

It's no good saving whales anymore
They've packed up and flew out their bowls
Carrying all other sea life in parcels
Addressed to a conquistador
Trapped inside a lamp in the Andes
Six hundred years from now
Holding his heart
Waiting for love to come round

All we are is dust filling up holes
In time it all will go
But here right now I'm alive

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But here right now I'm alive