

Amplified World

The Astronauts

The wind is blowing
The trees are swaying
And this is their song
It's getting louder
And it's getting louder
Maybe it won't be so long
I'd like to see you
Yeah, I'd like to talk to you
But I don't feel so well
Better turn the sound up
Better turn the sound up
I'll put my mouth into the microphone and yell
Weekday shopping
She's bought biscuits
From supermarket tills
She's bought Hovis
She's had babies
How the piped music thrills

And every day you see us
Down by the Town Hall
To hear the television
Read out the roll call
And each will forfeit his divine right
To tell her
Seems like we're living
In an amplified world

And Pete and Johnny
But they're getting older
But they don't say so much
Even though they still
Share the same room
They find it hard to keep in touch
But I used to know them
Was in their class for three years
But time passed us by
They're into speakers
I'm into accidents
Neither of us knows quite why
Mother's still shopping
She wears make-up
But her face seems to crack
And she's bought Ryvita
She takes Mandrax
No her husband never did come back

I'm sorry I didn't answer
The ubiquitous question
And I'm sorry that you cried
But I'm afraid that
I just freaked out completely
When I found out what you implied
If you really want me
Then you'd better call louder
But I can't guarantee I'll come
I'm unaware of your movements

And I'm unaware of your thinking
If you don't know the words just hum
And I remember that girl who
Used to hang out down the youth club
You ain't seen her for so long
Well I saw her
Yeah I saw her
When I asked her how it's going she said wrong

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You say that you love me and
You say that you need me
You love my eccentric ways
If you really mean that
Better put it in writing
I don't trust nobody these days
And he's a man of passion and
He's a man of knowledge
But he's a man who can't be saved
A man of nothing
A man of skin and bone
Don't expect me to dig your grave
By the way don't go looking for your sister
Because she's jumped
Over the fence
And she's down at Gatwick
With a bottle of tablets
Trying to make British Airways make sense

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Amplified amplified amplified
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And I'm the old oak
And I'm the East Wind
And this is my song
And it's getting louder
And it's getting louder
Maybe won't be so long.