

Tragically Hip, The "The Dire Wolf"

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In that September off
Isle aux Morts
the desultory sea
grew more so through the night

and made one think of
tawny ports,
as aspen tremblin'
in tomorrow's thorough light
and of Tallulah Bankhead
and Canada Lee
somewhere far-off, peaceful, sleeping
and done with acting

past the Dire Wolf's lair
on a Newfoundland's paws
close to nowhere
and halfway across

but never more 'here'
expanse getting broader
though bigger boats been
done by less water
tho better boats been done by this water
tho better boats been done by less water

in that september off
Isle aux Morts
colourable seas
grew more to through the night

And made one think of
yawnin' shores
Gambier-bleached
in tomorrow's thorough light

and the Tallulah Bankhead
and Canada Lee
somewhere far-off, peaceful, sleeping
they learned to love sleep

at the Dire Wolf's crest
the Newfoundland paused
desolate's best
was gotten across

we were never more 'here'
expanse getting broader
when better boats been
done by this water

at the Dire Wolf's best
the Newfoundland paused
so desperate as
to be a lost cause

you were never more hear
expanse getting broader
when better boats been
done by this water
where bigger boats been done by less water
and betting boats been done by this water
when bigger boats been done by less water
and better boats been done by this water

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