

Sleater Kinney, One Beat

I'm a bubble in a sound wave
A sonic push for energy
Exploding like the sun
A flash of clean light hope
All you scientists can hold your breath
Can I decide to show myself, oh oh

Oh oh oh...
(Take me to the source of chaos let me be the butterfly
oh my, imperfect symmetry has underlying poetry in rhyme)

If you think like Thomas Edison
Could you invent a world for me
Now all that's on the surface
Are bloody arms and oil fields
Could I turn this place all upside down
And shake you and your fossils out, oh oh

Oh oh oh...
(You can't predict everything with Newton like certainty, why
Oh my, coz it floats around all we see with oscillating energy on high)

And you soothe yourself with the sounds you know
You tune out out out the hypnotic drone
Perfect hexagon of the honeycomb
And you soothe your soul with the shapes you know

Should I come outside and run your cars

Should I run your rockets to the stars
Could you invent a world for me
I need to hear a symphony
If I'm to run the future
You've got to let the old world go, oh oh

Oh oh oh...
(Take me to the source of chaos let me be the butterfly
oh my, imperfect symmetry has underlying poetry in rhyme)

And you soothe yourself with the sounds you know
You tune out out out the hypnotic drone
Perfect hexagon of the honeycomb
And you soothe your soul with the shapes you know

Your word for me is fusion
But is real change an illusion
Could I turn this place all upside down
And shake you and your fossils out

If I'm to run the future
You've got to let the old world go
Could you invent a world for me
I need to hear a symphony, oh oh

Oh oh oh