

Hatfield & The North, Lobster In Cleavage Probe

And in the end, all our troubles vanish, melt away
(Play like a gold bell in the evening wind)
And in the end, all the time we've spent we'll save...
(And in the end, after all is said and done)
Time is only dust, when it's done we will fly...
Like a tea-tray in the sky
So don't be scared of a lobster or molluscs
(I for one am fond of molluscs)
They're all one in the end
(They're all lovely)
There will be no parting of the ways
(Counting off the days that we've wasted)
Starting off with lots of singing
Playing
Laughing
Crying
Flying
Sighing
Wheeling
Soaring
Aah...