

All the Old Showstoppers

The New Pornographers

When John he saw the numbers he lied
Made up the whole thing, failed when he tried
To cash in on his cautious new fame
Always the numbers but never the name

We we hit the numbers we broke
Broken and changed them changed as we spoke
We knew that we would always be down
Hitting the numbers spun way 'round

And somebody beside you
Slipped your head inside the crown
The princes of the paupers
And all the old showstoppers
Till this moment's still unknown

Sirens' songs have tried, too
Yet, she takes you as her own
The princes of the paupers
And all the old showstoppers
Till this moment's still unknown

And when he got the numbers he thought
Thought of his friends who slowed to a halt
Who had questioned to no avail
Some knew the answers, some wouldn't tell

When Gabriel saw the numbers he fell
Fell through the clouds into the great well
But woke up before he hit the ground
No one had noticed still he looked around

And somebody beside you
Slipped your head inside the crown
The princes of the paupers
And all the old showstoppers
Till this moment's still unknown

Sirens' songs have tried, too
Yet, she takes you as her own
The princes of the paupers
And all the old showstoppers
Till this moment's still unknown

With her hand to guide you
You are nothing if not home
The princes of the paupers
And all the old showstoppers
Till this moment's still unknown