

Tragically Hip "Leave"

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"Do you mean the attack is routine?"

A bird asked of a bird

"In this context, a concave nest,

How do we learn to hurt?"

"Do you mean there's no variation?"

Watching a dog charge a flock

Of birds exploding in congregation

"Why plan, when when we stop?"

"I dunno...but why suppose

It's not the way it should be?

When you can fly above the great waiting list,

As the crow implies we won't be missed,

We can

Leave

We can

Leave

We can

Leave."

It's a routine flight for this bird tonight

There's more worms than earth

In the afterlife

Where the blind feed the blind,

Whispering things like;

"On the money" and "Bullseye"

She picks up the little leaves

Where human wrecks are left to seed

Left to repaint their deities

And plaster away at their villainies

Where there's love

There's hope

"And do you hope those earthbound poets

Could learn to sing as good as us?

So we can sit back and enjoy our illusions

And our quietus?"

"Well I don't now...but why suppose it's

Not the way it should be.

When you can squawk and wait for word from above

And change yourself into something you love
When you
Leave
When you
Leave
You leave?"

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