

New Pornographers, The "The Slow Descent into Alcoholism"

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I say my,
my slow descent into alcoholism went to my head,
where I really need it,
with the views that remain untreated.

I say my, my, my,
my slow descent into alcoholism went something like
this.
Salvation holdout central.
I say my ever-loosening grip on the commonest
courtesies slipped,
from my hands when I really need her,
when I need change for the parking meters.

I said my, my, my,
my slow descent into alcoholism went something like
this.
Salvation holdout central.

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