

Constantines, The "To the Lullabies"

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You sing like dynamite tonight
As we race through downtown financial sectors glowing
And we serenade with car alarms

Nearly found ourselves buried beneath the powerlines
Or tied down
But we move like the lights of the highway past
smokestacks falling
And we're jumping off the beds we made

New day lovers of electric light
Stars of the skyline
To the lullabies of afternoon neighborhoods burning
We smell of gasoline

Nearly found ourselves buried beneath the powerlines
Or tied down
But we move like the lights of the highway past
smokestacks falling
And we're jumping off the beds we made

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