ARCADE FIRE

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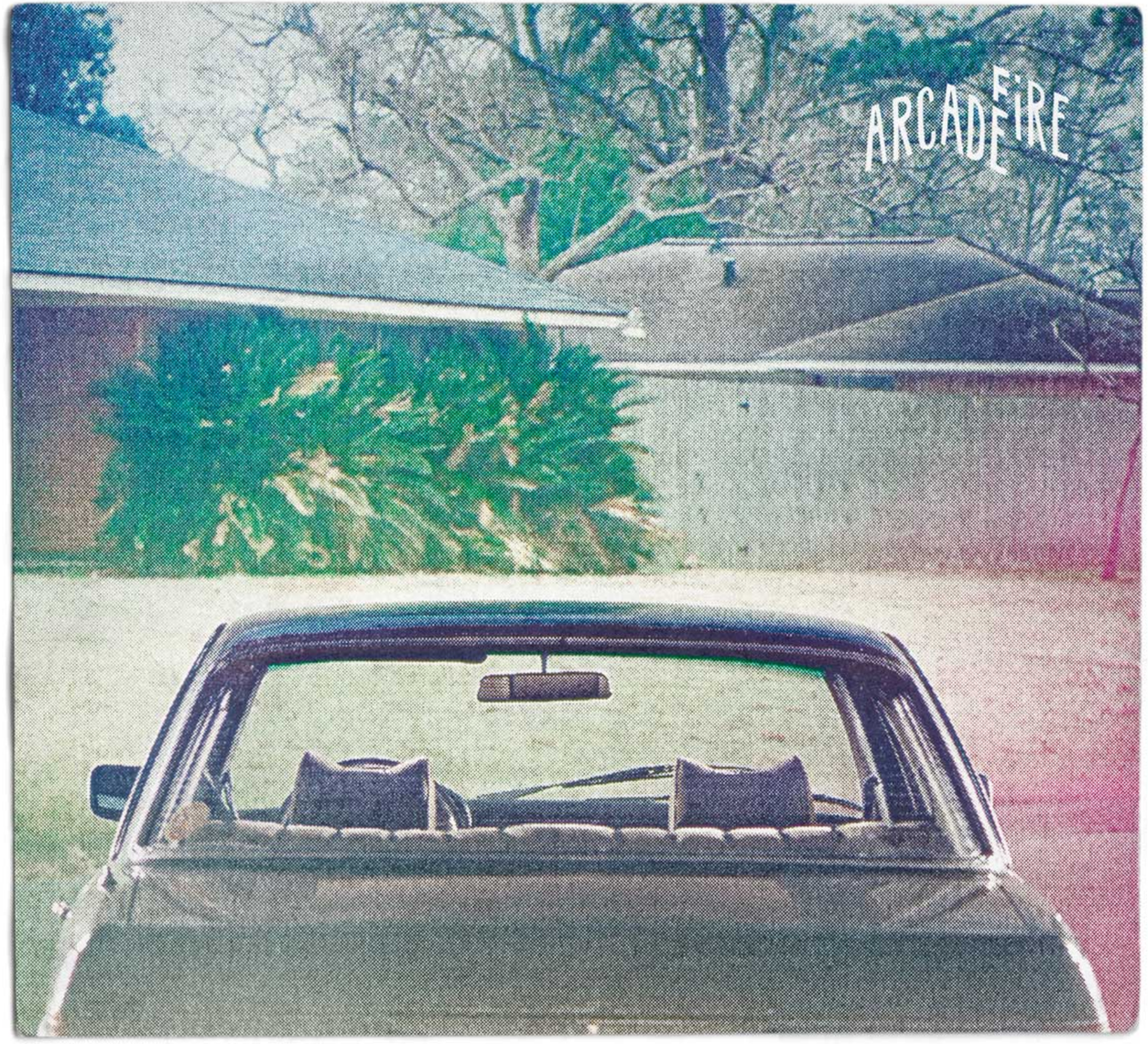
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"THE SUBURBS"

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~~*The Suburbs*~~

IN THE SUBURBS I, I LEARNED TO DRIVE AND YOU TOLD ME WE'D NEVER SURVIVE. ~~WE~~ GRAB YOUR MOTHER'S KEYS WE'RE LEAVING.
YOU ALWAYS SEEMED SO SURE THAT ONE DAY WE'D ~~WERE~~ BE FIGHTING IN A SUBURBAN WAR. YOUR PART OF TOWN AGAINST MINE
I SAW YOU STANDING ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE BUT BY THE TIME THE FIRST BOMBS FELL WE WERE ALREADY BORED, WE WERE
~~ALREADY~~, ALREADY BORED.
SOMETIMES I CAN'T BELIEVE IT I'M MOVING PAST THE
SOMETIMES I CAN'T BELIEVE IT I'M MOVING PAST THE FEELING~~S~~
THE KIDS WANT TO BE SO HARD BUT IN MY DREAMS FEELING AGAIN
SCREAMING AND RUNNING THROUGH THE YARD. WE'RE STILL
WHEN ALL OF THE WALLS THAT THEY BUILT IN THE 70'S FINALLY FALL,
AND ALL OF THE HOUSES THEY BUILT IN THE 70'S FINALLY FALL...
MEANT NOTHING AT ALL? MEANT NOTHING AT ALL, IT MEANT NOTHING.
SOMETIMES I CAN'T BELIEVE IT I'M MOVING PAST THE FEELING
SOMETIMES I CAN'T BELIEVE IT I'M MOVING PAST THE FEELING
AND INTO THE NIGHT.
SO CAN YOU UNDERSTAND WHY I WANT A DAUGHTER WHILE
I'M STILL YOUNG? I WANT TO HOLD HER HAND, AND SHOW HER
SOME BEAUTY, BEFORE ALL THIS DAMAGE IS DONE.
BUT IF IT'S TOO MUCH TO ASK, IF IT'S TOO MUCH TO ASK THEN
SEND ME A SON.
UNDER THE OVERPASS IN THE PARKING LOT WE'RE STILL WAITING
IT'S ALREADY PAST SO MOVE YOUR FEET FROM ~~THE~~ HOT PAVEMENT
AND INTO THE GRASS 'CAUSE IT'S ALREADY PAST ~~IT'S ALREADY~~, ALREADY PAST.
SOMETIMES I CAN'T BELIEVE IT I'M MOVING PAST THE FEELING,
SOMETIMES I CAN'T BELIEVE IT I'M MOVING PAST THE FEELING AGAIN.
I'M MOVING PAST THE FEELING~~S~~ I'M MOVING PAST THE FEELING.
IN MY DREAMS ~~WE'RE STILL SCREAMING~~, WE'RE STILL
SCREAMING, WE'RE STILL SCREAMING.

