

## The Electric Version

The New Pornographers

The sound of god is the screech of tires  
Lights and magnets, bolts and wires  
Strayed from the road, this very one

Still to come  
The sound of tires is the sound of god  
The electric version  
The power and blood will pulse through your song

Just as long as it sounds lost  
Streaming out of the magnets

Strung together like christmas lights  
Twelve whole seconds of history might  
Lead you from where you went off the track  
Welcome back

Our electric version calls  
You alone create the full  
Spectrum of light  
So what could go wrong?

Just as long as it sounds lost  
Streaming out of the magnets

The card you're dealt by the crowd goes wild  
Make believe you are an only child  
Here are the clothes  
Please put them on

Still to come  
A new parade of faith and sparks  
The electric version harks  
Back to the day when there was no wrong

Just as long as it sounds lost  
Streaming out of the magnets