

The Modern Spirit

The Tragically Hip

In the dark before the train
Just beyond the barn glow
Where no dissident remains
Driving it like we stole it

Snow falling, a silver poet
To concentrate the gallows
And subtracting us like the wolf does
Driving it like we stole it

But we're getting nearer, nearer
Getting near that modern spirit, yeah
I can hear it, hear it, hear it
I can hear that modern spirit

On the open road for boys
A white and an open throat
Night slips back with no noise
Inside the hitch-hiker's coat

But we're getting nearer, nearer
Getting near that modern spirit, yeah
I can hear it, hear it, hear it
I can hear the modern spirit, yeah

Can't you just hear it, hear it, hear it?
Winter counting everything, we're near it
We're getting nearer nearer, nearer
Friendship changing everything, we're near it
I can hear it

Is this the modern spirit?
Is this the modern spirit, yeah
Is this the modern spirit
This is the modern spirit, yeah
This is the modern spirit
This is the modern spirit, yeah
This is the modern spirit
This is the modern spirit, yeah