

Another Midnight

The Tragically Hip

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 nineteen seventy
Burning like a cigarette long season
Heir to all her family's old treasons
She makes love hard like an enemy

Oh ma, he's dying

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
For just another midnight

Perhaps we're an 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 back?

Oh ma, he's dying
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And the valley spans miles
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Can we take it back?
Can we take it back?
Can we take it back?
Can we take it back?

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