

## The Drop-Off

## The Tragically Hip

When the summer's young  
And nobody has their prices  
No one is no one  
And nobody in a crisis

There's no swimming past the drop off  
Or feeling sorry for yourself  
You don't go swimming past the drop off  
Or else

You're a pistol, you're a gun  
And suddenly I have no prices  
I'm like a friend of Dylan's, Bob Dylan  
Our shovels meeting in some crisis

But there's no swimming past the drop off  
Yeah, we don't replace ourselves  
You don't go swimming past the drop off  
Or else

The fates are amok and spun  
Measured and cut  
And the past is meant to please us  
You're a comet from earth  
In a Kiss Alive shirt  
Saying, "Holy fuck, it's Jesus"  
The surface is green  
And the dark interweaves  
In a lonely iridescence  
It's terribly deep  
And the cold is complete  
And it only lacks a presence  
And nothing else

When the summer is done  
And nobody sympathizes  
You're no friend of Dylan's  
Yeah, you won't see another crisis

There's no swimming past the drop off  
Or feeling sorry for ourselves  
You don't go swimming past the drop off  
Or else

Personal stakes  
Will get raised and get raised  
Till your story gets compelling  
If you lacked the sense  
Or were willfully dense  
Is forever in the telling  
The surface is green  
And the dark interweaves  
In a lonely iridescence  
It's terribly deep  
And the cold is complete  
And it only lacks your presence  
And nothing else

Nothing else  
Nothing else  
And no one else