

Something For Kate, The Astronaut

Either side of a thin blue line
Is a collection of satellites
Singing circles, singing words
That don't mean anything
But they keep me on orbit
And they keep me sure
Ooh, I can see you
Ooh, on a clear night
High up in a window
You're an astronaut, your amnesia
You're a joke
Fingertips against the windscreen
You're on your way, you're on your way
but you can't look at both sides
Of the coin at the same time
And you can't make up your mind
yeah I can hear you,
On a clear night I can see you
Singing circles away
Yeah, I'll blow you out of the sky
If you won't get yourself down here
I can hear you, on a clear night I can see you
Singing circles away