

## The New Pornographers

### "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?

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