

Titanic Terrarium

The Tragically Hip

Growin' up in a biosphere
No respect for bad weather
There's still roaches and ants in here
So resourceful and clever

Her great grandfather saw the future
Didn't know nothing 'bout panic
He certainly probably thought
That it was unthinkable

Trace o mint wafting in from the north
So we don't fuck with the 401
It's bigger than us or larger than we bargained
I guess it's just not done

His great grandfather worked for
Goodyear he'd see the blimp on Sundays
Wonder what the driver knew
About making rubber tires

Terrarium, terrarium

Submarines out there, under the ice
Avoiding and courting collision
An accident's sometimes the only way
To worm our way back to bad decisions

My great grandfather was a welder
He helped build the Titanic
Certainly didn't think that is was unsinkable

Building up to the larger point
With an arrogance not rare or pretty
We don't declare the war on idleness
When outside it's cold and shitty

We stay inside and try to conjure the fathers
Of the injured and faking
If there's a glory in miracle
It's that they're reversible

Terrarium, oh, terrarium