

# Messages

## A Flock of Seagulls

The hands on the clock  
Can't hold back the time.  
Without the clock  
There's no reason why.

We're sending messages,  
Messages,  
Messages,  
Messages.

With hands held high  
To the new sunrise,  
With open arms  
To the empty skies

Receiving messages,  
Messages,  
Messages,  
Messages.  
(From the rings of Saturn.)

Messages,  
Messages,  
Messages,  
Messages.

Through space and time  
For a million years,  
(From the rings of Saturn)  
Receiving messages.

Receiving messages,  
Messages,  
Messages,  
Messages.  
(From the rings of Saturn.)

Messages,  
Messages,  
Messages,  
Messages.

Messages,  
Messages,  
Messages,  
Messages.