

Kate Bush, Strange Phenomena

Soon it will be the phase of the moon
When people tune in.
Every girl knows about the punctual blues,
But who's to know the power behind our moves?

A day of coincidence with the radio,
And a word that won't go away.
We know what they're all going to say.
"G" arrives--"Funny, had a feeling he was on his way!"

We raise our hats to the strange phenomena.
Soul-birds of a feather flock together.
We raise our hats to the hand a-moulding us.
Sure 'nuff, he has the answer,
He has the answer
He has the answer, be-duh-be-duh-be-duh-be-duh...
"Om mani padme,
Om mani padme,
Om mani padme hum."*

You pick up a paper. You read a name.
You go out. It turns up again and again.
You bump into a friend you haven't seen for a long time,
Then into another you only thought about last night.

You hear your sister calling for you,
But you don't know where from.
You know there's something wrong,
But you don't want to believe in a premonition.

We raise our hats to the strange phenomena.
Soul-birds of a feather flock together.
We raise our hats to the hand a-moulding us.
Sure 'nuff, he has the answer,
He has the answer
He has the answer, be-duh-be-duh-be-duh-be-duh...
"Om mani padme,
Om mani padme,
Om mani padme hum."*

"Om mani padme hum.
Om mani padme hum.
Om mani padme hum.
Om mani padme hum..."