

Auto

Peter Hammill

Here's a sensation I wouldn't trade -
Pinpoint in the onrush,
Dancing to the rhythm of the wiper blades.
Up ahead on the autobahn
Headlights like a lava stream;
Up ahead in the distance is where we're going,
Where we will have been.

Back in the motor, keep going overnight;
We've got no certain destination
But for all we know we might.
So get back in the motor, let's drive it anyplace...
Better to travel hopefully
Than to arrive, in any case.

While you check out the map-book,
Just like a novel that's all out of joint,
Our passport into anonymity...
Stick a pin into the vanishing point.
I could drive for hours,
Don't even need to know the way to go;
I could drive forever
With some classical music on the radio.

Back in the motor, back into overdrive
And if we travel hopefully then we'll know we're alive.
Get back in das Auto, let's drive it anyplace,
Better to travel hopefully than to arrive in any case.

We could drive forever,
We could drive forever,
I caught you thinking, I bet you were,
That we could drive forever
In the never-never land of the metaphor.

Back in the motor, keep going overnight;
We've got no key to the highway
But for all we know we might as well
Get back in the motor, let's drive it anyplace,
Better to travel hopefully than to arrive in any case.
So get back in the motor, let's get on with the drive
And if we travel hopefully then we know we're alive.

Get back in the motor.
Let's get back in the motor,
Get in tune with the motor,
Get back.