

# Trafalgar Square

Jonathan Wilson

I seen you walking through Trafalgar Square  
Little Billy Shears was on piano  
Well, I didn't think you noticed and I didn't think you cared but  
Your flight was fluid, you're a sparrow  
I seen you driving down the 405  
Hey, were you listening to Zappa?  
Well, in the filthy catacombs beneath Houdini's house  
Rudy Valentino waits and he wonders

And he says  
Isn't it a miracle we're still floating?  
Isn't it a miracle we're not frozen?  
Isn't it a miracle we're all chosen?

I heard you whistling through Trafalgar Square  
You and Little Jimmy Dickens  
Well, I didn't think the quartet of lions even cared  
It was Nelson Rockefeller on percussion  
Yes he was

And he said  
Isn't it a miracle we're still floating?  
Isn't it a miracle we're not frozen?  
Isn't it a miracle we're all chosen?

To be moving, moving something  
To be flying where angels fear to tread  
To be wanting, wanting nothing  
To be driving  
To be soaring, always soaring  
To be living

I seen you driving Benedict late at night  
Little Stevie Jones was riding shotgun  
No, I didn't think a Cadillac could float above the ground  
With the wrath of God shining down  
No, I didn't think a Cadillac could float above the ground  
With the wrath of God shining down  
No, I didn't think a Cadillac could float above the ground  
With God's of love shining down  
God, God, God, God  
Wrath of God shining down  
Wrath of God shining down  
God, God, God, God  
(Shining down)