

A Flock Of Seagulls, Messages

The hands on the clock
Can't hold back the time.
Without the clock
There's no reason why.

We're sending messages,
Messages,
Messages,
Messages.

With hands held high
To the new sunrise,
With open arms
To the empty skies

Receiving messages,
Messages,
Messages,
Messages.
(From the rings of Saturn.)

Messages,
Messages,
Messages,
Messages.

Through space and time
For a million years,
(From the rings of Saturn)
Receiving messages.

Receiving messages,
Messages,
Messages,
Messages.
(From the rings of Saturn.)

Messages,
Messages,
Messages,
Messages.

Messages,
Messages,
Messages,
Messages.

Typed by John Manfreda