

Vivaldi

Pete Townshend

Listen, I am transmitting, from a place far beyond space, far beyond taste
You can not touch me, you can not see me
You can not hear me, you can not beat me
But I am you, I am one person who was totally true
I am transmitting, straight to you
Through this grid, can you see?
Use your eyes open them optically
No longer tied to a place, a notion of grace
Time is something that I takenly waste to listen to carefully
I have news for you, this hole grid that you lock into
That's why it's a grid, it controls you, it controls your thought
All those things you just saw on your television
And with a push of your remote button you just bought
They do not exist, they do not persist
They will not have a history beyond this passion and this point
And this way that I try to anoint your mind with thought
Listen very carefully, this is what you saw but didn't know you
where looking for it
Why is it, that you talk constantly but know body's listening?
Talking, hearing, thinking, sinking, drinking of the one blood
that we all share
You don't share anything with me but real true fear