

The New Pornographers **"The End Of Medicine"**

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The angel cried, "You bastard!",
As we analyzed the accents
So look out you rock'n'rollers
Over 40 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 all the things we thought would be
The end of us but now it won't
Allow us our intentions
Are the mother of invention
It's a pleasure to repeat the 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 them thinking, thinking,
'Where could we be living?'
Is it life or is it even in the
Realm of possibility?
You see it when you're missing
When you came to see it glistening
Even on and on and on...

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