

The Flower Called Nowhere

Stereolab

All the small boats on the water aren't
Going anywhere,
Surely they must be loaded with
More than simple matter,
Floating on top and gracefully tending

To the same pole,
All the small boats on the water
Going nowhere
Is it true that none of them, will ever
Break free and sail?
Feel the night is made of rocks,
The stagnant mass

Is it true that none of them, will ever
Break free and sail?
Break free from the stagnant boats,
Left in obscurity
All the faces with their eyes closed,
Giving a smile,
Weightless
Like a body that would vacate to its
Own light
Is it true that none of these
Contented happy faces will not ever hear a cry,
Won't hear a cry?

Is it true that none of these contented
Happy faces will not ever hear a cry,
Filled with love not with desire,
Love not desire?