

411**"Rewind"**Visit "[Rewind](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'm on my way
Back to the time, before we were wired.
I'm on my way
Back from the light of switchboards and dials
Back from chaos, rewind
I'm on my way
Back from the time, of mainframes and lines
I'm on my way
Back from the bright, and neon designs
Back from cell phones
Back before we were moving so... so

Summers, open the curtains
Mornings, I can recall
One string linking our houses

Tin cans taking the call
Sunlight, snapping the picture
Clotheslines carry the sound
Augusts making the fiction
Your voice always around

Analog dreams, recording the scene:
We're wiring the trees,
Stringing the sky, to play off the light,
These wild frequencies
And dreams of defiance
The follies of science
Can make you feel so... so

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