

The New Cities

"From Blown Speakers"

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When the contact high from the real life adventures
wear off,
You find, in the tiny moments that bomb, your old files
rain down from the sky.
And would they fall down, like cymbal crashes, would
the alarm bell sound?
Would your eyelashes keep all this in time? If not, I
won't mind...

It can be impractical.

So can you tell me why in every version of the events
shown here,
There's another season that crawls by like years, from
blown speakers clear?

It came out magical.

Just a contact high, one in every mood I've ever
declined to fight, one in every single exchange you
might find. From blown speakers, time came out
magical.

It came out magical, out from blown speakers.

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