

## Another Midnight

### The Tragically Hip

He was a coal miner in the spring  
Blinded with its dusty resolutions  
Broke his back for higher contributions  
Now he'd take anything  
Well, she was nineteen seventy  
Burning like a cigarette long season  
Heir to all her family's old treasons  
She makes love hard like an enemy

Oh ma, he's dying

And the river don't sleep  
When the water runs cold  
And the calendar burns  
As the story unfolds  
And the valley spans miles  
When the mountain stands high  
Can't they let us run wild  
For another midnight  
For just another midnight

Perhaps we're an election day  
Pumping hands and kissing all the babies  
Ain't no time for shadowed doubts or maybes  
Is there another way?  
Or we're a stolen Cadillac  
Racing for a roadblock in the distance  
Flashing by a lifetime in an instance  
Can we take it back?

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Can we take it back?  
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