

# Flamenco

## The Tragically Hip

Does it diminish your  
Super-capacity to love

Walk like a matador,  
Don't be chicken-shit  
And turn breezes into rivulets

Flamenco-sweep the air  
And weave the sun  
And stamp your feet for everyone

Does it exhibit your  
Natural tendency to hate

Maybe a prostitute  
Could teach you  
How to take a compliment

Maybe I'll go to New York,  
I'll drag you there  
You said, "no one drags me  
Anywhere"

Does it diminish your  
Super-capacity to love

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