

# Bell X1, Just Like Mr. Benn

Put your sweet fingers  
A little closer to the keyboard  
It's hard to read between your lines  
We were the clock hands at midnight  
Now you're four whole hours behind  
Just put your fingers  
A little closer to the keyboard  
I can't quite see the whites of your eyes  
Though you bat your eyelids from across the ocean  
And I fall over in their breeze  
I don't bring you spices from the East  
And I don't bring you the world's you crave  
'Cos everyday you need a new one  
Just like Mr. Benn  
Just like Mr. Benn  
Just like Mr. Benn  
Put your sweet fingers  
A little closer to the keyboard  
We pass light bits in the night  
Though you send your flare to the horizon  
I just stare and blink in your light

No, I don't speak in all your tongues  
So I don't even know if I'll be welcome  
What if I appeared as if by magic?  
Just like in Mr. Benn  
Just like Mr. Benn  
Just like Mr. Benn  
So go if you're going  
You keep pouring when I say when  
Come home when your work there is done  
Just like, just like  
Just like Mr. Benn  
Just like Mr. Benn  
Just like Mr. Benn  
Just like Mr. Benn  
Just put your fingers  
A little closer to the keyboard  
It's hard to read between your lines  
We were the clock hands at midnight  
Now you're four whole hours behind