

# Sparks, In The Future

(Ron Mael)

It's winter, it's raining  
You're tired, she's fainting  
You're bitter, she's brooding  
But don't be disenchanted  
'Caus's you can barley stand it

The sweep and the grandeur  
The scope and the laughter  
The future, the future  
The future's got it covered  
With what will be discovered

In the future fun is fun  
In the future, lots of sun  
I'll be there, it's up to you  
You'll be there if you don't do nothing foolish  
You'll love it, I know it  
I know what you like and  
You'll love it, I know it  
We'll need some vintage vino  
So wash you feet and stamp away

Coming soon and everywhere  
Everyone will walk on air  
Now it seems so far away  
But each day it's getting closer and closer

Convenience and pleasure  
All blended together  
And culture, and madness  
You think you've seen it all  
You've seen it all except the future