

Dear Marge

Stereolab

In this mess,
precious dust
Gather strength, softness
Guard the gods
guard the judges
Din of geometric chaos
The chaos

What a mess
The precious dust
Gather strength and softness
Guard the gods
guard the judges
And contort the geometric
The chaos

What a mess
The precious dust
Gather strength, the softness
Guard the gods
The judges
Contort the geometric chaos

The joy to love
To know to learn
Are the essence
Of existence,
And so couldn't they
Govern it too?
To open up,
face to a work
The joy to love
To know to learn
Are the essence
Of existence,
And so couldn't they
Govern it too?
The joy to love
To open up