

New Pornographers, The "The Bones of an Idol"

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We're lit by a torch
As we kneel in the court of the king
As we sift through the bones of an idol
We dig for the bones of an idol
When the will is gone
'Cause something keeps turning us on

You hold up the cup
You've been searching for
Since you were young
When you still had the bones of an idol
If you still had the bones of an idol
You'd be long long gone
But something keeps turning you on

We cling to the raft we are missing
By half what we wanted
But we escaped with the bones of an idol
Escaped with the belt and the title
But our land is gone

And something keeps turning us on

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