

The Tragically Hip "Nautical Disaster"

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I had this dream where I relished
The fray and the screaming that filled my head all day
It was as though I'd been spit there, settled in , into a
pocket
Of a lighthouse off some rocky socket,
Off the coast of France, Dear

One afternoon, four thousand men died in the water
here
Five hundred more were thrashing madly as parasites
might in you blood
Now I was in lifeboat designed for ten and ten and
only,
Anything that systematic would get you hated.
It's not a deal nor a test nor a love of something fated.
The selection was quick, the crew was picked in order
and
those left in the water got kicked off our pant legs and
we headed for home.

Then the dream ends when the phone rings
You doing alright he said it's out there ,most days and
nights
But only a fool would complain
Anyway Susan if you like our conversation is as faint as
the sound in my memory
As those fingernails scratching on my hull

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