

# The Bleeding Heart Show

The New Pornographers

I leapt across three or four beds into your arms  
Where I had hidden myself somewhere in your charm  
Our golden handshake has been smashed into this shape.  
It's taken magic to a primitive new place  
Watch 'em run, although it's the minimum, heroic

We hunched together in one chair out on the deck  
In snow that froze and fell down on the modern set  
It looked as if I picked your name out of a hat  
Next thing you know you are asleep in someone's lap  
Watch 'em run, although it's the minimum, heroic

We quit the room  
Quit so our thoughts could rest  
Rest them, I'll never move?  
That's when we grab a hold  
Of whatever it is we fell into  
Lousy with your content  
With what the majestic cannot find  
In business of your lives  
The perception, it is wrong, mile after mile  
The phantom taste drinking wine from your heels

We have arrived too late to play the bleeding heart show