

Tragically Hip, The "Fiddler's Green"

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September Seventeen
For a girl I know, it's Mother's Day
Her son has gone alee
And that's where he will stay
Wind on the weathervane
Tearing blue eyes sailor-mean
As Falstaff sings a sorrowful refrain
For a boy in Fiddler's Green

His tiny knotted heart
Well I guess it never worked to good
The timber tore apart
And the water gorged the wood
You can hear her whispered prayer
For men at masts that always lean
That the same wind that moves her hair
Moves her boy through Fiddler's Green

Nothings changed anyways
Nothings changed anyways
Or any time today

He doesn't know a soul
And there's nowhere that he's really been
But he won't travel on alone
No, not in Fiddler's Green
Balloons all filled with rain
As children's eyes turn sleepy-mean
And Falstaff sings a sorrowful refrain
For a boy in Fiddler's Green

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