

Mystery of Pop

Temples

People stop and stare
Gather 'round and listen to the moment
Make a memory in your heart
With tune impaired
Marry tunefulness and words of wisdom
Move your feet and clasp the air

I want to flow
Through the valley of tranquil cadence
Move the chasm of the night
Most want to know
That I've listened to the best of Bowie
And that's the way that pop must go

I wasn't waiting
I wasn't sure

She sang a song in Penelope's car
They hummed along and were feeling bizarre
She has a story to share with someone
Even though it weren't her's to tell
Or sing
Or tribute

Shops are in the streets
Selling nothing by the ton to people
Remedy is what they need
And if we plea, and if you please
We can invite each other
To the parting of the seas

I want to flow
Through the valley of the pounding present
Move the chasm of the night
Most want to know
That they've listened to the best of Bowie
And that's the way that pop must go

I wasn't waiting
I wasn't sure

He sang a song in Penelope's Car
They strummed along and were feeling bizarre
He has a story to share with someone
Even though it weren't his
They sang along in Penelope's Car
They strummed along and they felt bizarre
They had a story to share with someone
Even though it weren't theirs to tell
Or sing
Or tribute