

The Tragically Hip, Titanic Terrarium

growing up in a biosphere with 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 about panic
he certainly probably thought that it was unthinkable

there's a trace of 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

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there's 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 to build the titanic
he certainly didn't think that it 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 glory in miracles it's that they're reversible

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