

## Broken Breads

The New Pornographers

I could have it  
Without with the whores and their buggies  
I suppose their father knows best  
Where the wind goes  
You could always see into the dark for miles around  
My job was to try and make a sound  
Then I heard the call of  
I heard the call to  
Screaming "I don't wanna"  
I saw the girls  
The new world minstrels  
Whispering "I don't wanna"  
Tormented kings  
Your children of the earth sing  
Under an embalmed clear sky  
Under an embalmed clear sky

I foresee that you'll be weakened  
The children of your cash  
I can tell you can't live without it  
Who was I to come between a whore and her money?  
Yes there is a war  
Boys versus girls  
Clowns versus their curls

I invested well  
And heavily into your antics  
I requested suicide blonde  
Loudly  
Yes there is a war  
Its much like the one I've been waiting for  
Boys versus girls  
Clowns versus their curls  
I heard the call of  
I heard the call to  
Screaming "I don't wanna"  
I saw the pearls  
The new world minstrels  
Whispering "I don't wanna"  
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