

# You Are A Conductor

The Constantines

Useless secrets, beat your wings  
There's a little good in everything  
You are a conductor

It's a giant step going out,  
reeling in jungles of doubt  
You are a conductor

Shamble on, anarchy, battles to come  
It's for us, ghosts of reason, vows of confusion

Thunder and lightning. Sheets of rain  
Rivers of wealth in your wake,  
and running under  
Lightning and thunder

Useless secrets, beat your wings  
There's a little evil in everything  
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