

## Tragically Hip, The "The Bear"

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I was first attracted by your scent  
Your heart must be a caramelized onion  
By the time I saw your flame  
it was all over for you and whashisname.

I think it was Algonquin Park  
It was so cold and winter-dark  
A promised hibernation high  
took me across the great black plate of ice.

Now I'm the Islander.  
I found a place to call my den  
and dreamt of the Ferry and  
the Enormous Man  
Huge as were his children  
following around after him

I'm the Islander  
woke up in the furtive Spring  
more capable of anything

I waited for more men to come  
hey docked their boats and cocked their guns  
The time for truth and reconciliation's gone  
But with my belly full I intended to get  
something done

I'm the Islander  
woke up in the dead of spring  
more hungry than anything  
Islander

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