

We Were Talking

The Astronauts

We were talking about the pistol
In your locker at the station.
Is it true you'd only use it
In a fit of desperation?
How the nuclear view is growing
And artistic values dying.
Do we need so many weapons
Is the television lying?

We were talking about dictators
About the masses do they know them?
And the weeds that feed on their trees
Didn't take so long to grow them.
TALKING! TALKING! TALKING! TALKING!

We were talking about a movement
With an end but no direction.
Of the vision in the people,
Of the end that lacks affection,
How your headaches undivide
Finding the reality from the fable
There's an aspirin in the cupboard
Propaganda on the table

We were talking about your sister
Women's libber to the letter
Always wore a balaclava
'Til a man came round to get her.
TALKING! TALKING! TALKING! TALKING!

Talking about the weather
The time we've spent together
How long we've been apart.
Talking about your lover
I never did discover
The meaning of those dots on his chart.

We were talking about opinions
And the best way to enforce them.
If it meant a drop of violence
Would you readily endorse them?
How the sorcerers of action
And the anarchists are magic
Every full moon walk the tight rope
'Tween the righteous and the tragic.

We were talking about the outcome
About the neighbour victims bleeding
Would you then show some compassion
Or carry on reading
While they lay there bleeding
TALKING! TALKING! TALKING! TALKING!

Talking about the weather
The time we spent together
How could you break my heart?
Talking about how your lover

Was working undercover
And what time did you start.