

Oh You, Old Thing

Wolf Parade

Oh you,
old thing.
Still got vibrations
in your streets.
They move me to come down
from the chandelier
I have been watching you from.

Bon soir,
bon soir ma ville.
I'm gonna leave you now
in the arms of babes.

I've got a new way to live
through the storms you're so famous for -
oh, that's the sound of some new rocket
upon the door.

Who's gonna steam up all your dancehalls?
Who'll put your lilies in a vase,
when all the good men have had all their daughters, and
all the other men have fallen in with daises?
I don't want to be the last one standing,
I don't want to reach the bitter end.
As much as I have always loved your dancing,
I hate the sounds that come from crowds
that just don't get
my moves.

From here,
in the sky,
I see rows of lights
as as violent web.
And I will miss
the way I got caught up in you.

Oh you,
old thing.

I'm gonna leave you now
in the arms of babes.
I've got a new way to live
in the storm, in the storm
in the storm.