Ready to Start

IF THE BUSINESSMEN DRINK MY BLOOD LIKE THE KIDS
IN ART SCHOOL SAID THEY WOULD THEN I GUESS I'LL
JUST BEGIN AGAIN. YOU SAY, CAN WE STILL BE FRIENDS?
IF I WAS SCARED I WOULD, AND IF I WAS BORED,
YOU KNOW I WOULD, AND IF I WAS YOURS, BUT I'M NOT.
ALL THE KIDS HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN THAT THE EMPEROR
WEARS NO CLOTHES BUT THEY BOW DOWN TO HIM
'CAUSE IT'S BETTER THAN BEING ALONE. ANYWAY
IF I WAS SCARED I WOULD AND IF I WAS BORED, YOU KNOW
AND IF I WAS YOURS, BUT I'M NOT. I WOULD
NOW YOU'RE KNOCKING AT MY DOOR SAYING: "PLEASE COME
OUT WITH US TONIGHT." BUT I WOULD RATHER BE ALONE
THAN PRETEND I FEEL ALRIGHT.
IF THE BUSINESSMEN DRINK MY BLOOD LIKE THE KIDS IN ART
SCHOOL SAID THEY WOULD THEN I GUESS I'LL JUST BEGIN AGAIN
YOU SAY, CAN WE STILL BE FRIENDS?
IF I WAS SCARED I WOULD. AND IF I WAS PURE, YOU KNOW I WOULD
AND IF I WAS YOURS, BUT I'M NOT. NOW I'M READY TO START.
IF I WAS SCARED I WOULD, AND IF I WAS PURE, YOU KNOW I WOULD.
AND IF I WAS YOURS, BUT I'M NOT. NOW I'M READY TO START.
NOW I'M READY TO START, I WOULD RATHER BE WRONG
THAN LIVE IN THE SHADOWS OF YOUR SONG. MY MIND IS OPEN
WIDE AND NOW I'M READY TO ~~CREATE~~ START.
NOW I'M READY TO START. MY MIND IS WIDE OPEN, AND
NOW I'M READY TO START. YOU'RE NOT SURE,
YOU OPEN THE DOOR
AND STEP OUT INTO THE DARK. NOW I'M READY

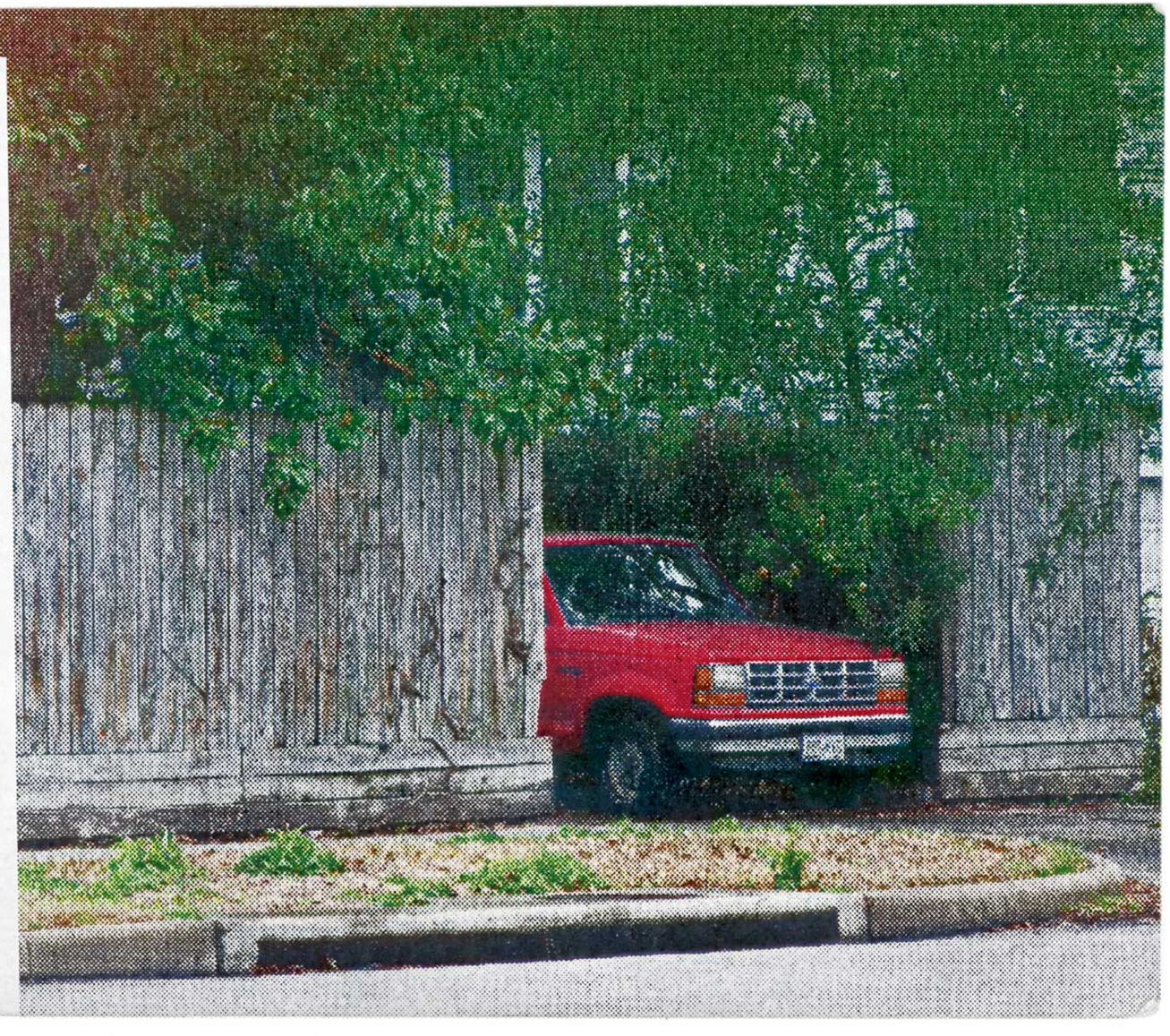
Modern Man

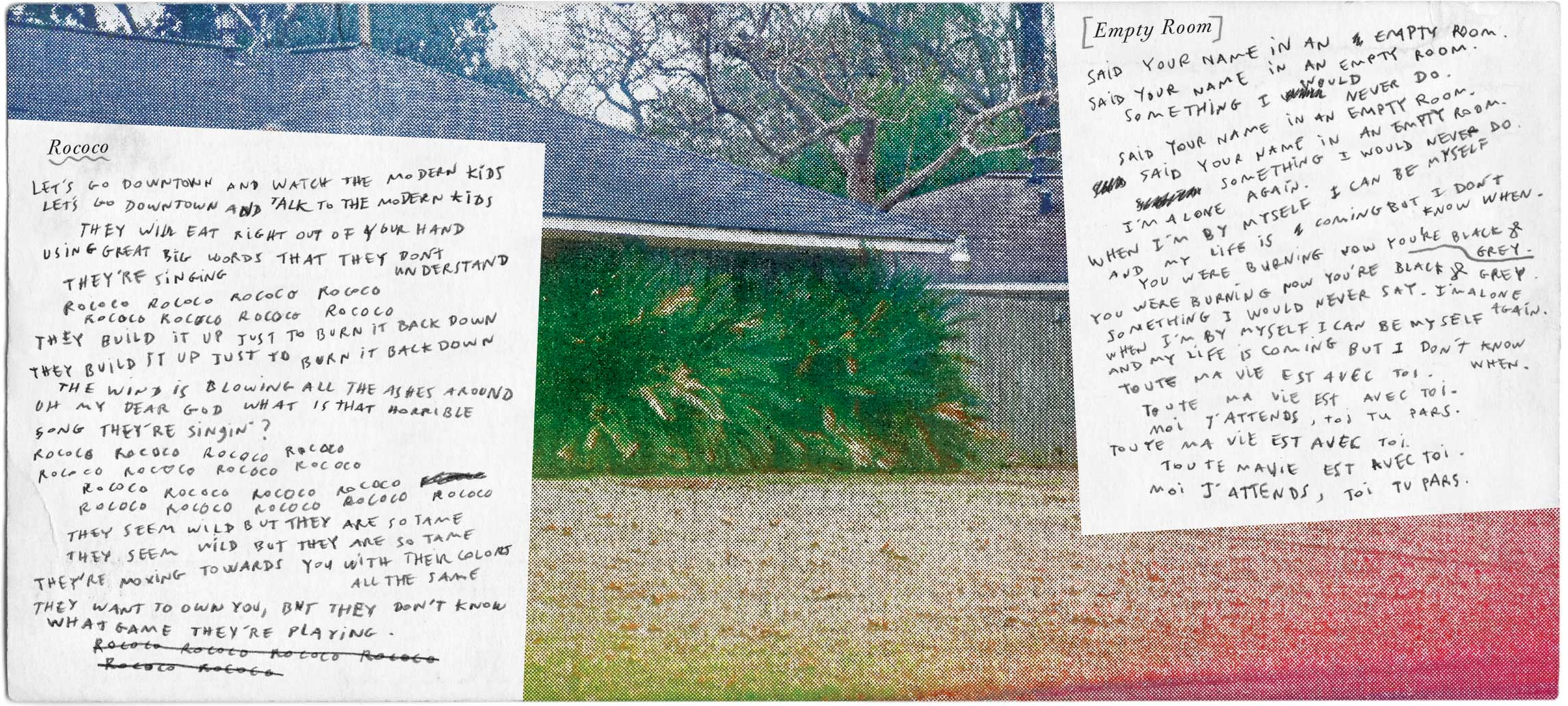
So I wait my turn, I'm a modern man and the people behind me
They can't understand. Makes me feel like... makes me feel
So I wait in line, I'm a modern man and the people behind me like...
They can't understand. Makes me feel like... something don't
Like a record that's skipping, I'm a modern man feel right
And the clock keeps ticking, I'm a modern man. Makes me
Feel like... makes me feel like...

