

The Listener

13 ENGINES

Waiting bathed in black light
Ears tuned to the night sky
Armed with a satellite dish
I am the listener

Now I dreamt of mathematics
And I learned new equations
Numbers never heard of
I am the listener

It could be something special
It could be something new
It never seems to happen
When you want it to

Who taught the parrot to talk?
It speaks computer language
It's left me speechless
I am the listener

Waiting bathed in black light
Each star has it's own song
Music not meant to be heard
I am the listener

It could be something ugly
It never seems too clear
I don't believe in spaceships
I don't believe I'm here

Ooo it's not so easy stuck here, left on my own
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