

The New Pornographers

"Myriad Harbour"

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I took a plane
I took a train
(Ah, who cares, you always end up in the city)

I said to Carl
Look up for once
(See just how the sun sets in the sky)

I said to Jon
Do you think the girls here
(Ever wonder how they got so pretty?)
Oh well I do

Look out upon the Myriad Harbour
Look out upon the Myriad Harbour
Look out upon the Myriad Harbour

All the boys
With their home-made microphones
(Have very interesting sounds)

All the girls falling to ruin
Dropping out of school, breakin' daddy's heart
(Just to hang around)

I walked into the local record store
And asked for an American music anthology
It sounds fun
They taught my sketches (?)
Stuck 'em on the walls of PS1

I took a plane
I took a train
(Ah, who cares, you always end up in the city)

Stranded at Bleeker and Broadway
Looking for something to do

Someone somewhere asked me is there anything in
particular I can help you with?
(All I ever want to help with was you)

Look out upon the Myriad Harbour
Look out upon the Myriad Harbour
Look out upon the Myriad Harbour
Look out upon the Myriad Harbour

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