

## Wolf Parade "Cave-o-sapien"

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Cave-o-sapien -  
you were made for breaking of my back.  
As I carried you past quiet houses,  
kicking through the roses in the yard, I spied  
the wildflower kisses on your neck - saw the garden  
had been trampled past repair.

Oh, Cave-o-sapien.

You look like the sunrise!  
- purple, lemon, baby-blue and gold -  
but I knew it sounded bad when you said NO REGRETS  
and then said nothing more.  
And while you're leaning deep into the smoke  
of those sticks  
you keep rubbing together,

I keep thinking about how bad it's gonna burn,  
and all the people I loved, back home,  
who I loved, and love,  
that you turned on.  
People just offering shelter from the wind.  
So bow your head into the wind,  
my Cave-o-sapien.

I had a vision of a gorilla,  
and he was a killer,  
A killer!

Alone,  
in fields of stone,  
you're not the sunrise,  
you're just alone.

But I've got you, until you're gone

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