In my dream I was almost there then they pulled me aside and
Said you're going nowhere. They say we are the chosen few
And that's why we're still waiting... but we waste it

On a number from the modern man maybe when you're older you
Will understand, why you don't feel right why you can't sleep
In line for a number but you don't understand like a modern man
In line for a number but you don't understand like a modern man
at night now

Oh, I had a dream, I was dreaming and I feel I'm losing the
Makes me feel like... like something don't feel right feeling
I erase the number of the modern man wanna break the mirror
Of the modern man. Makes me feel like... makes me feel like...
In my dream I was almost there then they pulled me aside and said
You're going nowhere. I know we are the chosen few but we waste it
And that's why we're still waiting. In line for a number but you
Don't understand, like a modern man. In line for a number but you
Don't understand, like a modern man. If it's alright, then how come a
You can't sleep at night, in line for a number but you don't understand
Like a modern man. I'm a modern man. I'm a modern man. I'm a modern man.
I'm a modern man.



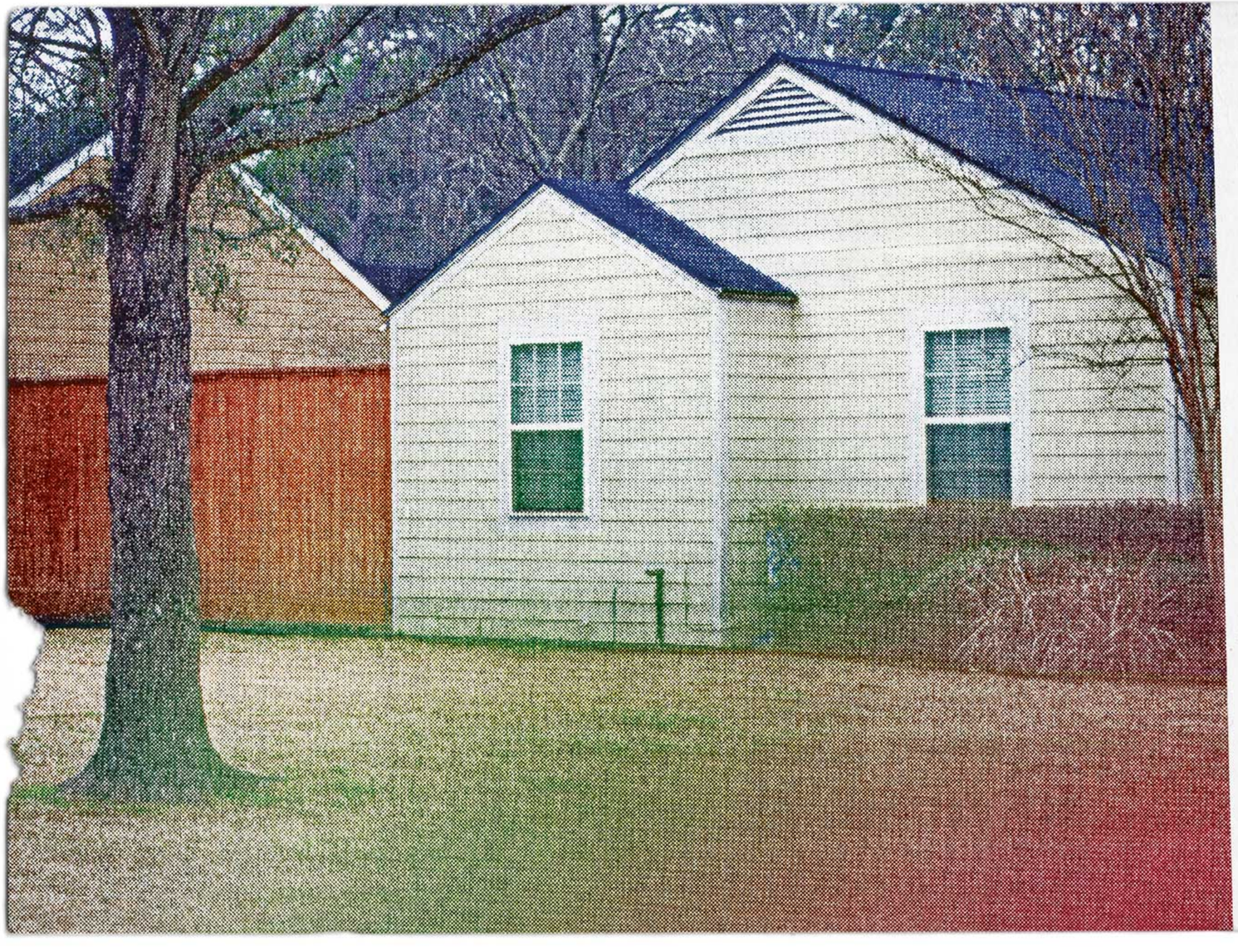


Rococo

LET'S GO DOWNTOWN AND WATCH THE MODERN KIDS
LET'S GO DOWNTOWN AND TALK TO THE MODERN KIDS
THEY WILL EAT RIGHT OUT OF YOUR HAND
USING GREAT BIG WORDS THAT THEY DONT UNDERSTAND
THEY'RE SINGING
ROCOCO ROCOCO ROCOCO ROCOCO
ROCOCO ROCOCO ROCOCO ROCOCO
THEY BUILD IT UP JUST TO BURN IT BACK DOWN
THEY BUILD IT UP JUST TO BURN IT BACK DOWN
THE WIND IS BLOWING ALL THE ASHES AROUND
OH MY DEAR GOD WHAT IS THAT HORRIBLE
SONG THEY'RE SINGIN'?
ROCOCO ROCOCO ROCOCO ROCOCO
ROCOCO ROCOCO ROCOCO ROCOCO
ROCOCO ROCOCO ROCOCO ROCOCO
ROCOCO ROCOCO ROCOCO ROCOCO
THEY SEEM WILD BUT THEY ARE SO TAME
THEY SEEM WILD BUT THEY ARE SO TAME
THEY'RE MOVING TOWARDS YOU WITH THEIR COLORS
ALL THE SAME
THEY WANT TO OWN YOU, BUT THEY DON'T KNOW
WHAT GAME THEY'RE PLAYING.
~~ROCOCO ROCOCO ROCOCO ROCOCO~~
~~ROCOCO ROCOCO~~

