

July Jones

The New Pornographers

Come clean
Through the waves
Of debris
The mind's eye
Is first to go
So hang onto that number
Like gold

And get thee
Back to the old truth
July Jones
'cause baby there's a lot
We don't know

One of the greats
On the way
- hold on -
Behind the daylight
Who knew
What it could feel like?

Class war
Held your hand
Through your plans
But not me
But stay free
Baby
There are worse things
To be

So lay free
In your faith beside me
But lay low
'cause baby there's a lot
We don't know

Class war
Kissed your lips
Left you stripped
To your toes
And i know
That baby it's so much
To outgrow

So get thee
Back to the old truth
July Jones
'cause baby there's a lot
We don't know