

## Tragically Hip "The Bear"

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I was first attracted by your scent  
Your heart must be a caramelized onion  
By the time I saw your flame  
It was all over for you and wash is name

I think it was Algonquin Park  
It was so cold and winter dark  
Promised hibernation high  
Took me across the great black plate of ice

Now I'm the islander

I found a place to call my den  
And dreamt of the ferry  
And enormous man  
Huge as were his children  
Followin' around after him

I'm the islander

Woke up in the furtive spring  
More capable of anything

I waited for more men to come  
They docked their boats and cocked their guns  
Time for truth and reconciliation's done  
But with my belly full  
I intended to get something done

I'm the islander

I woke up in the dead of spring  
More hungry than anything

I'm the islander  
I'm the islander

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