

Backstairs

The New Pornographers

Taking the backstairs...

Before I knew to choose the music of celebrity
I sang backups on the backstairs, the backstairs, the backstairs

I wore out grooves sneaking around the servants' quarters, so
So I knew my way around the backstairs
There is another West, you'll find out
It's nearly thunderous
There is another West, much wilder
You feel it under us
And yet another West,
A new one, when you arrive

I move so slow, I didn't know that I was backing off
It was getting backed out on the backstairs, the backstairs, the back
stairs

And I came
And I saw
And I ran
And I won

And I came
And I saw
And I ran
And I won

And I came
And I saw
And I ran
And I won

There is another West, you'll find out
It's nearly thunderous
There is another West, much wilder
You feel it under us
And yet another West,
A new one, when you arrive
Another West,
A new one, when you arrive

Taking the backstairs...

And I came
And I saw
And I ran
And I won...

I knew my way around the backstairs