

## Fiddler's Green

The Tragically Hip

September seventeen  
For a girl I know it's Mother's Day  
Her son has gone alee  
And that's where he will stay  
The wind on the weathervane  
Tearing blue eyes sailor mean  
As Falstaff sings a sorrowful refrain  
For a boy in Fiddler's Green

His tiny knotted heart  
Well, I guess it never worked to good  
The timber tore apart  
And the water gorged the wood  
You can hear her whispered prayer  
For men at masts that always lean  
The same wind that moves her hair  
Moves her boy through Fiddler's Green

Nothing's changed anyway  
Nothing's changed anyway  
Any time today

He doesn't know a soul  
There's nowhere that he's really been  
But he won't travel long alone  
No, not in Fiddler's Green  
Balloons all filled with rain  
As children's eyes turn sleepy mean  
And Falstaff sings a sorrowful refrain  
For a boy in Fiddler's Green