

The Tragically Hip "Another Midnight"

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he was a coal miner in the spring
blinded with its dusty resolutions
broke his back for higher contributions
now he'd take anything
well she was 1970
burning like a cigarette long season
heir to her family's old treasons
she makes love hard like an enemy
oh ma he's dying

chorus
and the river don't sleep
when the water runs cold
and the calendar burns
as the story unfolds
and the valley spans miles
when the mountain stands high
can't they let us run wild
for another midnight

perhaps we're election day
pumping hands and kissing all the babies
ain't no time for shadowed doubts or maybes
is there another way?
or we're a stolen Cadillac
racing for a roadblock in the distance
flashing by a lifetime in an instance
can we take it all back?
oh ma he's dying
oh ma he's dying

and the river don't sleep...

can we take it back

and the valley spans miles
when the mountain stands high
can't they let us run wild
for another midnight