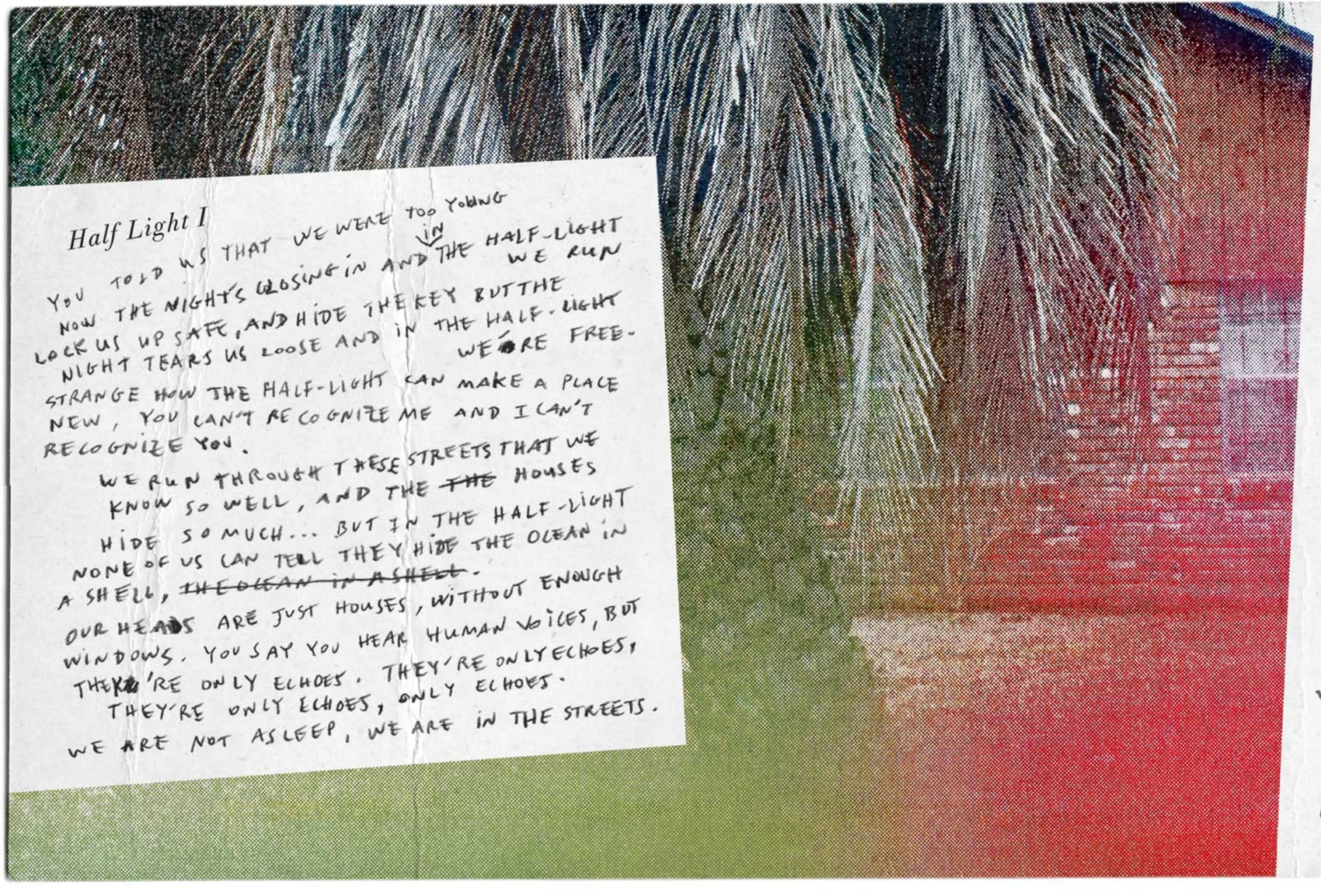
[Empty Room]

SAID YOUR NAME IN AN EMPTY ROOM.
SAID YOUR NAME IN AN EMPTY ROOM.
SOMETHING I WOULD NEVER DO.
SAID YOUR NAME IN AN EMPTY ROOM.
SAID YOUR NAME IN AN EMPTY ROOM.
SOMETHING I WOULD NEVER DO.
I'M ALONE AGAIN.
WHEN I'M BY MYSELF I CAN BE MYSELF
AND MY LIFE IS COMING BUT I DON'T KNOW WHEN.
YOU WERE BURNING NOW YOU'RE BLACK & GREY.
YOU WERE BURNING NOW YOU'RE BLACK & GREY.
SOMETHING I WOULD NEVER SAY. I'M ALONE AGAIN.
WHEN I'M BY MYSELF I CAN BE MYSELF
AND MY LIFE IS COMING BUT I DON'T KNOW WHEN.
TOUTE MA VIE EST AVEC TOI.
TOUTE MA VIE EST AVEC TOI.
MOI J'ATTENDS, TOI TU PARS.
TOUTE MA VIE EST AVEC TOI.
TOUTE MA VIE EST AVEC TOI.
MOI J'ATTENDS, TOI TU PARS.



(City With No Children)

THE SUMMER THAT I BROKE MY ARM I WAITED
FOR YOUR LETTER
I HAVE NO FEELING FOR YOU NOW, NOW THAT I KNOW
YOU BETTER
I WISH THAT I COULD HAVE LOVED YOU THEN, BEFORE OUR AGE
WAS THROUGH AND BEFORE [redacted] A WORLD WAR
DOES WITH US, WHATEVER IT WILL DO.
I DREAMT I DROVE HOME TO HOUSTON ON A HIGHWAY THAT
WAS UNDERGROUND
THERE WAS NO LIGHT THAT WE COULD SEE,
AS WE LISTENED TO THE SOUND OF THE ENGINE FAILING.
I FEEL [redacted] LIKE I'VE BEEN LIVING IN A CITY WITH NO
CHILDREN IN IT
A GARDEN LEFT FOR RUIN BY A MILLIONAIRE INSIDE OF A
PRIVATE PRISON
YOU NEVER TRUST A MILLIONAIRE QUOTING THE SERMON
ON THE MOUNT. I USED TO THINK I WAS NOT LIKE THEM,
BUT I'M BEGINNING TO HAVE MY DOUBTS, MY DOUBTS
ABOUT IT
WHEN YOU'RE HIDING UNDERGROUND, THE RAIN CAN'T GET
YOU WET.
BUT DO YOU THINK YOUR RIGHTEOUSNESS COULD PAY
THE INTEREST ON YOUR DEBT? I HAVE MY DOUBTS
ABOUT IT.
I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN LIVING IN
A CITY WITH NO CHILDREN IN IT, A GARDEN LEFT
FOR RUIN BY A MILLIONAIRE INSIDE OF A PRIVATE PRISON
I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN
LIVING IN A CITY WITH NO CHILDREN IN IT
A GARDEN LEFT FOR RUIN BY AND BY
AS I HIDE INSIDE OF MY PRIVATE PRISON.



Half Light I

YOU TOLD US THAT WE WERE TOO YOUNG
NOW THE NIGHT'S CLOSING IN AND THE HALF-LIGHT
LOCK US UP SAFE, AND HIDE THE KEY BUT THE
NIGHT TEARS US LOOSE AND IN THE HALF-LIGHT
STRANGE HOW THE HALF-LIGHT CAN MAKE A PLACE
NEW, YOU CAN'T RECOGNIZE ME AND I CAN'T
RECOGNIZE YOU.

WE RUN THROUGH THESE STREETS THAT WE
KNOW SO WELL, AND THE ~~THE~~ HOUSES
HIDE SO MUCH... BUT IN THE HALF-LIGHT
NONE OF US CAN TELL THEY HIDE THE OCEAN IN
A SHELL, ~~THE OCEAN IN A SHELL~~.
OUR HEADS ARE JUST HOUSES, WITHOUT ENOUGH
WINDOWS. YOU SAY YOU HEAR HUMAN VOICES, BUT
THERE'RE ONLY ECHOES. THEY'RE ONLY ECHOES,
THEY'RE ONLY ECHOES, ONLY ECHOES.
WE ARE NOT ASLEEP, WE ARE IN THE STREETS.

