

Wolf Parade, Grounds For Divorce

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
Said pretend it's whales
Keeping their voices down
Such were the grounds for divorce i know

On the radio
And the bouncing body 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 darling is dead
We hit her on the head
It looked like a wedding cake
But the darling is dead
We hit her on the head
It looked like a newlywed

But I look at the lovers
And they way they stand
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
And they way they stand
And the way they move and the way move and the way move their hands

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Such were the grounds for divorce i know
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Such were the grounds such were the grounds for divorce i know