

Rustic Overtones, Sector Z

Understand this, other planets, this is communication
The air between the sonic boom and the human nature
Home, the air fills up your lungs
But in the smoky clubs you won't need oxygen and you won't need laser guns.
We got gravity, we got law, and we're pulling from the core
The crowd surfers to the ground surface where they belong
Are you listening? (are you listening?)

Is your volume up? (is your volume up?)
Is your power on? (is the power on?)
To your solar system at the speed of sound. (are you listening?)
Which way does your antenna go? (volume up)
On your radio (power on)
This is rock 'n roll.
Is your volume up? (is your volume up?)
Is your power on? (is the power on?)
To your solar system at the speed of sound. (are you listening?)
Which way does your antenna go? (volume up)
On your radio (power on)
This is rock 'n roll.

At the show, get up and get ready to go
I know our planet's cold at night, so just step inside the door
Those aren't satellites they're kind of like the sun
When all the lights turn on we all get up and when they're off we all go home
On your planet you don't have rock 'n roll
You don't have radio
You don't have disco lights and you don't have rubber soul.
Are you listening? (are you listening?)

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