

The Dire Wolf

The Tragically Hip

In that September off Isle Aux Morts
The desultory sea grew more so through the night
And made one think of tawny ports
And aspen tremblin' in tomorrow's thorough light

And of Tallulah Bankhead and Canada Lee
Somewhere far-off, peaceful, sleeping and done with acting
Past the Dire Wolf's lair on a Newfoundland's paws
Close to nowhere, halfway across

Never more here, expanse getting broader
Though bigger boats been done by this water
Though better boats been done by this water
Though better boats been done by less water

In that September off Isle Aux Morts
Colourable seas grew more so through the night
And made one think of yawnin' shores
Gambier bleached in tomorrow's thorough light

And the Tallulah Bankhead and Canada Lee
Somewhere far-
off, peaceful, sleeping they learned to love sleep
At the Dire Wolf's crest the Newfoundland paused
Desolate's best was gotten across

We were never more here, expanse getting broader
When better boats been done by this water

At the Dire Wolf's best the Newfoundland paused
So desperate as to be a lost cause

You were never more here, expanse getting broader
When better boats been done by this water
When bigger boats been done by less water

And better boats been done by this water
When bigger boats been done by less water
And better boats been done by this water