

New Pornographers, The "The Electric Version"

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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.

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