

Tragically Hip, The "The Last Recluse"

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We rode hard for the boat hard as we could

No tears you said understood?
Understood!?

I said Awright

'A crowd will be born'
'Only born die'
I'm not one to watch for a sign in the night
Or to watch 'a bomb go off in a young girls life'

Who are you The Last Recluse?
Who are you The Last Canada Goose?
Who are you what is it with you?
Who are you? Who are you
When the wind comes up and the surface of the water
scuffs

- Enough! Enough! - the ferry whistle cried

Just ride you said
Ride and shut up

I jumped on board turned around to wave goodbye
You were already on your bike and riding with my bike
by your side

Who are you The Black Canoe?
Who are you The Last Of The Immune?
Who are you?

You rode out of view
As far as I knew it was you
Who broke my heart from the start
Made me work and work so hard
To get where I am
To where I'd let you do it all again

Who are you? Who are you?
What do I do without you?

Who are you The Last Recluse?
Who are you The Last Of The Immune?
Are you the Last Canoe? The Last Canada Goose?
Who are you? Who are you? Who are you Who are you

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