

## Love-Lore 4

Deerhoof

Oscillations, oscillations  
Electronic evocations of sound's reality  
Spinning, magnetic fluctuations  
Waves of wave configurations  
That dance between the poles of sound  
And bind my world to soul

I walk the streets of moment  
Head down to the ground  
Cars are stars remotely far  
My only world is sound  
Passersby are worlds that fly  
Far from the dance of time  
Time whirls round from pole to pole  
And swirls within the sound

We are the robots  
We are the robots  
We are the robots  
We are the robots

Space, taking a space walk  
Space, taking a space...

Wanna be the ruler of the galaxy  
Wanna be the king of the universe  
Let's meet and have a baby now!  
Wanna be the captain of the Enterprise  
Wanna be the king of the Zulus  
Let's meet and have a baby now!

O astronauta ao menos  
Viu que a Terra é toda azul, amor  
Isso é bom saber  
Porque é bom morar no azul, amor  
Mas você, sei lá  
Você é uma mulher, sim  
Você é linda porque é

A secret question hovers over us, a sense of disappointment, a broken promise we were given as children. I am referring not to the standard false promises that children are always given (about how the world is fair, or how those who work hard shall be rewarded), but to a particular generational promise—given to those who were children in the fifties, sixties, seventies, or eighties—one that was never quite articulated as a promise but rather as a set of assumptions about what our adult world was supposed to be like. And since it was never quite promised, now that it has failed to come true, we're left confused: indignant, but at the same time, embarrassed at our own indignation, ashamed we were ever so silly to believe our elders to begin with. Where, in short, are the flying cars?

Meet George Jetson  
His boy, Elroy  
Daughter Judy  
Jane, his wife

Onde quer que você esteja

Em Marte ou Eldorado  
Abra a janela e veja  
O pulsar quase mudo  
E o oco escuro esquece

(Onde quer que você esteja  
Em Marte ou Eldorado  
Abra a janela e veja  
O pulsar quase mudo  
Abraço de anos-luz  
Que nenhum sol aquece  
E o oco escuro esquece)