

# Marching Orders

The New Pornographers

What do these marching orders mean?  
Some hackneyed fairy tale I'd move outta their dreams  
It's what they do  
Stepping to  
Marching ten paces in front of you

Let's put this countdown clock away  
Unfinished parts of the death ray on the lawn  
Let them rust, turn to dust  
What the heart can't imagine we'll trust

They  
They say we can't make this stuff up,  
But what else could we make?

What do these marching orders say?  
Spelled out in loud forgotten language, they leave  
The voice wrecked; don't connect  
What the fuse was put there to protect

They  
They say we can't make this stuff up,  
But what else could we make?

Come on, really lose your voice.  
Come on, really lose it.

They  
They say we can't make this stuff up,  
But what else could we make?

No, your marching orders stay  
Always despise them, anyway,  
So hell no, it won't go