

New Pornographers, The "Mystery Hours"

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Always the true one,
calm, selective,
staking a claim among the young defectives,
far off under the nighttime, baby,
crawl into the wave.

Got to be cool now,
unprotected,
you come around every day to collect me,
far off into the nighttime, baby,
crawl into the wave.

Come on, give it to me.
Yes, those mystery hours.
Yes, those mystery hours.

But officers, the rumbling,
the sound of the collective crumbling,
around to the ground, surrender the town.

I call out the numbers,
the rumble of collected thunder today,
the wages are down.

Come on, give it to me.
Yes, those mystery hours.
Mystery hours.
Yes, those mystery hours.
Mystery hours.

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