

New Pornographers, The "Crash Years"

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The skirts go up
Before the war
Among the madding crowds
They're ruined like the rest of us ruined
Rest of us ruined
You are a living doll
Riding a circle tracks
Behind the walls of clocks
And you ruined
Like the rest of us ruined
Rest of us ruined

Traffic was slow for the crash years
There's no other show like it 'round here
As a rule
Windows were rolled for the crash years
There's no other show like it 'round here
As a rule

Light a candle's end
You are a light turned low
And like the rest of us
You got those old eternity blues
Eternity blues
Your fingers raised, you're looking for the word
What you want is accident
Another drag
Spectacular view
What you can lose

Traffic was slow for the crash years
There's no other show like it 'round here
As a rule
Windows were closed in the crash years
Honey child you're not safe here
As a rule

Traffic was slow for the crash years
There's no other show like it 'round here
As a rule
Windows were rolled for the crash years

There's no other show like it 'round here
As a rule

The ruins were wild
The ruins were wild
Tonight will be an open mic

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