

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)