Electric Version

The New Pornographers

The sound of god is the screech of tires
Lights and magnets, bolts and wires
Strayed from the road, this very one

Still to come
The sound of tires is the sound of god
The electric version
The power and blood will pulse through your song

Just as long as it sounds lost
Streaming out of the magnets

Strung together like Christmas lights
Twelve whole seconds of history might
Lead you from where you went off the track
Welcome back

Our electric version calls
You alone create the full
Spectrum of light
So what could go wrong?

Just as long as it sounds lost
Streaming out of the magnets

The card you're dealt by the crowd goes wild
Make believe you are an only child
Here are the clothes
Please put them on

Still to come
A new parade of faith and sparks
The electric version harks
Back to the day when there was no wrong

Just as long as it sounds lost
Streaming out of the magnets

Lyrics submitted by Isis.

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