

# The Sound (John M. Perkins' Blues)

## Switchfoot

The static comes in slow  
You can feel it grow  
Our stream of conscience flows  
Under the streets below  
The rivers made of sound  
Still running underground  
Runs like a silent flood  
We run as thick as blood  
Can you hear it rise  
Up from the ground?  
Can't drown it out  
Can you hear it now?  
This is the sound  
Of a heartbeat  
This is the sound  
From the discontented mouths

Of a haunted nation  
We are the voice of breaking down  
Can you hear me?  
This is the sound  
Of the desperation bound  
By our own collision  
We are the voice of breaking down  
The static comes alive  
Beneath the broken skies  
John Perkins said it right  
Love is the final fight  
Let it rise above  
Rise above  
There is no song  
Louder than love

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