

# The Human League, The Black Hit Of Space

Been out all night, I needed a bite, I thought I'd put a record on  
I reached for the one with the ultra-modern label, and wondered where the light had gone  
It had a futuristic cover, lifted straight from Buck Rogers  
The record was so black it had to be a con  
The autochanger switched as I filled my sandwich  
And futuristic sounds warbled off and on

The black hit of space  
It's the one without a face  
It's the one that doesn't fit  
You can only see the flip  
The black hit of space  
Sucking in the human race  
How can it stay at the top  
When it's swallowed all the shops

As the song climbed the charts, the others disappeared  
Til there was nothing but it left to buy  
It got to number one, then into minus figures  
Though nobody could understand why

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I couldn't stand this bland sound any more so I walked towards my deck to turn it off  
All I could see was the B-side of the disc which had assumed a doughnut shape with the label on the  
I reached for the arm which was less than one micron long but weighed more than Saturn and time  
I knew I had to escape but every time I tried to flee, the record was in front of me

The black hit of space  
Get James Burke on the case  
It's the hit that's never gone  
Time stops when you put it...(on)