

## **New Pornographers, The "Breakin' the Law"**

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I can never place the name with the face.  
Don't touch me,  
don't touch me up,  
to the tee,  
by the numbers.

It's not much but I'm going under.  
Liar,  
Liar,  
everything's on fire.

So I don't want to hear how you crossed the wires.  
Don't touch me,  
don't touch me up,  
watch,  
I'll take it to the river.

You'll come to,  
little indian giver.  
So give us the keys now,  
we'll burn this hall of justice down.

Around the ankles,  
or just to the ground.  
Hats off to the city fathers,  
they're no longer a hundred feet tall.

They're no longer,  
no longer,  
and we're just here,  
another hundred feet stronger.  
Yeah!

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