

Jane

Brazzaville

I miss you dear
It's quiet up here
Lost in the troposphere
At dawn
Hurricane clouds appear
Roll on...

An April storm
Yamamba clones
Lost in the troposphere
At dawn
Hurricane clouds appear
Roll on...

Asteroid fields
Comets and mangosteen
Vapor trails
Lost on a lonely beach

Televised
The old transmission flaw
Empty eyes
With no place left to go
Lost in the troposphere
At dawn