

Soldier's Grin

Wolf Parade

In my head it's a city at night
Static gauge with the rush and the lights
And on this concourse you look very fine
But this place here is no friend of mine

And what you know can only mean one thing
And what you know can only mean one thing
Rooted to the place that you sprang from

And this dirt was a building before
Tore it down before they opened the door
Don't shout, don't holler, don't you cry
What's past we'll just leave it behind

and I rode
horse-shaped fire draggin' stereo wire
and we rode
chemicals until the breaking of dawn
and I rose
over a town, raised up by the sound of its drum
and I rose
out on the porches, again making horses lay down

and this place here is no friend of mine
what's past, we'll just leave it behind
and what you know can only mean one thing
and what you know could only mean one thing
rooted to the place that you sprang from