

Silicone clone Mrs Jones by the swimming pool
Tanning in an energy field
Watching as she turns and picks a pink pineapple
And everything is perfectly unreal
Something in my chest, it flutters like a humming bird
Hanging in a baby blue sky
Expecting the return of all I understood
Is like waiting for fake flowers to die

When our memories are 1's and 0's
Still we swim in secret coves
And the laboured hearts
That they said were ours
Are the ones we share
With these friends of ours
These friends of ours

Staring through the dome at things we'll never know
They warned us we would never go far
And this yearning to escape they say is just a phase
So baby, que sera sera
Spending another night alone polishing Mrs Jones
And swallowing the baby blue pills
Planets still revolve but none of us grow old
They're just giving us more time to kill

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