

New Pornographers, The

"My Shepherd"

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Glass-work shards decorate this house
We're tossing lust darts out windows
The splash and jangle of the secret signs
Defined, you claimed, some golden ages
A promise

You always love short story form
The signs behind it, the hidden bars
You live for flaming, the attractions new
The leather's pulled from a secret room
Closed eyes stare into morning sun
When the darts formed into connections
If I'm honest you come to mind, but baby I'm not
If I'm honest you come to mind, but baby I'm not

The ink draft's polished into working script
We stare in wonder at the steps we skipped
Tripping wires we have so carefully crossed
The science behind it at a perfect loss
You're my lord, you're my shepherd
Careful kid, no one gets hurt
You made me
You're my lord, you're my shepherd
Careful kid, no one gets hurt
You made me

Used up all of the French we took
The signs behind it was a dirty look
Songe pas de Rock n Roll
Songe pas de Rock n Roll au revoir

You're my lord, you're my shepherd
Careful kid, no one gets hurt
You made me
You're my lord, you're my shepherd
Careful kid, no one gets hurt
You made me

You're my lord, you're my shepherd
Careful kid, no one gets hurt
You made me

You're my lord, you're my shepherd
Careful kid, no one gets hurt
You made me this way

Try to fail
Try to fail
Try to fail

Try to fail
Try to fail
Try to fail

Try to fail
Try to fail
Try to fail

Try to fail
Try to fail
Try to fail

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