Half Light II (No Celebration)

NOW THAT SAN FRANCISCO'S GONE, I GUESS I'LL JUST
~~PACK~~ PACK IT IN. WANNA WASH AWAY MY SINS,
IN THE PRESENCE OF MY FRIENDS.
YOU AND I WE HEAD BACK EAST, TO FIND A TOWN
WHERE WE COULD LIVE EVEN IN THE HALF-LIGHT
WE CAN SEE THAT SOMETHING'S GOTTA GIVE.
WHEN WE WATCHED THE MARKETS CRASH,
THE PROMISES WE MADE WERE TORN. THEN MY
PARENTS SENT FOR ME, FROM OUT WEST WHERE I
SOME PEOPLE SAY, WE'VE ALREADY LOST WAS BORN.
BUT ~~WE~~ THEY'RE AFRAID TO PAY THE LOST,
FOR WHAT WE'VE LOST. ~~PAY~~ PAY THE COST FOR
NOW THAT YOU HAVE LEFT ME HERE, I WILL WHAT WE'VE LOST.
~~I~~ NEVER RAISE MY VOICE. ALL THE DIAMONDS
YOU HAVE HID, IN THIS HOME WHICH HAS NO LIFE.
OH THIS CITY'S CHANGED SO MUCH SINCE I WAS
A LITTLE CHILD. PRAY TO GOD I WON'T LIVE
TO SEE THE DEATH OF EVERYTHING THAT'S WILD.
THOUGH WE KNEW THIS DAY ~~WOULD~~ COME,
STILL IT TOOK US BY SURPRISE. IN THIS TOWN
WHERE I WAS BORN, I NOW SEE THROUGH A
DEAD MAN'S EYES.
ONE DAY THEY WILL SEE IT'S LONG GONE
~~ONE DAY THEY WILL SEE IT'S LONG GONE~~
ONE DAY THEY WILL SEE IT'S LONG GONE.

Suburban War

LET'S GO ~~[illegible]~~, FOR A DRIVE AND SEE THE TOWN TONIGHT
THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT I DON'T MIND WHEN I'M
WITH YOU. THIS TOWN'S SO STRANGE THEY BUILT IT TO
CHANGE
AND WHILE WE SLEEP WE KNOW THE STREETS GET
REARRANGED
WITH MY OLD FRIENDS, IT WAS SO DIFFERENT THEN
BEFORE YOUR WAR AGAINST THE SUBURBS BEGAN.
BEFORE IT BEGAN.
NOW THE MUSIC DIVIDES US INTO TRIBES. YOU GREW YOUR
HAIR, SO I GREW MINE. YOU SAID THE PAST WON'T REST,
UNTIL WE JUMP THE FENCE AND LEAVE IT BEHIND.
WITH MY OLD FRIENDS I CAN REMEMBER WHEN YOU CUT YOUR
HAIR I NEVER SAW YOU AGAIN. NOW THE CITIES WE LIVE
IN COULD BE DISTANT STARS. AND I SEARCH FOR YOU IN EVERY
PASSING CAR.
THE NIGHT'S SO LONG... YEAH THE NIGHT'S SO LONG
I'VE BEEN LIVING IN THE SHADOWS OF YOUR SONG. BEEN LIVING
IN THE SHADOWS OF YOUR SONG.
IN THE SUBURBS I, I LEARNED TO DRIVE AND YOU TOLD ME
WE'D NEVER SURVIVE. SO GRAB YOUR MOTHER'S KEYS
WE LEAVE TONIGHT.
BUT YOU STARTED A WAR THAT WE CAN'T WIN THEY KEEP ERASING
ALL THE STREETS WE GREW UP IN. NOW THE MUSIC DIVIDES
US INTO TRIBES. YOU CHOOSE YOUR SIDE. I'LL CHOOSE MY SIDE.
ALL MY OLD FRIENDS, THEY DON'T KNOW ME NOW. ALL MY OLD
FRIENDS ARE STARING THROUGH ME NOW. ALL MY OLD
FRIENDS THEY DON'T KNOW ME NOW. ALL MY OLD FRIENDS
THEY DON'T KNOW ME NOW. ALL MY OLD FRIENDS WAIT.

Month of May

GONNA MAKE A RECORD IN THE MONTH OF MAY,
IN THE MONTH OF MAY, IN THE MONTH OF MAY.
GONNA MAKE A RECORD IN THE MONTH OF MAY, WHEN THE VIOLENT
WIND BLOWS THE WIRES AWAY-
THE MONTH OF MAY IT'S A VIOLENT THING. IN THE CITY THEIR
HEARTS START TO SING. WELL, SOME PEOPLE SING, IT SOUNDS
LIKE THEY'RE SCREAMING. I USED TO DOUBT IT, BUT NOW
MONTH OF MAY EVERYBODY'S IN LOVE, THEN THE CITY WAS I BELIEVE IT
HIT FROM ABOVE. AND JUST WHEN I KNEW WHAT I WANTED TO SAY,
A VIOLENT WIND BLEW THE WIRES AWAY.
WE WERE SHOCKED IN THE SUBURBS!
NOW THE KIDS ARE ALL STANDING WITH THEIR ARMS FOLDED
KIDS ARE ALL STANDING WITH THEIR ARMS FOLDED TIGHT TIGHT.
WELL, SOME THINGS ARE PURE, AND SOME THINGS ARE RIGHT,
BUT THE KIDS ARE STILL STANDING WITH THEIR ARMS FOLDED TIGHT.
I SAID, SOME THINGS ARE PURE, AND SOME THINGS ARE RIGHT, BUT
THE KIDS ARE STILL STANDING WITH THEIR ARMS FOLDED TIGHT.

