

Why Banacek Doesn't Love

Destroyer

Yes, your guile, it has bestowed me
With a knowledge of espionage, intrinsic and big
I accredit you with this, that
And a string of broken entries
But don't forget quoting and stealing
And quoting and stealing
And quoting and stealing and quoting

Did I mention
The caesarean, it could take all night
And potentially all day
But the boys are all scared, the surgeons must be spared

They'd be pretenders, pretenders all of them
The throne - a summer home, six weeks, no pay

With the stitches we've sewn
Our hands, they become (treats?)
In the genealogy of which there
Lay trials and deceptions

Therein there lay trials and deceptions
There lay trials and deceptions
Believe me, when I breathe, it means
I'm seceding from a love I don't believe of
I'm seceding from a love I don't believe of
I'm seceding from a love I don't believe of

Before you know, we find ourselves in witch country
Playing a mean harpsichord, a slow accordion
To people far more proficient than we'll ever be
I recant on all the present glories
In the face of better stories
Yes, the years always end in winter here

Amongst all the loose talk
Turn the page, you might understand what they're saying
A language with curves, girl-friended and giddy
One ill-shapen but still expensive
The other one somewhat free

While we nail the door shut
The rut we expected was right here
The dykes were in place
But the pikemen replaced them with spears

I know it doesn't sound likely
But tonight it's all I see
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