

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
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