

New Pornographers "Broken Beads"

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I could have it
without with the whores and their buggies
I suppose their father knows best
where the wind goes
you could always see into the dark for miles around
my job was to try and make a sound
then I heard the call of
I heard the call to
screaming I don't wanna
I saw the girls
the new world minstrels
whispering I don't wanna
tormented kings
your children of the earth sing
under an embalmed clear sky
under an embalmed clear sky

I foresee that you'll be weakened
the children of your cash
I can tell you can't live without it
who was I to come between a whore and her money?
yes there is a war
boys versus girls
clowns versus their curls

I invested well
and heavily into your antics
I requested suicide blonde
loudly
yes there is a war
its much like the one I've been waiting for
boys versus girls
clowns versus their curls
I heard the call of
I heard the call to
screaming I don't wanna
I saw the pearls
the new world minstrels
whispering I don't wanna
tormented kings
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