

Circuital

My Morning Jacket

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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