

The Broadcast

Wings

We've got a chance and we'll take it
We may win or we may lose
We may even have to cut and run for it

Well it won't be the first time I've run
And it won't be the first time I've been caught
It's the game that matters

Brother I'm proud to know you
This is one of the greatest moments
I have ever experienced

I think I sense the situation
When I say that we all esteem it an honour
To breathe the rather inferior atmosphere
Of the station
Here along with our little friend

I guess we shall all go home and treasure
The memory of his face
As the whitest thing in our museum of recollections

And perhaps this good woman will also go home
And wash the face of our little brother here
And inspire the new faith in mankind

Ladies and gentlemen
I wish to present to you a sure enough saint
Only wants a halo to be transfixed
Stand right up