

We are late like a midnight train that's running nowhere  
We are sticks we are stones we are broken bones we are hot air  
We are under the guillotine trying to fix our hair

There's computers clicking binary genius into the night  
There are formulas, remedies, reasons, there is hindsight  
There's the smell of artillery, There's the sky alight

We are bedrock we're underground we are sharp as the rain  
We are gathering pace we are thunder wrapped in cellophane  
We are running from the storms of our youth into more of the same

There's a motorway service station on a January day  
There's a lunchtime radio show there's the shit that they play  
There's the percussion of buttons and keys in a cybercafe

We are some distant TV channel a lesson grown old  
We are rhythm and rhyme, partners in crime we are fools gold  
We are free as the wind through the trees or so we are told

There's some faded out manuscript paper and an old clarinet  
There is cash on the table there's a tapestry alphabet  
There's the moon and the tide and all the songs not written yet

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