

Eugene McGuinness, Vela

Vela, don't blow away
The harbour's out of sight
You're not the farthest point of light
So shine your wondrous cosmic kite

Vela triangulates positions in the night
Before the ocean turns to ice
Before the storm charges the price

Ahhh, ahh, ahh, ahh...
Ahhh, ahh, ahh, ahh...
Ahhh, ahh, ahh, oohh..

Won't you turn on the radio
Won't you turn on the radio

Vela illuminates
Speak me tongues of old
Through a Red Sea Moses strolled
But now the reckless waves control

Vela, the story states you lead us to the shore
And then a funfair shall be born
So Vela, what's the rainpour for?

Ahhh, ahh, ahh, ahh... (What's the rain pour for?)
Ahhh, ahh, ahh, ahh... (What's the rain pour for?)
Ahhh, ahh, ahh, oohh.. (What's the rain pour for?)

Won't you turn on the radio
Won't you turn on the radio
Won't you turn on the radio
Won't you turn on the radio

Vela, don't blow away
Vela, don't blow away