

Thinking Voyager 2 Type Things

Bob Geldof

This is the moment that we come alive
I'm handing out the breath and the kiss
I'm electric with the snap and the crackle of creation
I'm mixing up the mud with the spit

So rise up Brendan Behan
And like a drunken Lazarus
Let's traipse the high bronze of the evening sky
Like crack crazed kings

Voyager 2, where are you now?
Looking back at home and weeping
Cold and alone in the dark void
Winding down and bleeping

Ever dimmer ever thinner
Feebly cheeping in the solar winds
I'll turn you up, sail on, sail on, sail on

On past the howling storms
Through electric orange skies
And blinding methane rain
Sail on, I'll turn you up

Never bring me down to earth again
Let me blaze a trail of glory across the sky
Let me traipse across it's golden high
Let me marvel in wonder and unfettered gaze
At the bigness and implausibility of being

Yes, stretch out your hands
Into infinity you human things
Past blind moons and ice cream worlds
You hurl your metal ball of dull intelligence

And show us all our fragile grip
As we too track with you
Slower but no less insistent
Like the only fertile seed

In the barren vault of being, sail on
Hurtling towards the waiting tomb of empty worlds
Waiting for the final primary come of life
I'll turn you up

And I'm thinking big things
I'm thinking about mortality
I'm thinking it's a cheap price

That we pay for existence
This is the moment that we come alive
This is the breath and this is the kiss

No we're in Paris, in the ball gowns
In the high heels, in the snow
And we're spinning 'round Versailles
In a Volkswagen Beetle that we'd hired for the day

(At the cheap rate)

The room without the shower was cold again
"Are we already middle-aged", she said
And I said, "I feel nothing, I feel like a jelly-fish"
"Mabey it's the Portuguese Men-O-Pause", she joked

And she laughed her brittle head
And we went back to bed
And I've been thinking about these things
I've been thinking about Voyager 2
And this is the moment that we come alive