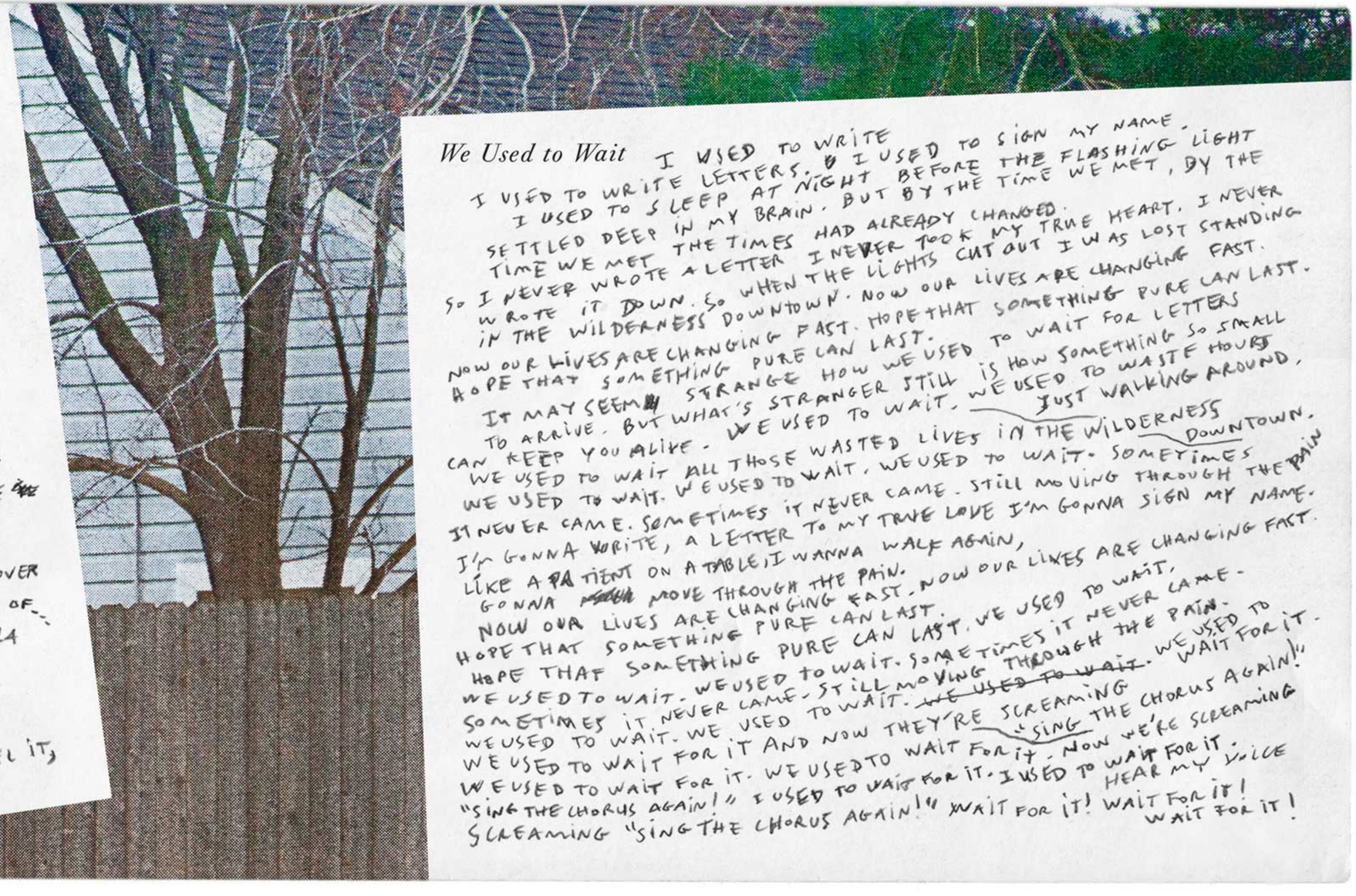
SO YOUNG, SO YOUNG. SO MUCH PAIN FOR SOMEONE
SO YOUNG, WELL I KNOW IT'S HEAVY, I KNOW IT AIN'T
BUT HOW YOU GONNA LIFT IT WITH YOUR ARMS FOLDED TIGHT? LIGHT,
FIRST THEY BUILT THE ROAD, THEN THEY BUILT THE TOWN.
THAT'S WHY WE'RE STILL DRIVING AROUND, AND AROUND,
2009, 2010 WANNA MAKE A RECORD HOW I FELT THEN, AND AROUND.
WHEN WE STOOD OUTSIDE IN THE MONTH OF MAY, AND
WATCHED THE VIOLENT WIND BLOW THE WIRES AWAY.
IF I DIE IN THE MONTH OF MAY, LET THE WIND TAKE MY BODY
WISH I MAY I WISH I MIGHT. DON'T LAY ME DOWN THERE AWAY
WITH MY ARMS FOLDED TIGHT. START AGAIN IN THE MONTH OF MAY
START AGAIN IN THE MONTH OF MAY. COME ON AND BLOW
THE WIRES AWAY. COME ON AND BLOW THE WIRES AWAY.

Wasted Hours

ALL THOSE WASTED HOURS WE USED TO KNOW, SPENT THE SUMMER
STARING OUT THE WINDOW, THE WIND IT TAKES YOU WHERE IT WANTS TO GO
FIRST THEY BUILT THE ROAD, THEN THEY BUILT THE TOWN. THAT'S WHY WE'RE STILL
DRIVING AROUND AND AROUND AND ALL WE SEE ARE KIDS IN BUSES LONGING
TO BE FREE.
WASTED HOURS BEFORE WE KNEW WHERE TO GO AND WHAT TO DO
WASTED HOURS THAT YOU MAKE NEW AND TURN INTO A LIFE
THAT WE CAN LIVE
SOME CITIES MAKE YOU LOSE YOUR HEAD, ENDLESS SUBURBS STRETCHED
OUT THIN AND DEAD. WHAT WAS THAT LINE YOU SAID? SOMETHING
ABOUT HOW, OUR TIME IT OWNS US NOW.
WISHING YOU WERE ANYWHERE BUT HERE, YOU WATCH THE LIFE
YOU'RE LIVING DISAPPEAR, AND NOW I SEE, WE'RE STILL KIDS
IN BUSES, LONGING TO BE FREE.
WASTED HOURS BEFORE WE KNEW WHERE TO GO AND WHAT TO DO
WASTED HOURS THAT YOU MAKE NEW AND TURN INTO
A LIFE THAT WE CAN LIVE.

Deep Blue

HERE, IN MY PLACE AND TIME,
AND HERE IN MY OWN SKIN,
I CAN FINALLY BEGIN. LET THE CENTURY
PASS ME BY, STANDING UNDER A NIGHT SKY,
TOMORROW MEANS NOTHING.
I WAS ONLY A CHILD THEN, FEELING
BARELY ALIVE WHEN I HEARD A SONG FROM
THE SPEAKER OF A PASSING CAR, BEEN
PRAYING
TO A DYING STAR. THE MEMORY'S FADING
I CAN ALMOST REMEMBER SINGING...
LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA
LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA
WE WATCHED THE END OF THE CENTURY,
COMPRESSED ON A TINY SCREEN. A DEAD
STAR COLLAPSING AND WE COULD SEE THAT
SOMETHING WAS ENDING. ARE YOU THROUGH
PRETENDING,
WE SAW THE SIGNS IN THE SUBURBS?
YOU COULD NEVER PREDICT IT, THAT IT COULD SEE
THROUGH YOU, KASPAROV - DEEP BLUE 1996.
YOUR MIND'S PLAYING TRICKS NOW, SHOW IS OVER
SO TAKE A BOW, WE'RE LIVING IN THE SHADOW OF...
LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA
HEY. PUT THE CELLPHONE DOWN , LA, LA
IN THE NIGHT THERE IS SOMETHING FOR A WHILE.
HEAR IT BREATHING? WILD. CAN YOU
AND HEY. PUT THE LAPTOP DOWN FOR A WHILE.
IN THE NIGHT THERE IS SOMETHING WILD. I FEEL IT,
IT'S LEAVING ME.



We Used to Wait

I USED TO WRITE LETTERS, I USED TO SIGN MY NAME.
I USED TO SLEEP AT NIGHT BEFORE THE FLASHING LIGHT
SETTLED DEEP IN MY BRAIN. BUT BY THE TIME WE MET, BY THE
TIME WE MET THE TIMES HAD ALREADY CHANGED.
SO I NEVER WROTE A LETTER I NEVER TOOK MY TRUE HEART. I NEVER
WROTE IT DOWN. SO WHEN THE LIGHTS CUT OUT I WAS LOST STANDING
IN THE WILDERNESS DOWNTOWN. NOW OUR LIVES ARE CHANGING FAST.
NOW OUR LIVES ARE CHANGING FAST. HOPE THAT SOMETHING PURE CAN LAST.
HOPE THAT SOMETHING PURE CAN LAST.
IT MAY SEEM STRANGE HOW WE USED TO WAIT FOR LETTERS
TO ARRIVE. BUT WHAT'S STRANGER STILL IS HOW SOMETHING SO SMALL
CAN KEEP YOU ALIVE. WE USED TO WAIT. WE USED TO WASTE HOURS
WE USED TO WAIT ALL THOSE WASTED LIVES IN THE WILDERNESS
WE USED TO WAIT. WE USED TO WAIT, WE USED TO WAIT. SOMETIMES DOWNTOWN.
IT NEVER CAME. SOMETIMES IT NEVER CAME. STILL MOVING THROUGH THE JUST WALKING AROUND,
I'M GONNA WRITE, A LETTER TO MY TRUE LOVE I'M GONNA SIGN MY NAME.
LIKE A PATIENT ON A TABLE, I WANNA WALK AGAIN,
GONNA MOVE THROUGH THE PAIN.
NOW OUR LIVES ARE CHANGING FAST. NOW OUR LIVES ARE CHANGING FAST.
HOPE THAT SOMETHING PURE CAN LAST.
HOPE THAT SOMETHING PURE CAN LAST. WE USED TO WAIT,
WE USED TO WAIT. WE USED TO WAIT. SOMETIMES IT NEVER CAME.
SOMETIMES IT NEVER CAME. STILL MOVING THROUGH THE PAIN.
WE USED TO WAIT. WE USED TO WAIT. ~~WE USED TO WAIT.~~ WE USED TO
WE USED TO WAIT FOR IT AND NOW THEY'RE SCREAMING WAIT FOR IT.
WE USED TO WAIT FOR IT. WE USED TO WAIT FOR IT. NOW WE'RE SCREAMING
"SING THE CHORUS AGAIN!" I USED TO WAIT FOR IT. I USED TO WAIT FOR IT
SCREAMING "SING THE CHORUS AGAIN!" WAIT FOR IT! WAIT FOR IT! HEAR MY VOICE
WAIT FOR IT!

