

# 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 such were the grounds for divorce i know