

Kate Bush, Reaching Out

See how the child reaches out instinctively
To feel how fire will feel.

See how the man reaches out instinctively
For what he cannot have.

The pull and the push of it all.

Reaching out for the hand.
Reaching out for the hand that smacked.
Reaching out for that hand to hold.
Reaching out for the Star.
Reaching out for the Star that explodes.
Reaching out for Mama.

See how the flower leans instinctively
Toward the light.

See how the heart reaches out instinctively
For no reason but to touch.

The pull and the push of it all.

Reaching out for the hand
Reaching out for the hand that smacked
Reaching out for that hand to hold.
Reaching out for the Star.
Reaching out for the Star that explodes.
Reaching out for Mama.

(Can't we see...)

Reaching out for Mama.