

## Born with a Sound

The New Pornographers

There's death in the breadline  
There's deaths on the vine  
I wanted you quite often  
In that I wanted you all of the time  
I've been up all night  
I've been up all day

I was into the illusion  
I was into the never-ending scene  
And the sound of confusion  
In the riverside  
I've been up all night  
I've been up all day  
Singing a mistresses' tangueray

I had a sound in my head  
But I couldn't find the words  
To get it out  
Now I know love is the way  
Get it out

I had a sound in my head  
But I couldn't find the words  
To get it out  
Now I know love is the way  
Get it out, get it out

I see death in the breadline  
I see deaths on the vine  
I want you quite often  
I want you all of the time  
I had a sound in my head  
And I couldn't get it out, get it out  
I've been up all night  
I've been up all day  
I was born with a sound