

Tragically Hip, The "Flamenco"

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Does it diminish your
Super-capacity to love.

Walk like a matador
don't be chicken-shit
and turn breezes into rivulets

Flamenco-sweep the air
and weave the sun
and stamp you feet for everyone

Does it exhibit you
natural tendency to hate

Maybe a prostitute
could teach you
how to take a compliment

Maybe I'll go to New York,
I'll drag you there
you said, "no one drags me anywhere"

Does it diminish your
Super-capacity to love.

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