

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