

The Spirit of Giving

The New Pornographers

You went looking for shelter
In all the wrong spaces
You grew gluttonous and famous with faces
Nameless and blank
Superstitiously you name them
St. Christopher and Johanna
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Overcome with the holiday spirit
Mark says the herald angels won't hear it
And remember the wolves that you run with are wolves
Don't forget

They exist to give you something to regret, I'll beat them to it
With something sadder than that brass portrait that shines through your morning din
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I'll give you something to be sad about
Hey the picture really captures your mouth
Poised to say:
It's your turn to go down now, it's your turn to go down now
It's your turn to go down now, it's your turn to go down now
In the spirit of giving in

Glad prayer Mary come on [repeated]
All I wanted was an answer to the secret
Ground floor Mary come on
Outboard Mary come on
All I wanted was an answer to
Your money or your life? Your money or your life?
I was sick of America and her screaming decay
I was in a band we were singing 'hooray' quite often
But your momma was poor your daddy was poor
Whatcha gonna do?
Your mother was poor your father was poor
Whatcha gonna do
About it?
Glad prayer Mary come on