

## **New Pornographers "My Shepherd"**

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Glasswork shards decorate this house;  
We're tossing lost darts out windows.  
The splash and jangle of the secret signs,  
Defied. You claim some secret age is  
Upon us.

You always loved short story form,  
The signs behind it, the hidden doors.  
You live for flame when the attraction's new,  
The leathers pulled from a secret room.

Closed eyes stare into morning sun  
When the dots form into connections.  
If I'm honest you come to mind,  
But baby I'm not.  
If I'm honest you come to mind,  
But baby I'm not.

The ink paths polished into working script,  
We stare in wonder at the steps we skipped.  
Tripping wires we have so carefully crossed,  
The signs behind it at a perfect loss.

(Chorus)  
You're my lord, you're my shepherd.  
Careful, kid, no one gets hurt.  
You made me.

(repeat chorus)

You stood by while the French retook,  
The science behind it was a dirty look.  
Songe pas du Rock 'n Roll.  
Songe pas du Rock 'n Roll, au revoir.

(Chorus 2x)

(Interlude)

(Chorus)

You're my lord, you're my shepherd.

Careful, kid, no one gets hurt.  
You made me this way.

Try to fail. (12x)

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