

# The Tragically Hip, The Bear

i was first attracted by your scent  
your heart must be a caramelised onion  
by the time i saw your flame  
it was all over for you and what's his name

i think it was algonquin park  
it was so cold and winter dark  
a promised hibernation high  
took me across the great black plate of ice

now i'm the islander  
i found a place to call my den  
and dreamt of the ferry and the enormous man  
huge as were his children, following around after him

i'm the islander  
i woke up in the furtive spring  
more capable of anything

i waited for more men to come  
they docked their boats and cocked their guns  
the time for truth and reconciliation's gone  
but with my belly full i intended to get something done

i'm the islander  
i woke up in the dead of spring  
more hungry than anything  
i'm the islander  
i'm the islander