

You Tell Me Where

The New Pornographers

Take a breather
They came for Caesar
But I don't think he's here

Disiderata
Is that your name now
Glad you came out

You've proved your poison
Is more than noise and
The joy's addictive
Although restrictive
Fair baby beware or not are we square

Old friends from last call
Searching a glass for
Some famous last words
Let from the master

With all your shit talking
And all your blue stocking
And hit the spell check
You want some hell check?
Direct your own pace
You need your own place

So you tell me where
To be I'll be there
A little seasick
But feel you've fallen
And now it's crawling
Me I'm hauling

Old friends from last call
Searching a glass for
Some famous last words
Let from the master

You see my range, you could change me
If you wanted to
Just rearrange a few pieces and run
If there's no way but the high road to save me
If that's not easy so leave me alone

Think I could change to become what you want me
To think we could finally be done

So you tell me where to be, I'll be there