

Tragically Hip, The "The New Maybe"

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You could write, you could think, you could have sex
You could leave your jewelry in a bowl beside the bed
Stare out the window, down the lawn, to the lake
For as long as it takes

Maybe it's the things we don't say
Maybe it's the things we don't say
Maybe it's the thing we don't say
Maybe love is the new maybe

I know what winter's about
Too many nights, not enough days
I watch the birds fly south
And no, I don't wave

The last words out of my mouth:
"Stay out of my way"
Now I'm in a wrong place

Maybe it's the things we don't say
Maybe it's the thing we don't say
Maybe it's the things we don't say
Maybe love is the new maybe

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