

The Slow Descent into Alcoholism

The New Pornographers

I say, my, my slow decent
Into alcoholism it went
To my head, where I really need it
With the views that remain untreated

I say my, my, my, my slow decent
Into alcoholism it went...

Something like this song
Something like this song

Salvation holdout central...

I say my, ever loosening grip
On the commonest courtesies slipped
From my hands, where I really need her
When I need change for the parking meters

I say my, my, my, my slow decent
Into alcoholism it went...

Something like this song
Something like this song

Salvation holdout central...