

Wide Eyes

The New Pornographers

Overlooking the canyon,
Right from where I'm standing,
I swear I see my former glory still burning
It had every intent of returning

There's years to planning and landing
To prepare for jumping the canyon
It's not the death-defying, or cheering,
It's the thrill of clearing, barely clearing

And if you see no hope for me
I still see hope for you
In the high rise of the morning
The exception that proves my rule

Still I'm tying up loose ends
I'm tying them to a chance to defy them
To protect and hide them, untie them
These are not the ones you want to untie them

And now I'm jumping the canyon
After years of planning and planning
It's the monumental challenge of feeling
That you must fight before you start freewheeling

And if I see no hope for me
I still see hope for you
In the wide eyes of the morning
The exception that proves my rule

And if I see no hope for me
I still see hope for you
In the high rise of the morning
The exception that proves my rule

Proves my rule