

The Saucers are Coming

The Legendary Pink Dots

It's 6:30 p.m. on a cool spring evening.
I'm standing at the sink washing dishes and gazing
through the window at a rolling red sky.
It's all a part of the daily ritual.
Once in awhile my attention wanders as the voice on the
radio gives me new information.
Crises and wonders in unequal doses.
Some of it sinks in and some of it just sort of floats
by...in one ear out the other.
A normal spring evening. The sort of evening where
you're just happy to be alive.
Just happy to be standing here washing dishes.

THIS IS A NEWS FLASH.
REPORTS ARE REACHING US THAT A FORMATION OF
APPROXIMATELY FIFTEEN FLYING SAUCERS CAN BE SEEN IN THE
SKY OVER ST. IVES CORNWALL.
THE SPOKESMAN FOR THE MINISTRY OF DEFENSE HAS CONFIRMED
IT CANNOT BE ASCERTAINED WHERE THEY COME FROM AND THAT
THEY DEFINITELY ARE NOT WEATHER BALLOONS.
AS SOON AS WE KNOW MORE WE'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT.

The saucers are coming.

IT'S 6:35 ON A CLEAR SPRING EVENING
AND I'M STANDING IN A FIELD JUST OUTSIDE JAMESTOWN.
IT'S UNBELIEVABLE.
IMAGINE THE SKY IS LITERALLY COVERED BY FOUR GREEN AND
SILVER DISCS.
THERE ARE PEOPLE CRYING IN DROVES
THERE ARE OTHERS AROUND CAMPFIRES
KEEPING WARM. AND THERE ARE CROWDS BEHIND ROPED OFF
AREAS TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS.
SOME PEOPLE HAVE EVEN SET UP SOME SORT OF SELF-STYLED
WELCOMING COMMITTEE AND BANNERS BEARING MANDELBROT
SYMBOLS.
IT'S INCREDIBLE. AND AS I SPEAK THE FIRST TANKS ARE
ARRIVING.
AND NOW AS THE SUN TURNS ORANGE IN THE WESTERN SKY EACH
OF THE SILVER DISCS IS CHANGING COLOR.
THERE ARE NOW HUNDREDS OF SETTING SUNS IN THE SKY.

What else can I say?
Their green?
They haven't showed their faces yet
Haven't heard their voices yet.
They're there but they're inside.

Come to me. I've been waiting so long.
I don't know who you are or what you are.
Whether you're our past or our future.
But I need you because I've waited long enough.
And the saucers fly through the open window.
They glide through my fingers.
They land on my chest.
They make knots in my hair.
And I'm open and expecting on my makeshift alter.

Prepared for what ever the new people will deliver.
I trust. Because what else should I do but trust.
What else should we do but trust.

THEY SHOULD TAKE THE TAX BACK.

This is bigger than all of us so we may as well lay
down and trust.
There is no moon tonight, but the stars are whispering
our names.
There is no moon tonight, but the stars are whispering
our names.