

We Are 1980

Said the Whale

Lean back into the wind
It's an empty cold outside
I sent you back just the smoothest rock I could find
Accompanied by just a couple of words came to mind
It's an old concept
Sending letters again
Well thought out, rehearsed and written in pen
Paperless here is a thing of the past
I'm cutting down trees and using up gas

We've got Mandarax and loveless sex
And information passing right through our skin and bones

Spot on with my content for the lesser known
In spite of all of the rules of my own
That I break up in stride
Ignoring my front, back
Ignoring my left and my right
It's my moral compass
And it's easy to find
Well thought out, intentionally left behind
It's regrettable, yes
But how could I ever sleep at night?
Knowing I had rules and knowing I had to abide

We've got Mandarax and loveless sex
And information passing right through our skin and bones

It's the information age
Of lesser consequence to the silence
The information age
Of fountain pens and real stationary
The information age
Of lesser consequence to the silence
The information age

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