

Rheostatics, Polar Bears And Trees

Dave Bidini

In a land of nothing
But polar bears and trees,
The inlet and the drumlin,
The lichen and the weeds,
The mighty beaver building,
The otter and the loon,
An eagle on the mountain
Dives and kills and eats a rabid coon.
(Hey hey, ho ho...)

Hear the roaring silence.
You live the missing thrill,
The topographical silence,
The boundless northern will.
I've never killed the moment.
I've never shot a gun.
I've never felt so guilty
For doing things that I've never really done.
(Hey hey, ho ho...)

Here I sit on this cold mountain face
Where I'll go, and to what kind of place?
Lands of soda and chocolate and bread.
(Take a picture of me.)
But your voice coming over the phone
Makes me feel that I'm twice as alone,
Warm as skin ripping over the bone.
(Take a picture of me...)

I can't do it. I can't do it.
I can't get no dream.
I can't do it. I'm talking through it.
I'm sick and tired of this scene.
You're safe and narrow.
You're tractor, you're snow.
You'd let me sway in the trees.
I can't do it. I can't get no dream.
(Take a picture of me.) I can't get no dream...
End all transmission!

In a land of nothing
But polar bears and trees,
The inlet and the drumlin,
The lichen and the weeds.
I've never killed the moment.
I've never shot a gun,
Never felt so guilty
For doing things that I wished I'd done...
For doing things that I've never really done.
(Hey hey, ho ho...)