

## Tragically Hip, The "The Drop-Off"

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When the summer is young  
and nobody has their prices  
No one is no one  
and nobody in a crisis  
There's no swimming past the drop-off  
or feeling sorry for yourself  
Ya don't go swimming past the drop-off  
or else

Yer a pistol, yer a gun  
and suddenly I have no prices  
I'm like a friend of Dylan's  
our shovels meeting in some crisis  
But there's no swimming past the drop-off  
Yea we don't replace ourselves  
Ya don't go swimming past the drop-off  
or else

The fates are amok and spun, measured and cut and  
the past is meant to please us  
Yer a comet from earth in a Kiss Alive shirt saying, 'holy  
fuck, it's Jesus!?'  
The surface is green and the dark interweaves in a  
lonely iridescence  
It's terribly deep and the cold is complete and it only  
lacks a presence  
and nothing else.

When the summer is done  
and nobody sympathizes  
Yer no friend of Dylan's  
Yea, you won't see another crisis  
There's no swimming past the drop-off  
or feeling sorry for ourselves  
Ya don't go swimming past the drop-off  
or else

Personal stakes will get raised and get raised til your  
story gets compelling  
If you lacked the sense or were willfully dense is  
forever in the telling

The surface is green and the dark interweaves in a  
lonely iridescence  
It's terribly deep and the cold is complete and it only  
lacks your presence  
and nothing else  
nothing else  
nothing else  
and no one else

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