

## Message

Jamie Woon

Message from the victor via satellite  
Well, it's nice to know I'm doing something right  
Guess it's my lucky night  
Message from the leader on the giant screen  
We need to talk about the way that it could be  
In 2023

Oh  
Waiting for the start to go  
Waiting for the wind to blow  
Right through my achin' hunger  
Oh  
Waiting for some heart to show  
Waiting for the grass to grow  
I'm coming up from under

I have to say that it was all I could do to decide  
When I was with it I was playing ahead of the time  
Made a start and I was walking to weather the storm  
But if you look up and you stop  
The later you wait, you're missing the waterfall  
Where did it go?  
No, not a lot is so well-defined now  
No medicine to know it all  
I reach out for lightness in the eyes

Letter to the future in the diary  
I loved the summer and the swelling of the sea  
Brought out the best in me  
Letter to the juror and my alibi  
My understanding was that I was doing fine  
Above the waterline

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