

Coming from another world,  
a year can be a day.  
Turn your eyes to everyone  
and come here anyway.

Where the evening is drawing tired  
by the planets and the tide.  
I like to be here in the dark  
in the artificial light.

Come when you arrive and call when you arrive,  
I can set you by the fire light,  
you can tell me what you like.

All my life  
under the electric night  
I came on and off of life,  
radios and empty minds

We were brought into a world,  
a world without an end.  
Where the roads went on forever  
and the evening never fell.

But, our heads pick up such static  
we must clear it all our own.  
We'll pull the streets in close enough,  
we can stack up all of our homes

and all will be aligned,  
all will be alright.  
We can meet under the street lights  
in a world that we designed.

All my life  
under the electric night.  
I came on and off of life,  
radios and empty minds

We were bound to grow  
cover our whole world in gold  
from my window I can see into the future.  
One electricness close into the darkness  
burns a chill out of the night  
with the trouble it might invite

oh what a life,  
to be so warm tonight.