

## **New Pornographers, The "Broken Breads"**

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I could have it  
without with the whores and their buggies  
I suppose their father knows best  
where the wind goes  
you could always see into the dark for miles around  
my job was to try and make a sound  
then I heard the call of  
I heard the call to  
screaming "I don't wanna"  
I saw the girls  
the new world minstrels  
whispering "I don't wanna"  
tormented kings  
your children of the earth sing  
under an embalmed clear sky  
under an embalmed clear sky

I foresee that you'll be weakened  
the children of your cash  
I can tell you can't live without it  
who was I to come between a whore and her money?  
yes there is a war  
boys versus girls  
clowns versus their curls

I invested well  
and heavily into your antics  
I requested suicide blonde  
loudly  
yes there is a war  
its much like the one I've been waiting for  
boys versus girls  
clowns versus their curls  
I heard the call of  
I heard the call to  
screaming "I don't wanna"  
I saw the pearls  
the new world minstrels  
whispering "I don't wanna"  
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