

Letter from an Occupant

The New Pornographers

I'm told the eventual downfall
Is just a bill from the restaurant
You told me I could order the moon, babe
Just as long as as I shoot what I want.
What the last ten minutes have taught me
Bet the hand that your money's on
Where the hell have the 70's brought me
You traded me away long gone

For the love of a god, you say
Not a letter from an occupant

The time that your enemy gives you
Good times are not the ones you want
I've cried five rivers on the way here
Which one will you stay away on?
The tune you'll be humming forever
All the words are replaced and wrong
With a shower of "Yes" and "Whatever"s
You traded me away long gone

For the love of a god, you say
Not a letter from an occupant

Where have all sensations gone?
Where have all sensations gone?
Where have all sensations gone?
Where have all sensations gone?

For the love of a god, you say
Not a letter from an occupant

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The song
The song
The song has shaken me

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For the love of a god, you say
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