

## Our Oyster

Peter Hammill

This one's authentic,  
Son of a gun,  
A soundtrack from China  
In the universal tongue...

The world is our oyster  
To plunder at will,  
Though the palate is jaded  
By all but the thrill  
Of fish out of water,  
Life in the raw...  
Without understanding  
Of what life's worth fighting for.

Out of universal language  
Some stuff never translates -  
The reports come in clusters  
But for words it's too late...  
Six o'clock entertainment,  
Tears of anguish and rage...  
In the zoos of the media  
The spirit of moment is caged.

There's only one language  
The whole world comprehends,  
There's only one message  
As the darkness descends...  
Do you still have a question  
Or do you retract?  
There's a whole world of difference  
Between the observer and the act.

They're playing World Music  
In Tiananmen Square,  
They're playing World Music  
In Tiananmen Square,  
The whistle of bullets in the air.