

The Drop-Off

The Tragically Hip

When the summer's young
And nobody has their prices
No one is no one
And nobody in a crisis

There's no swimming past the drop off
Or feeling sorry for yourself
You don't go swimming past the drop off
Or else

You're a pistol, you're a gun
And suddenly I have no prices
I'm like a friend of Dylan's, Bob Dylan
Our shovels meeting in some crisis

But there's no swimming past the drop off
Yeah, we don't replace ourselves
You don't go swimming past the drop off
Or else

The fates are amok and spun
Measured and cut
And the past is meant to please us
You're a comet from earth
In a Kiss Alive shirt
Saying, "Holy fuck, it's Jesus"
The surface is green
And the dark interweaves
In a lonely iridescence
It's terribly deep
And the cold is complete
And it only lacks a presence
And nothing else

When the summer is done
And nobody sympathizes
You're no friend of Dylan's
Yeah, you won't see another crisis

There's no swimming past the drop off
Or feeling sorry for ourselves
You don't go swimming past the drop off
Or else

Personal stakes
Will get raised and get raised
Till your story gets compelling
If you lacked the sense
Or were willfully dense
Is forever in the telling
The surface is green
And the dark interweaves
In a lonely iridescence
It's terribly deep
And the cold is complete
And it only lacks your presence
And nothing else

Nothing else
Nothing else
And no one else