

New Pornographers, The "Miss Teen Wordpower"

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Our words move aimlessly through empty city squares,
collecting into mobs and angry like their prayers.
They breathe the air we fought to leave behind.

This kind of blank adventure happens all the time,
because nobody knows the wreck of the soul the way
you do.

We fought to find our thoughts,
the runway walked us through.

The swimsuit portion of the evening cancelled due to
rain.

The pageant's called again.

You'll find this kind of blank adventure happens all the
time,

because nobody knows the wreck of the soul the way
you do,

Miss Teen Wordpower.

So we float through the streets,
breathe city lights,
claims of the crown forgotten.

So we float through the streets,
float through the streets,
the way you do,

Miss Teen Wordpower.

Nobody knows the wreck of the soul the way you do,
Miss Teen Wordpower.

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