

From Blown Speakers

The New Pornographers

When the contact high
From the real life adventures wear off,
You find, in the tiny moments that bomb, your old files rain do
wn from the sky.

And would they fall down,
Like cymbal crashes, would the alarm bell sound?
Would your eyelashes keep all this in time?
If not, I won't mind...

It can be impractical.
It can be impractical

So can you tell me
Why in every version of the events shown here,
Theres another season that crawls by like years,
From blown speakers clear?

It came out magical.
It came out magical.

Just a contact high,
One in every mood I've ever declined to fight,
One in every single exchange you might find.
From blown speakers,
Time came out magical

It came out magical, out from blown speakers
It came out magical, out from blown speakers