

The Magnetic Fields "Swinging London"

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I read your manifestoes and your strange religious
tracts.

You took me to your library and kissed me in the
stacks.

Planets crash, the world goes nova,
Sun explodes, all goes black.
You went off swinging London and forgot to come back

You couldn't grok my racecar, but you dug the
roadside blur.
You weren't into my airplane, but you loved the whirling
world.

Planets crash, the world goes nova,
Sun explodes, all goes black.
You went off swinging London and forgot to come back
Planets crash, the world goes nova,
Sun explodes, all goes black.
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