The Moon Is Calling

Nada Surf

The moon is calling the seas are calling
Now I cannot sleep
They're saying something projecting something
Signals from the deep

I read it somewhere that we will be
Burning in the heat
It's hard to believe but I hear voices
And I cannot keep it secret

The computer's recursive tuner
It's like the tolling of a bell
Bring me up
Deliver me out
Take me to the door
I'm not running anymore

Bring me up
Deliver me out
I want nature to be so strong
Wind and rain
Inky blue that goes on and on
In the day

Didn't plan it it wasn't habit
I don't speak to trees
I'm busy tracing I don't know what now
Looking for relief

They it's something
They're telling us something
We don't want to hear

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