

We're out on the roof  
All eyes in the night  
Are concentrated and glowing  
An explosion effect  
Walking on the roof  
Of a hi-rise on the moon  
You never go where you're going  
But points there is room

You're much harder to place  
Now that you are floating untethered in space  
I'm falling into madrigals  
I'm falling into madrigals

What you want is not the star  
What you want is not the star

Walking on the roof  
Of a hi-rise here to stay  
Experiment in levitation  
A psychic left to pray

You're much harder to place  
Now that you are floating untethered in space  
I'm falling into madrigals  
I'm falling into madrigals

What you want is not the star  
What you want is not the star