

La Demeure

Stereolab

People are pressed,
Liberties crushed
Shouldn't it resound
Cry of our soul?
It is so faint I can't hear it
I know it's there
Somewhere, somewhere, somewhere

Men could ask for happiness
They could ask for brotherhood
When we were not a lonely crowd
Natural was impersonal,
Was non individual
Where strangers were not a threat
But more of a potential
Public space was wide open
The relevance was action

Beyond the cry,
Lies the meaning
Common language
Of belonging
It is throttled, it is confused
Has to be there
Somewhere, somewhere, somewhere