

The Bear

The Tragically Hip

I was first attracted by your scent
Your heart must be a caramelised onion
By the time I saw your flame
It was all over for you and what's his name

I think it was Algonquin park
It was so cold and winter dark
A promised hibernation high
Took me across the great black plate of ice

Now I'm the islander

I found a place to call my den
And dreamt of the ferry and the enormous man
Huge as were his children
Following around after him

I'm the islander
I woke up in the furtive spring
More capable of anything

I waited for more men to come
They docked their boats and cocked their guns
The time for truth and reconciliation's gone
But with my belly full I intended to get something done

I'm the islander
I woke up in the dead of spring
More hungry than anything
I'm the islander
I'm the islander