

Marching Orders

The New Pornographers

What do these marching orders mean?
Some hackneyed fairy tale I'd move outta their dreams
It's what they do
Stepping to
Marching ten paces in front of you

Let's put this countdown clock away
Unfinished parts of the death ray on the lawn
Let them rust, turn to dust
What the heart can't imagine we'll trust

They
They say we can't make this stuff up,
But what else could we make?

What do these marching orders say?
Spelled out in loud forgotten language, they leave
The voice wrecked; don't connect
What the fuse was put there to protect

They
They say we can't make this stuff up,
But what else could we make?

Come on, really lose your voice.
Come on, really lose it.

They
They say we can't make this stuff up,
But what else could we make?

No, your marching orders stay
Always despise them, anyway,
So hell no, it won't go