

## Just Like Mr Benn

Bell X1

Put your sweet fingers  
A little closer to the keyboard  
It's hard to read between your lines  
We were the clock hands at midnight  
Now you're four whole hours behind  
Put your sweet fingers a little closer to the keyboard  
I can't quite see the whites of your eyes  
Though you bat your eyelids from across the ocean  
And I fall over in their breeze  
I don't bring you spices from the East  
I don't bring you the world's you crave  
'Cos everyday you need a new one

Just like Mr Benn, just like Mr Benn

Put your sweet fingers a little closer to the keyboard  
We pass light bits in the night  
Though you send your flare to the horizon  
I just stare and blink in your light  
I don't speak in all your tongues  
So I don't even know if I'll be welcome  
But what if I appeared as if by magic?  
Just like in Mr Benn

So go if you're going  
You keep pouring when I say when  
Come home when your  
Work there is done  
Just like Mr Benn

Put your sweet fingers  
A little closer to the keyboard  
It's hard to read between your lines  
We were the clock hands at midnight