

New Pornographers, The "The End of Medicine"

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The angel cries "you bastard!"
as we analyze the accent,
so look out,
you rock'n'rollers.

Over forty million served and that's a record for the
master,
it stood forever after.

So are we,
are we,
are we,
are we facing the end of all,
of all the drugs
we're lacing with common sense and courtesy
and other things we thought would be the end of us,
but now they won't allow us our intentions.

Oh the mother of invention,
it's her pleasure to repeat with feeling:
Are we,
are we,
are we,
are we facing the end of all the medicine we're taking?

Somewhere in the system
there's an open ended list of all the lies we tell
unblinking,
thinking, What could we be living?
Is it life or is it even in the realm of possibility?
You see it when you're missing who you came to see.

Is this thing even on and on and on?
Are we,
are we,
are we,
are we facing the end of all the medicine we're taking?

