

The New Cities

"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? 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, into the front rows.

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

And off your feet,
All the love you found, spinning 'round. x3
Spinning Round, 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. x6

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