

The Magnetic Fields, World Love

When the rhythm calls the government falls. Here come the cops.
From Tokyo to Soweto viva la musica pop.
We are black & white and we dance all night down at the hop,
and the letters were tall on the Berlin Wall viva la musica pop.
So if you're feeling low stuck in some bardo,
I, even I know the solution
love, music, wine and revolution.
love, love,
love music, wine and revolution.
This too shall pass so raise your glass to change and chance,
and freedom is the only law shall we dance...