

## July Jones

## The New Pornographers

Come clean  
Through the waves  
Of debris  
The mind's eye  
Is first to go  
So hang onto that number  
Like gold

And get thee  
Back to the old truth  
July Jones  
'cause baby there's a lot  
We don't know

One of the greats  
On the way  
- hold on -  
Behind the daylight  
Who knew  
What it could feel like?

Class war  
Held your hand  
Through your plans  
But not me  
But stay free  
Baby  
There are worse things  
To be

So lay free  
In your faith beside me  
But lay low  
'cause baby there's a lot  
We don't know

Class war  
Kissed your lips  
Left you stripped  
To your toes  
And i know  
That baby it's so much  
To outgrow

So get thee  
Back to the old truth  
July Jones  
'cause baby there's a lot  
We don't know