

Boole, 2000 And None

Build me my thought guitar
I want my aero-car
I need my moving sidewalks
Talk to robots, every single day

Fly me into zero Gs
Blind me with LEDs
I long to be appeased by
Things that make me feel I'm more than man

Where is our odyssey
In this technology?
It's such an oddity
Maybe I have blinked and missed it
Or maybe it's a futuristic lie

No stars to align the date
No walking without weight
Endeared by fear of fate
So we abate it in a lazy dream

No towns floating in the air
No voyage, we don't care
Ignore the poor and don't explore
We just need pain and popcorn war

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Explorers are whores for a warring nation
So settle for some sci-fi calculation

I want to reach for the sky
I want to find out why

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Go on and promote our team
Have astronaut ice cream
You're just a simulation
Show the nation every loyalty

Tune in for the laser wars
Try not to ponder Mars
Who needs it anyway?
I wonder what would Galileo say?