

Bell X1, Bound For Boston Hill

Out into pitch black
Where the moon lay upon its back
Driving deep into the throat
of the countryside

Strapped tight into
Centre of scene
Starry open attic night

No headline hits happen here
About what do I write
So sad the pull I feel
Is a push into out of sight

Hard not to look behind
when there's something
On your back
On your soul
On your mind
Let time pass by
Circles fly
Time can wet and roll a
Tear from the eye

Strapped tight into
Centre of scene
Starry open attic night

No headline hits happen here
About what do I write
So sad the pull I feel
is a push into out of sight