Sprawl I (Flatland)

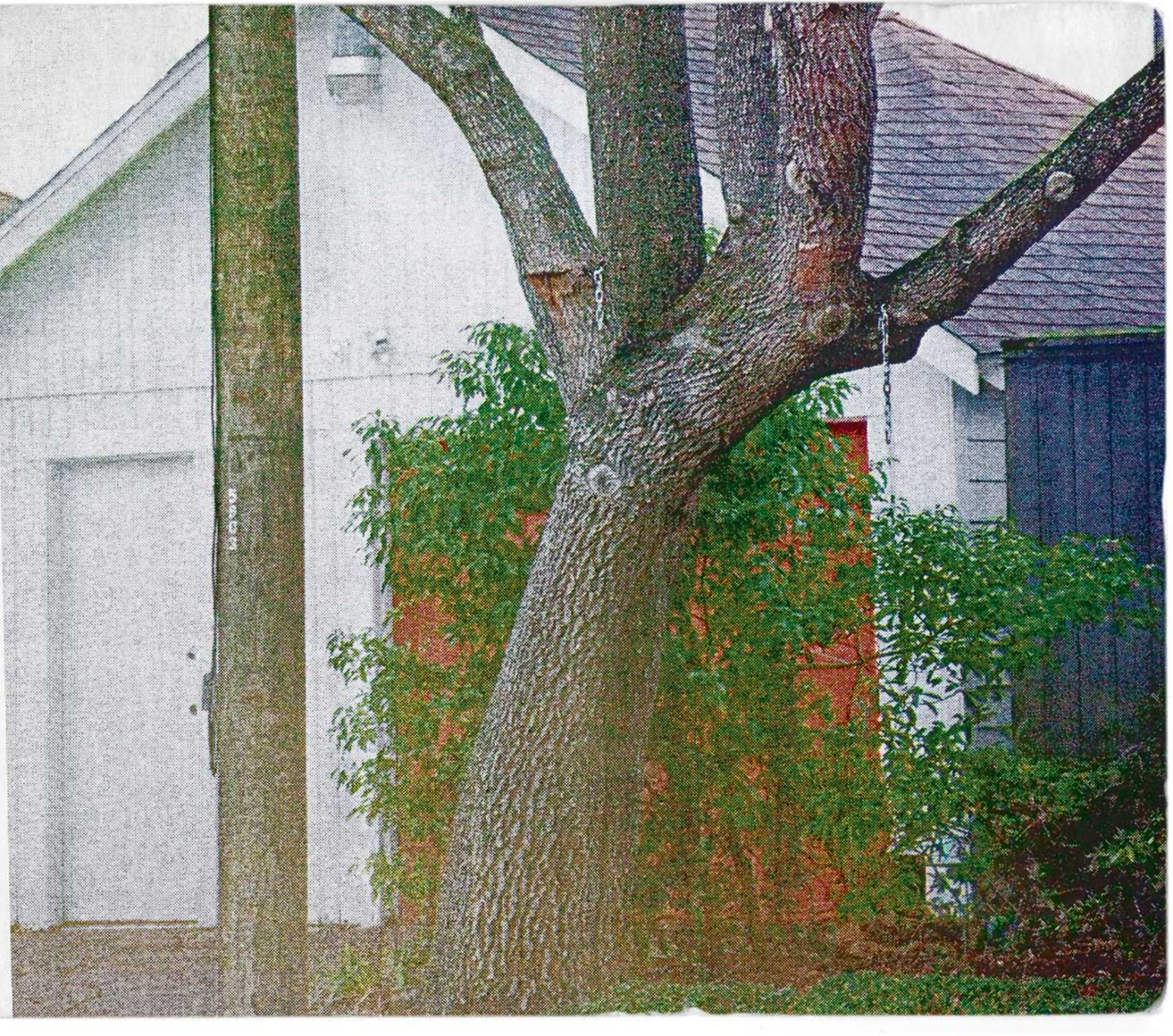
TOOK A DRIVE INTO THE SPRAWL, TO FIND THE HOUSE WHERE
WE USED TO STAY. WE COULDN'T READ THE NUMBER IN THE DARK
YOU SAID, "LET'S SAVE IT FOR ANOTHER DAY"
TOOK A DRIVE INTO THE SPRAWL, TO FIND THE PLACES WE USED
IT WAS THE LONELIEST DAY OF MY LIFE, YOU'RE TALKING TO PLAY
AT ME BUT I'M STILL FAR AWAY.
LET'S TAKE A DRIVE THROUGH THE SPRAWL, THROUGH
THESE TOWNS THEY BUILT TO CHANGE. THEN YOU SAID
THE EMOTIONS ARE DEAD, IT'S NO WONDER THAT YOU FEEL
THE COPS SHONE THEIR LIGHTS ON THE REFLECTORS SO STRANGE.
AND SAID, "DO YOU KIDS KNOW, WHAT TIME IT IS?" OF OUR BIKES
-- WELL SIR, [redacted] IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE FELT
LIKE SOMETHING IS MINE, LIKE I HAVE SOMETHING TO GIVE.
THE LAST DEFENDER OF THE SPRAWL SAID, "WELL WHERE
DO YOU KIDS LIVE?" WELL SIR, IF YOU ONLY KNEW WHAT
THE ANSWER IS WORTH I'VE BEEN SEARCHING EVERY
CORNER OF THE EARTH.

Sprawl II (Mountains Beyond Mountains)

THEY HEARD ME SINGING AND THEY TOLD ME TO STOP. QUIT THESE PRETENTIOUS
THINGS AND JUST PUNCH THE CLOCK. THESE DAYS MY LIFE I FEEL IT HAS NO
BUT LATE AT NIGHT THE FEELINGS SWIM TOWARDS THE SURFACE PURPOSE,
'CAUSE ON THE SURFACE TH CITY LIGHTS SHINE.
THEY'RE CALLING AT ME: "COME AND FIND YOUR KIND!" SOMETIMES I WONDER
IF THE WORLD'S SO SMALL, THAT WE CAN NEVER GET AWAY FROM THE SPRAWL.

