

Myriad Harbour

The New Pornographers

I took a plane
I took a train
(Ah, who cares, you always end up in the city)

I said to Carl
look up for one
(See just how the sun sets in the sky)

I said to Jon
Do you think the girls here
(Ever wonder how they got so pretty?)
Oh well I do

Look out upon the Myriad Harbour
Look out upon the Myriad Harbour
Look out upon the Myriad Harbour

All the boys
with their home-made microphones
(Have very interesting sounds)

All the girls falling to ruin
dropping out of school, breakin' daddy's heart
(Just to hang around)

I walked into the local record store
and asked for an American music anthology
It sounds fun
They tore my skirt, then
Stuck it on the walls at PS 1

I took a plane
I took a train
(Ah, who cares, you always end up in the city)

Stranded at Bleecker and Broadway
Looking for something to do

Someone somewhere asked me is there anything in particular I can help
you with?
(All I ever want to help with was you)

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