

The New Maybe

The Tragically Hip

You could write, you could think, you could've sex
You could leave your jewelry in a bowl beside the bed
Stare out the window, down the lawn, to the lake
For as long as it takes

Maybe it's the things we don't say
Maybe it's the things we don't say
Maybe it's the things we don't say
Maybe, love is the new maybe

I know what winter's about, too many nights, not enough days
I watched the birds fly south and no, I don't wait
The last words out of my mouth, stay out of my way
And I'm in a wrong place

Maybe it's the things we don't say
Maybe it's the things we don't say
Maybe it's the things we don't say
Maybe, love is the new maybe

Maybe, love is the new maybe
Maybe, love is the new maybe