

We are late like a midnight train that's running nowhere
We are sticks we are stones we are broken bones we are hot air
We are under the guillotine trying to fix our hair

There's computers clicking binary genius into the night
There are formulas, remedies, reasons, there is hindsight
There's the smell of artillery, There's the sky alight

We are bedrock we're underground we are sharp as the rain
We are gathering pace we are thunder wrapped in cellophane
We are running from the storms of our youth into more of the same

There's a motorway service station on a January day
There's a lunchtime radio show there's the shit that they play
There's the percussion of buttons and keys in a cybercafe

We are some distant TV channel a lesson grown old
We are rhythm and rhyme, partners in crime we are fools gold
We are free as the wind through the trees or so we are told

There's some faded out manuscript paper and an old clarinet
There is cash on the table there's a tapestry alphabet
There's the moon and the tide and all the songs not written yet

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