

The New Pornographers "These Are The Fables"

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In coral and gray
In submarine chambers
One day
It swam for the light
The jewels that lit
The cities that float there
Cities in circles drawn perfect, complete
Holding the secrets on my street
My street, my street

So come in and play
The song of the siren
It's commonplace
You hear the voice rise
In one wave
And crash on your doorstep
Making the circle here perfect, complete
These are the fables on my street

Ten thousand dancing girls
Kicking cans 'cross the sky
No reason why
Why ask to pay yourself
For the call of the wild
You found this child
So raise him

And wind your back
Come back to the river
The currents speed by
And hope the men fear
The hammer comes down
So hard on the evening
Cracking the dawn of your
Days are repeat
These are fables on my street
My street, my street

Heaven shook Hell
And down from it's pockets
The ring in your bell
It fell through your hands

Hang at your feet
The doors that won't open
Marking the journey of our friends complete
These are the fables of my street
My street

My street, my street
Lay down in glory, you're not alone

My street, my street
Lay down in glory, you're not alone

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