

## **New Pornographers "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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