

Gus: The Polar Bear From Central Park

The Tragically Hip

What's troubling, Gus, you sound demented
Is it because someone talked and she told me
He no longer thinks anything that moves and
Everything he sees is something to kill and eat

What's troubling, Gus, is it nothing goes quiet?
The whip-poor-will at dusk

What's troubling, Gus, overhearing conversations
That it's because you're too either them or me
When it's either them or it's us, anything that moves and
Everything you see is something to kill and eat

What's troubling, Gus, is it nothing goes quiet?
Is that what's troubling you, Gus, the mere mention of the name
Used to be enough to make every bird stop singing
Is that what's troubling you, Gus, no one is afraid

What's troubling, Gus, is it nothing goes quiet?
Is that what's troubling you, Gus, the mere mention of the name
Used to be enough to make every bird stop singing
The whip-poor-will at dusk tells you no one is afraid

No one is afraid enough
Is it afraid
Or is it afraid enough?
It's troubling, Gus