

New Pornographers, The "July Jones"

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Come clean through the waves of debris.
The mind's eye is first to go,
so hang onto that number like gold.

And get thee back to the old truth,
July Jones,
'cause baby there's a lot we don't know.

One of the greats,
on the way,
hold on.

Behind the daylight,
who knew what it could feel like?
Class war held your hand through your plans and not
me,
but stay free.

Baby, there are worse things to be.
So lay free in your faith beside me,
but lay low,
'cause baby there's a lot we don't know.

Class war kissed your lips,
left you stripped to your toes,
and I know that baby it's so much to outgrow.

So get thee back to the old truth,
July Jones,
'cause baby there's a lot we don't know.

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