

# To The Lullabies

The Constantines

You sing like dynamite tonight  
As we race through downtown financial sectors glowing  
And we serenade with car alarms

Nearly found ourselves buried beneath the powerlines  
Or tied down  
But we move like the lights of the highway past smokestacks falling  
And we're jumping off the beds we made

New day lovers of electric light  
Stars of the skyline  
To the lullabies of afternoon neighborhoods burning  
We smell of gasoline

Nearly found ourselves buried beneath the powerlines  
Or tied down  
But we move like the lights of the highway past smokestacks falling  
And we're jumping off the beds we made