

Born in a manger.
Your getting stranger everyday.
Uncertain chancer.
Your sending everything astray.
Your certain danger.
Your a monsoon and fire all in one.
Got me on the run.

There's a distant light.
A forest fire burning everything insight.
Easy flight.
We pick it up in space with survey satellite.
Survey satellite looking at you.
Your turning every modern theory on it's head.
Leaving me for dead.

Your so demanding.
You've got me fumbling for escape.
I'm understanding.
But I'm afraid it's all too late.
To find a meaning.
Your blowing everything away.
From coast to coast.
Got me much too close.

There's a distant light.
A forest fire burning everything insight.
Easy flight.
We pick it up in space with survey satellite.
Survey satellite looking at you.
Your turning every modern theory on it's head.
Leaving me for dead.

Don't worry me or hurry me.
Blow me far away to the northern lites.
Abandon me, abandon me.
Blow me far away, blow me far away to the northern lites