

# Grounds For Divorce (Album)

## Wolf Parade

You said you hate the sound  
Of the buses on the ground  
You said you hate the way they scrape their brakes all over town  
I said pretend it's whales  
Keeping their voices down  
Such were the grounds for divorce I know On the radio  
And the bouncing bodies' drone  
Found eighteen reasons I can't pick up on the phone  
I said look at the clouds  
It's a show all on its own  
Such were the grounds for divorce I know But the darling is dead  
We hit her on the head  
It looked like a wedding cake  
Though the darling is dead  
We hit it on the head  
It looked like a newlywed But look at the lovers  
And they way they stand  
And the way they move and the way move their hands  
And look at their babies  
And their tiny little hands  
And the way they get loved and the way they get loved oh Oh look at the lovers  
And they way they stand  
And the way they move and the way move and the way move their hands Said you hate the sound  
Of the busses on the ground  
Said you hate the way they scrape their brakes all over town  
Said pretend it's wales  
And keeping their voices down  
Such were the grounds for divorce I know Looked like a newlywed On the radio  
And the bouncing bodies' drone  
Found eighteen reasons I can't pick up on the phone  
Said look at the clouds  
It's a show all on its own  
Such were the grounds, such were the grounds, for divorce I know

Songwriters

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