

The New Pornographers "Jackie, Dressed In Cobras"

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Look we've seen this kind of thing before.
Jackie threads with cobras at the door,
Don't live your life inside a letter,
Flirts with glances, you feel sick, you've had your
chances, yes you've had 'em (echo)
On a train devouring the land, there's a kid going
insane over her man, insane over her man, insane over
her.

Look we've seen this kind of thing before,
Vulcans hanging from the entrance door, and if he
hollers let him out because he's gonna shout, sees
something in the way she moves that shouldn't be
allowed.

Wrapped on the jungle floor, jackie's dressed in
cobras, giving me ideas, what i really need now is
ideas.

Look we've seen this kind of thing before.
Vampires drawn across the ballroom floor
The snake has blood that's squeezed for dancing, you
felt sick you've had your chances, yes you've had 'em
(echoes)

On a train devouring the land
There's a kid going insane over her man, insane over
her man, insane over her.
On a chain devouring the light
There's a kid going insane over her man, insane over
her man, insane over her.
On a chain devouring the light
There's a kid going insane over her man, insane over
her man, insane over her.
Wrapped on the jungle floor, jackie's dressed in cobras
Wrapped on the jungle floor, jackie's dressed in cobras
Wrapped on the jungle floor, jackie's dressed in cobras

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