

Bell X1, Just Like Mr Benn

Put your sweet fingers
A little closer to the keyboard
It's hard to read between your lines
We were the clock hands at midnight
Now you're four whole hours behind
Put your sweet fingers a little closer to the keyboard
I can't quite see the whites of your eyes
Though you bat your eyelids from across the ocean
And I fall over in their breeze
I don't bring you spices from the East
I don't bring you the world's you crave
'Cos everyday you need a new one

Just like Mr Benn, just like Mr Benn

Put your sweet fingers a little closer to the keyboard
We pass light bits in the night
Though you send your flare to the horizon
I just stare and blink in your light
I don't speak in all your tongues
So I don't even know if I'll be welcome
But what if I appeared as if by magic?
Just like in Mr Benn

So go if you're going
You keep pouring when I say when
Come home when your
Work there is done
Just like Mr Benn

Put your sweet fingers
A little closer to the keyboard
It's hard to read between your lines
We were the clock hands at midnight
Now you're four whole hours behind