

New Pornographers, The

"Myriad harbour"

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I took a plane, I took a train -- ah, who cares? You
always end up in the city.
I said to Carl, "look up for once, see just how the sun
sets in the sky."
I said to John, "do you think the girls here ever wonder
how they got so pretty?"
Oh, well, I do.

Look out upon the Myriad harbour.
Look out upon the Myriad harbour.
Look out upon the Myriad harbour.

All the boys with their homemade microphones have
very interesting sounds.
All the girls fall into ruin, droppin' out of school,
breakin' Daddies' hearts just to hang around.

I walked into the local record store and asked for an
American music anthology.
It sounds fun.
They tore at my skirt and stuck it on the walls at P.S.1.

I took a plane, I took a train -- ah, who cares? You
always end up in the city.
Stranded at Bleecker and Broadway, and looking for
something to do.
Someone somewhere asked me, "Is there anything in
particular I can help you with?"
All I ever wanted help with was you.

Look out upon the Myriad Harbour.
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Look out upon the Myriad Harbour.

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