

Hi-Rise

The New Pornographers

We're out on the roof
All eyes in the night
Are concentrated and glowing
An explosion effect
Walking on the roof
Of a hi-rise on the moon
You never go where you're going
But points there is room

You're much harder to place
Now that you are floating untethered in space
I'm falling into madrigals
I'm falling into madrigals

What you want is not the star
What you want is not the star

Walking on the roof
Of a hi-rise here to stay
Experiment in levitation
A psychic left to pray

You're much harder to place
Now that you are floating untethered in space
I'm falling into madrigals
I'm falling into madrigals

What you want is not the star
What you want is not the star