been done by this water  
though better boats have been done by less water

in that september off, isle aux morts  
colourable seas grew more to through the night  
and made one think of yawning shores  
gambier bleached in tomorrow's thorough light  
and the tallulah bank head and canada lee  
somewhere far off, peaceful, sleeping, they learned to love sleep  
at the dire wolf's crest, the newfoundland paused  
desolate's best was gotten across  
we were never more here, expanse getting broader  
when better boats have been done by this water

at the dire wolf's best, the newfoundland paused  
so desperate as to be a lost cause  
you were never more hear, expanse getting broader  
when better boats have been done by this water  
where bigger boats have been done by less water  
and better boats have been done by this water  
when bigger boats have been done by less water  
and better boats have been done by this water