

New Pornographers, The "To Wild Homes"

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First my trusty voice cracked,
like it's not plain to see,
a sidewalk step,
defaults on my debt to the order of society.

Behold our first rate lady,
as if you hadn't guessed,
the homemade queen of every homecoming
not so gently laid to rest.

And then outside her courtyard
after entering your plea
you strike the right ingredient
and chew the scenery.

How many times must we say
this kind of inflation cannot kill us.
Our backers use versions we used to unwind with
the threads of an argument lost.

To wild homes we go.
To wild homes we return.
To wild homes we go.

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