

The Tragically Hip, The Bear

i was first attracted by your scent
your heart must be a caramelised onion
by the time i saw your flame
it was all over for you and what's his name

i think it was algonquin park
it was so cold and winter dark
a promised hibernation high
took me across the great black plate of ice

now i'm the islander
i found a place to call my den
and dreamt of the ferry and the enormous man
huge as were his children, following around after him

i'm the islander
i woke up in the furtive spring
more capable of anything

i waited for more men to come
they docked their boats and cocked their guns
the time for truth and reconciliation's gone
but with my belly full i intended to get something done

i'm the islander
i woke up in the dead of spring
more hungry than anything
i'm the islander
i'm the islander