

The Tragically Hip "Fiddler's Green"

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september seventeen for a girl i know it's mother's day
here son has gone alee and that's where he will stay
wind on the weathervane tearing blue eyes sailor-mean
as falstaff sings a sorrowful refrain for a boy in
fiddler's green his tiny knotted heart well, i guess it
never worker too good the timber tore apart and the
water gorged the wood you can hear her whispered
prayer for men at masts that always lean that the same
wind that moves her hair moves a boy through fiddler's
green he doesn't know a soul and there's nowhere that
he's really been but he won't travel long alone no, not
in fiddler's green balloons all filled with rain as
children's eyes turn sleepy-mean and falstaff sings a
sorrowful refrain for a boy in fiddler's green

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