Swinging London

The Magnetic Fields

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 backYou 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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