

Prisoner of Mars

Stereolab

Searching news ways of laughing
Ones whereby one could
Express and transform
All the shattering
All the gratuitous
The burdens of guilt
Growing these new ways
Will dawn on us if
We look hard enough
Searching and finding

Mais l'arbre tombe
A la terre l'arbre tombe
Le son de ton silence
M'aide a toucher le fond
Et lac sale de l'me
Lac sale o'je ?"meurs"?
Le son de ton silence
M'apprend aussi qu'un jour
Je vainquerais ma douleur
Cette vague de douleur
Qui entre mon bras droit

Searching new ways of yodeling
Once whereby one could
Express and convey
Long lasting virtue
Without destruction
Without rejection
Hoping these new ways
Will dawn on us if
We look hard enough
Hoping and searching

Translation
Searching news ways of laughing
Once whereby one could
Express and transform
All the shattering
All the gratuitous
The burdens of guilt
Growing these new ways
Will dawn on us if
We look hard enough
Searching and finding
But the tree falls
To the ground the tree falls again
The sound of your silence
Helps me touch rock-bottom
And salted lake of age
Salted lake where I die
The sound of your silence
Informs me also
That I'll vanquish over my pain
This wave of pain
Which enters my right arm
Searching new ways of yodeling

Once whereby one could
Express and convey
Long lasting virtue
Without destruction
Without rejection
Hoping these new ways
Will dawn on us if
We look hard enough
Hoping and searching