

# Grounds for Divorce

Wolf Parade

You said you hate the sound  
Of the busses on the ground  
You said you hate the way they scrape their brakes all over town  
Said pretend it's whales  
Keeping their voices down  
Such were the grounds for divorce i know

On the radio  
And the bouncing bodies' drone  
Found eighteen reasons I can't pick up on the phone  
Said look at the clouds  
It's a show all on its own  
Such were the grounds for divorce i know  
But the dialing is dead  
We hit it on the head  
It looked like a wedding cake  
But the dialing is dead  
We hit it on the head

It looked like a newlywed  
But I look at the lovers  
In the telephone stands  
And the way they move and the way move their hands  
And I look at their babies  
And their tiny little hands  
And the way they get loved and the way they get loved  
Oh look at the lovers  
In the telephone stands

And the way they move and the way move and the way move their hands  
Said you hate the sound  
Of the busses on the ground  
Said you hate the way they scrape their brakes all over town  
Said pretend it's whales  
And keeping their voices down  
Such were the grounds for divorce i know  
Looked like a newlywed

On the radio  
And the bouncing bodies' drone  
Found eighteen reasons I can't pick up on the phone  
Said look at the clouds  
It's a show all on its own  
Such were the grounds such were the grounds for divorce i know