

Night Watch

Tegan and Sara

I've got grounds for divorce.
It's in my blood this divorce.
I separate everybody, I need distance from your body.
Oh I deserve this anguish on my house.

So get away, you cannot follow me.
I get away, you cannot follow me.
So get away, you cannot follow me.
So get away, you cannot follow me.
I get away.

I've got grounds for recourse.
Your lungs fill with discourse.
You separate from my body, you need consistence from somebody.
Oh I deserve this angusih on my house.

So get away, you cannot follow me.
I get away, you cannot follow me.
So get away, you cannot follow me.
I get away, you cannot follow me.
So get away, you cannot follow me.
I get away, you cannot follow me.
So get away.