

My Morning Jacket "Circuital"

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Spinning out, gracefully
Going nowhere, quickly
I'm older, day by day
But still going back to my childhood way

Circuital
Round and round patiently
Getting lost by the guide
And I'm all worked up over nothing

Circuits
All in and out
Connect my body
Deep into the ground

Circuits
Connect the earth to the moon
And link our heavenly bodies
And not a moment too soon

Well you can fling open the windows
Or you can board them up
Satan's jeweled crown
Or Christ's humble cup

You think you'll find yourself out there
Out in the lion's den
In some bloody battle
Over belief systems

Or disappear into the vacuum
Total neutrality
Where you can't lose nothing
But nothing can be gained

Well anyway you cut it
We're just spinning around
Out on the circuits
Over the hallowed grounds
Out on the circuits
Over the hallowed grounds
Ending up in the same place

That we started out
Right back in the same place
Right back in the same place
That we starting out

Let her know

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