

The New Pornographers

"To Wild Homes"

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"To Wild Homes"

First my trusty voice cracked, like it's not plain to see,
A sidewalk step defaults on my debt to the order of
society.

Behold our first rate lady, as if you hadn't guessed,
The homemade queen of every homecoming not so
gently laid to rest.

And then outside her courtyard after entering your plea
You strike the right ingredient and chew the scenery.

How many times must we say, this kind of inflation
cannot kill us.

Our backers use versions we used to unwind with,
The threads of an argument lost.

How many times must we say, this kind of inflation
cannot kill us.

Our backers use versions we used to unwind with,
The threads of an argument lost.

To wild homes we go.
To wild homes we return.
To wild homes we go.

To wild homes we go.
To wild homes we return.
To wild homes we go.

To wild homes we go.
To wild homes we return.
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