

And once again we'll be as one with the Earth
Far from the scorched pyramids
Our Sunday slippers, Mum there's no kippers in the freeze
And once again we'll be as one with the Earth
Far from our catastrophic crimes
I'll be back with you before I die
And once again we'll be at home with Alaska
Next time you see her cruel face
Why don't you get around to ask her?
She'll hurt you with her smile
We'll suffer her just for a while

And once again we'll be at home with the Earth
Next time you see her cruel face
Why don't you ask her?
Why don't you ask her?
Why don't you ask her?