

Still Talking

The Astronauts

There's a man on the east side of Paris
Who looks sadly into the Seine
He ain't seen his love since the overthrow
Will he see her again

On the hills of an African township
There are some children who could never be saved
And the soldiers eyes are those of fanatics
Dance on their graves

And the sun beats down on the East Sussex village
Where the orders always come from above
And Bill's in the cornfield with Mary
They're in love

And at night when the crowds reassemble
To look for an easier route
The CIA he's up in the tower blocks
He's got orders to shoot

Implication seems a strange way to heighten
The sense of a will to survive
One fond caress at the peak of excitement
Keeps the natives alive

And they're down in the East Sussex village
Where Churchill's still known as a saint
The two are engaged and the neighbours
Think it's rather quaint

On a bridge near the end of the freeway
There's a blonde in a hamburger joint
She invites all the boys in but she
Sometimes questions the point

Was that you at the last demonstration
Taking photos of militant men
Well I thought you believed in the movement
Now I must think again

And down in the East Sussex village
The two have been married a year
But one day he caught her reading his folder
And she disappeared

'Cause it seems he worked undercover
A lover by night an agent by day
And he covered his tracks on one quiet Friday
And he flew away