

## We Are 1980

Said the Whale

Lean back into the wind  
It's an empty cold outside  
I sent you back just the smoothest rock I could find  
Accompanied by just a couple of words came to mind  
It's an old concept  
Sending letters again  
Well thought out, rehearsed and written in pen  
Paperless here is a thing of the past  
I'm cutting down trees and using up gas

We've got Mandarax and loveless sex  
And information passing right through our skin and bones

Spot on with my content for the lesser known  
In spite of all of the rules of my own  
That I break up in stride  
Ignoring my front, back  
Ignoring my left and my right  
It's my moral compass  
And it's easy to find  
Well thought out, intentionally left behind  
It's regrettable, yes  
But how could I ever sleep at night?  
Knowing I had rules and knowing I had to abide

We've got Mandarax and loveless sex  
And information passing right through our skin and bones

It's the information age  
Of lesser consequence to the silence  
The information age  
Of fountain pens and real stationary  
The information age  
Of lesser consequence to the silence  
The information age

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