

Born with a Sound

The New Pornographers

There's death in the breadline
There's deaths on the vine
I wanted you quite often
In that I wanted you all of the time
I've been up all night
I've been up all day

I was into the illusion
I was into the never-ending scene
And the sound of confusion
In the riverside
I've been up all night
I've been up all day
Singing a mistresses' tangueray

I had a sound in my head
But I couldn't find the words
To get it out
Now I know love is the way
Get it out

I had a sound in my head
But I couldn't find the words
To get it out
Now I know love is the way
Get it out, get it out

I see death in the breadline
I see deaths on the vine
I want you quite often
I want you all of the time
I had a sound in my head
And I couldn't get it out, get it out
I've been up all night
I've been up all day
I was born with a sound