Of Montreal, A Sentence Of Sorts In Kongsvinger

I spent the winter on the verge of a total breakdown while living in Norway I felt the darkness of the black metal bands
But being such fawn of a man I didn't burn down any old churches
Just laughed way too much, just laughed

My mind rejects the frequency It's static craziness to me Is it a solar fever?

The TV man is too loud Our plane is sleeping on a cloud You turn the dial, I'll try and smile

We've eaten plastic weather This family sticks together We will escape from the south to the west side

My mind rejects the frequency It's just verbosity to me

I spent the winter with my nose buried in a book While trying to restructure my character Because it had become vile to its creator And through many dreadful nights I lay praying to a saint that nobody has heard of And waiting for some high times to come again

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Dirty old shadow, stay away Don't play your games with me I am older now, I see the way you operate If you don't hurt me then you die

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