

The End of Medicine

The New Pornographers

The angel cries "you bastard!"
As we analyze the accent
So look out, you rock'n'rollers

Over forty million served
And that's a record for the master
It stood forever after

So are we, are we, are we, are we facing
The end of all, of all the drugs we're lacing
With common sense and courtesy
And other things we thought would be the end of us
But now they won't allow us our intentions

Oh the mother of invention
It's her pleasure to repeat with feeling:
Are we, are we, are we, are we facing
The end of all the medicine we're taking?

Somewhere in the system
There's an open ended list
Of all the lies we tell
Unblinking, thinking
What could we be living?
Is it life
Or is it even in the realm of possibility?
You see it when you're missing
Who you came to see, is this thing
Even on and on and on?

Are we, are we, are we, are we facing
The end of all the medicine we're taking?