

Cosmic Country Noir

Stereolab

Look in the mirror that's held out
See the spot that concerns us all
The universal place
Common ground, common space

So restful
So peaceful
Feels so good
Delicious
Correspondence

Have to go through so much violence
To get to that forsaken place
Via this paradox
That space can be attained

Gone the torments, uncertainties
Place where we finally
Agree.