LIVING IN THE SPRAWL THE DEAD SHOPPING MALLS RISE LIKE MOUNTAINS
AND THERE'S NO END IN SIGHT I NEED THE DARKNESS. SOMEONE, PLEASE
BEYOND MOUNTAINS
WE RODE OUR BIKES TO THE NEAREST PARK, SAT UNDER THE SWINGS,
AND KISSED IN THE DARK. YOU SHIELD MY EYES FROM THE POLICE
CUT THE LIGHTS!
WE RUN AWAY, BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHY.
BLACK RIVER, YOUR CITY LIGHTS SHINE. THEY'RE SCREAMING
LIGHTS.
AT US: "WE DON'T NEED YOUR KIND!" SOMETIMES I WONDER IF THE
WORLD'S SO SMALL,
THAT WE CAN NEVER GET AWAY FROM THE SPRAWL!
LIVING IN THE SPRAWL THE DEAD SHOPPING MALLS RISE LIKE
MOUNTAINS BEYOND MOUNTAINS AND THERE'S NO END IN SIGHT.
I NEED THE DARKNESS. SOMEONE, PLEASE CUT THE LIGHTS!

THEY HEARD ME SINGING AND THEY TOLD ME TO STOP. QUIT THESE PRETENTIOUS
THINGS AND JUST PUNCH THE CLOCK.
SOMETIMES I WONDER IF THE WORLD'S SO SMALL
CAN WE EVER GET AWAY FROM THE SPRAWL?
LIVING IN THE SPRAWL. THE DEAD SHOPPING MALLS RISE LIKE
MOUNTAINS BEYOND MOUNTAINS AND THERE'S NO END IN SIGHT.
I NEED THE DARKNESS. SOMEONE, PLEASE CUT THE LIGHTS!
I NEED THE DARKNESS, SOMEONE, PLEASE CUT THE LIGHTS!



The Suburbs (continued)

IF I COULD HAVE IT BACK
ALL THE TIME THAT WE WASTED
I'D ~~[illegible]~~ ONLY WASTE IT AGAIN.

IF I COULD HAVE IT BACK
YOU ~~[illegible]~~ KNOW I WOULD LOVE
TO WASTE IT AGAIN
WASTE IT AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN.
I FORGOT TO ASK.
SOMETIMES I CAN'T BELIEVE IT
I'M MOVING PAST THE FEELING
AGAIN.

"THE SUBURBS"

Written, Produced, Arranged and Performed by

THE ARCADE FIRE

RÉGINE CHASSAGNE
RICHARD REED PARRY
WIN BUTLER
TIM KINGSBURY
WILL BUTLER
JEREMY GARA
SARAH NEUFELD

Co-produced by Markus Dravs
Recorded by Mark Lawson
Mixed by Craig Silvey & Arcade Fire
Except for tracks 2, 4 and 15 Additional Mixing by Nick Launay
Additional Recording: Marcus Paquin, Don Murnaghan, Noah Goldstein

Assistants: Brian Thorn (Magic Shop), Brad Bell (Public Hi-Fi), Adam Greenspan
String Arrangements by: Owen Pallett & Arcade Fire
Strings by: Sarah Neufeld, Owen Pallett, Richard Reed Parry and Marika Shaw
Additional Strings: Clarice Jensen, Nadia Sirota, Yuki Numata,
Caleb Burhans, Ben Russell and Rob Moose
Saxophones on tracks 9, 13 and 15 by Colin Stetson
French Horn on tracks 13 and 15 by Pietro Amato

Recorded at: Petite Église, Farnham; Magic Shop, New York;
Studio Frisson, Montréal; Public Hi-Fi, Austin;
and various bedrooms, living rooms and basements in Montréal.
Mixed at: Studio Frisson, Montréal

Album Artwork Design by Caroline Robert
Art Direction by Vincent Morisset
Photos by Gabriel Jones
Assisted by Joey Matthews and Stéphane Fiore

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Thanks to Mark Lawson, Markus Dravs, Cha Cha,
Tyler, Scott (and everyone at Quest) and our patient spouses.

À LA MÉMOIRE DE FRANÇOIS CHEVALLIER.
EN SOLIDARITÉ AVEC LE PEUPLE D'HAÏTI.

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www.arcadefire.com
www.pih.org
www.kanpe.org

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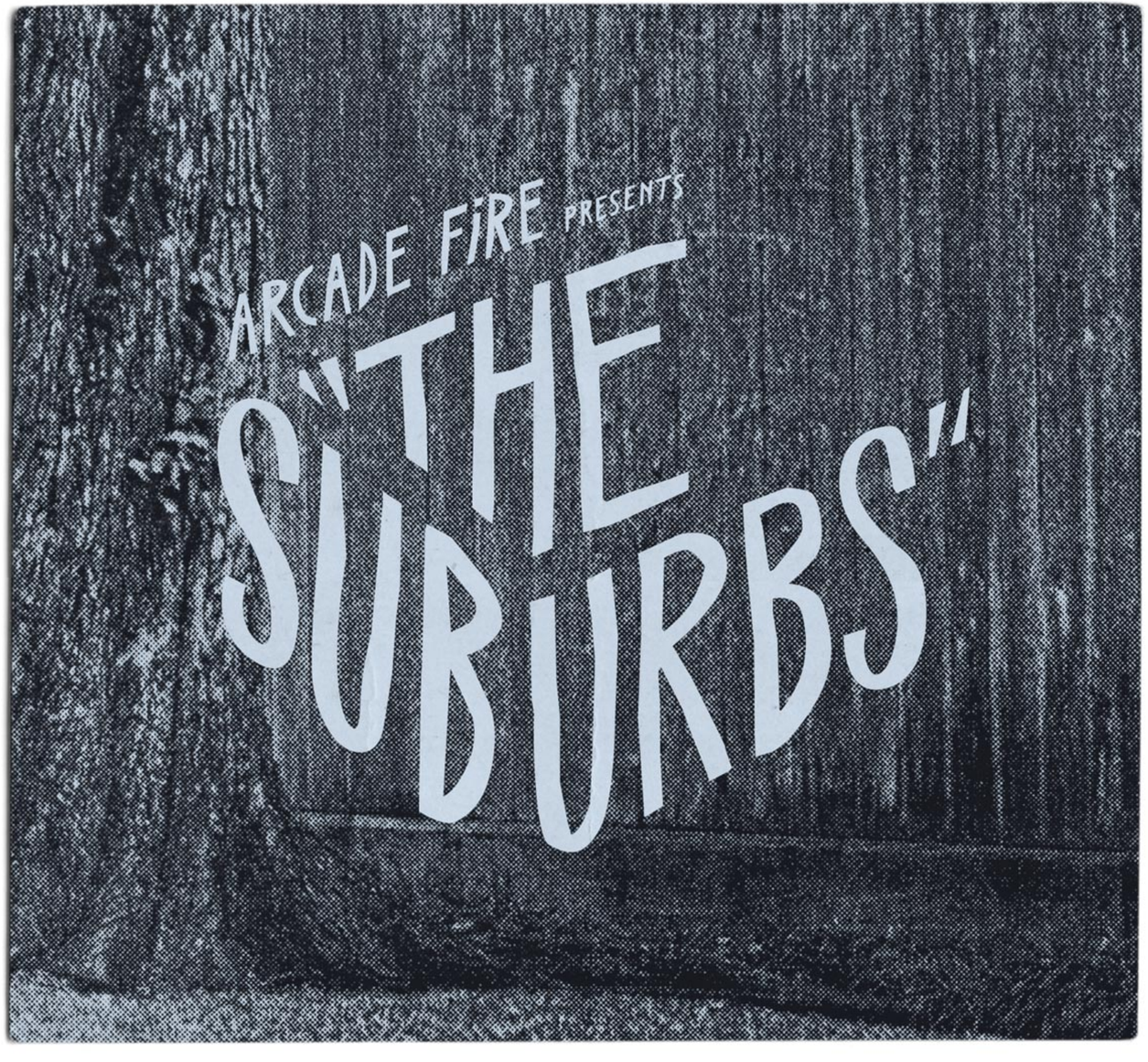
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