The Tragically Hip, Cordelia

september seventeen for a girl i know, it's mother's day her son has gone alee and that's where he
weathervane tearing blue eyes sailor-mean as falstaff sings a sorrowful refrain for a boy in fiddler's
his tiny knotted heart well i guess it never worked too good the timber tore apart and the water gorg
her whispered prayer for men at masts that always lean that the same wind that moves her hair mo
green
he doesn't know a soul and there's nowhere that he's really been but he won't travel long alone no,
balloons all filled with rain as children's eyes turn sleepy-mean and falstaff sings a sorrowful refrain