

Colours and music is what you will see  
And what you live for  
Take a ride with a stingray  
And you'll see the world through his eyes

You know what they say about  
The lady who talks with the fishes  
They say she will always have  
At least a billion billion friends

And somewhere there's a God  
Who will grant each and all of her wishes  
She laughs in the face  
Of the man looking over the fence

I can see you're dreaming  
But I can't see the pictures  
Sleeping in the light of  
Starshine and goldfishes

Even out here where he sits  
Drowning in isolation  
He's stacking his bricks high  
And slowly walling out the world

She's sending him flowers and sunshine  
But he doesn't notice  
On the stem of a rose she writes  
'Have a nice day, Plutoman''

I can see that you're dreaming  
But I can't see the pictures  
Sleeping in the light of  
Starshine and goldfishes

He feels like he's the last man alive  
Feels like he's struck on Pluto  
Each day's a bad one  
Each day he's alone

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