

New Pornographers, The "All For Swinging You Around"

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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.
All for swinging you around.
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.
All for swinging you around.

