

This Is the World of the Theater

The New Pornographers

Since they've come, I've tried to go in straight, but I've got
no clue how to
Who's gonna make it up just now try to, come up with some hard,
brown move
Kid gloves, and stranger loves sea foam, you sort it out somehow
You used to chime in quietly, you sing, but you're a moaner now

Think of all the lives we're saving
Think of all the waves we're breaking

Is it too late to live in your hard, too late to burn all your
civilian clothes
As you break into a million parts, too late to learn it yes we'
re on a boat

Cockel, reese and poutine break
Cockel, reese and poutine break
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All the phantom buy a nose, they pass, you're on your way to di
ne
They call you from their hiding places on the shoulders of your
chance

Think of all the cold we're braving
Think of all the ways we're cavemen

Is it too late to live in your hard, too late to burn all your
civilian clothes
As you break into a million parts, too late to learn it really
come to blows

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