

# 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.