

Kate Bush, Stranded At The Moonbase

A long way up in light-years,
Just a pinpoint in space,
In a century of planetary storms,
Stranded at the moonbase,

The air is getting low.
The air is getting low.

Looking out at the roof-window,
I've seen many strange things,
From shooting stars to Stars 'n' Stripes
Thought I'd caught a glimpse of golden wings.

The air is getting low,
The air is getting low,
The air is getting low,
The air is getting low.

I got the vision of a big white dove.
I've heard the creaking of the pearly gates above.
I'm wond'ring why the big white dove
Is keeping me waiting, keeping me waiting,
Keeping me waiting, keeping me waiting,
Keeping me waiting, keeping me waiting.

Looking way down below me,
The worlds are all awirl-whirly.
Won't you come along beside?
This place waits for company.

The air is getting low.
The air is getting low.

I leave my limbs behind me.
As I'm being lifted
Out into the, into the
Spiritual boom-boom abyss.

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