Oh You, Old Thing

Wolf Parade

Oh you,
old thing.
Still got vibrations
in your streets.
They move me to come down
from the chandelier
I have been watching you from.Bon soir,
bon soir ma ville.
I'm gonna leave you now
in the arms of babes.I've got a new way to live
through the storms you're so famous for -
oh, that's the sound of some new rocket
upon the door.Who's gonna steam up all your dancehalls?
Who'll put your lilies in a vase,
when all the good men have had all their daughters, and
all the other men have fallen in with daises?
I don't want to be the last one standing,
I don't want to reach the bitter end.
As much as I have always loved your dancing,
I hate the sounds that come from crowds
that just don't get
my moves.From here,
in the sky,
I see rows of lgihts
as as violent web.
And I will miss
the way I got caught up in you.Oh you,
old thing.I'm gonna leave you now
in the arms of babes.
I've got a new way to live
in the storm, in the storm
in the storm.

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