

Beam Me Up

Yacht

High above the clouds somewhere
The cold of space spreads thin
We endeavor to look out
But they are looking in

No man is an island and no planet is in turn
And in six million years we'll stand together and watch it burn

The future is a poem
'Cause it doesn't yet exist
We don't know if we reach out
To tentacle or fist

No man is an island and no planet is in turn
And in six million years we'll stand together and watch it burn
Watch it burn, watch it burn, burn, burn, burn, burn, burn, burn,
n, burn

B-b-b-beam me up
B-b-b-beam me up
B-b-b-beam me up
B-b-b-beam me up

There are nights that I burn out
I drink deep from my cup
I look all around me
And think, "Oh God, beam me up"

No man is an island and no planet is in turn
And in six million years we'll stand together and watch it burn

B-b-b-beam me up
B-b-b-beam me up
B-b-b-beam me up
B-b-b-beam me up
Please beam me up