

Grounds for Divorce

Wolf Parade

You said you hate the sound
Of the busses on the ground
You said you hate the way they scrape their brakes all over town
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
Said look at the clouds
It's a show all on its own
Such were the grounds for divorce i know
But the dialing is dead
We hit it on the head
It looked like a wedding cake
But the dialing is dead
We hit it on the head It looked like a newlywed
But I look at the lovers
In the telephone stands
And the way they move and the way move their hands
And I look at their babies
And their tiny little hands
And the way they get loved and the way they get loved
Oh look at the lovers
In the telephone stands 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

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