

# 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

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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

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