

You Are A Conductor

The Constantines

Useless secrets, beat your wings
There's a little good in everything
You are a conductor

It's a giant step going out,
reeling in jungles of doubt
You are a conductor

Shamble on, anarchy, battles to come
It's for us, ghosts of reason, vows of confusion

Thunder and lightning. Sheets of rain
Rivers of wealth in your wake,
and running under
Lightning and thunder

Useless secrets, beat your wings
There's a little evil in everything
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