

Arcade Fire "Laika"

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Alexander, our older brother,
set out for a great adventure.
He tore our images out of his pictures,
he scratched our names out of all his letters.

Our mother shoulda just named you Laika!

Come on Alex, you can do it.
Come on Alex, there's nothin' to it.
If you want somethin' don't ask for nothin,
if you want nothin' don't ask for somethin'!

Our mother shoulda just named you Laika!
It's for your own good,
it's for the neighborhood!

For the neighborhood

Our older brother bit by a Vampire!
For a year we caught his tears in a cup.
And now we're gonna make him drink it.
Come on Alex don't die or dry up!

Our mother shoulda just named you Laika!
It's for your own good,
it's for the neighborhood!

When daddy comes home you always start a fight,
so the neighbors can dance in the police disco lights.
The police disco lights.
Now the neighbors can't dance! (x4)

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