

# One Beat

Sleater-Kinney

I'm a bubble in a sound wave  
A sonic push for energy  
Exploding like the sun  
A flash of clean light hope  
All you scientists can hold your breath  
Can I decide to show myself, oh oh

Oh oh oh...

(Take me to the source of chaos let me be the butterfly  
oh my, imperfect symmetry has underlying poetry in rhyme)

If you think like Thomas Edison  
Could you invent a world for me  
Now all that's on the surface  
Are bloody arms and oil fields  
Could I turn this place all upside down  
And shake you and your fossils out, oh oh

Oh oh oh...

(You can't predict everything with Newton like certainty, why  
Oh my, coz it floats around all we see with oscillating energy on high)

And you soothe yourself with the sounds you know  
You tune out out out the hypnotic drone  
Perfect hexagon of the honeycomb  
And you soothe your soul with the shapes you know

Should I come outside and run your cars  
Should I run your rockets to the stars  
Could you invent a world for me  
I need to hear a symphony  
If I'm to run the future  
You've got to let the old world go, oh oh

Oh oh oh...

(Take me to the source of chaos let me be the butterfly  
oh my, imperfect symmetry has underlying poetry in rhyme)

And you soothe yourself with the sounds you know  
You tune out out out the hypnotic drone  
Perfect hexagon of the honeycomb  
And you soothe your soul with the shapes you know

Your word for me is fusion  
But is real change an illusion  
Could I turn this place all upside down  
And shake you and your fossils out

If I'm to run the future  
You've got to let the old world go  
Could you invent a world for me  
I need to hear a symphony, oh oh

Oh oh oh...

(You can't predict everything with Newton like certainty, why  
Oh my, coz it floats around all we see with oscillating energy on high)