

The Tragically Hip, The Drop Off

when the summer's young
and nobody has their prices
no one is no one
and nobody in a crisis

there's no swimming past the drop off
or feeling sorry for yourself
you don't go swimming past the drop off
or else

you're a pistol, you're a gun
and suddenly i have no prices
i'm like a friend of Dylan's (Bob Dylan)
our shovels meeting in some crisis

but there's no swimming past the drop off
yeah, we don't replace ourselves
you don't go swimming past the drop off
or else

the fates are amok and spun, measured and cut and the past is meant to please us
you're a comet from earth in a Kiss Alive shirt saying "Holy fuck it's Jesus"
the surface is green and the dark interweaves in a lonely iridescence
it's terribly deep and the cold is complete and it only lacks a presence and nothing else

when the summer is done
and nobody sympathizes
you're no friend of Dylan's
yeah, you won't see another crisis

there's no swimming past the drop off
or feeling sorry for ourselves
you don't go swimming past the drop off
or else

personal stakes will get raised and get raised til your story gets compelling
if you lacked the sense or were willfully dense is forever in the telling
the surface is green and the dark interweaves in a lonely iridescence
it's terribly deep and the cold is complete and it only lacks your presence and nothing else

nothing else
and no one else.