

All for Swinging You Around

The New Pornographers

Exploding international
The scenes, the sounds
And famously the feeling
That you can't squeeze 'round
While tearing off another page
Of loose change
Outrage
It's another perfect day
Until the night shows

Exploding international
The wind did howl
The sky above was thick with rings of smoke
And clouds
And hanging on the bleeding end
Of conscious
Who's this?
Was there anything I missed
As far as you know?

Was it all for swinging you around?

Exploding international
The sun, the sights
The moments you are viewing
Through a beam of light
Propel you through the golden age
We crash-land the first page
On a crumbling world stage
Into the front rows

All for swinging you around

And off your feet
All the love you found
Spinning 'round

We're twisting incognito
With no time, can't talk
Can't tell if this is fantasy
Or culture shock
Or remnants of a golden age
That's near mint unplayed
Or a welcome overstayed
Beneath the lightshow

All for swinging you around