

Observatory

The Zolas

We broke in where
We're not allowed
And found a station
From a dead underground
And there you kissed me
As if goodbye
On the dusty platform
Like my train had arrived

Oh we hold with the grip of a sifter
And we smile with the teeth of a comb
We can fake what we want to belong
But if we don't show our faces
We can't be wrong

Hands in the air, listen to me
This is a stickup at the observatory
We're gonna look at just what we wanna see
This is a stickup at the observatory

The blue beneath your skin is like
An atlas of the sky
I want to read your book but I
Don't want to break the spine

We left the concert on skid row
And looked up at the building face
Office workers in the sky constellate
In our ordinary moons
We can't see the part we play
All the windows in the sky constellate

Oh we know we're living in a tumour
Or we know we're living in a coral reef
Who can say what's the way to believe
But sleep beside a window
And you hear it breathe