Howard Jones, Exodus/come Together

They're sending back pictures from Saturn and Mars
Maybe this will be our new home
Well we seem to have messed up
And we must look to the stars
Our paradise we seem to have outgrown

Join the line
Put down your name
Get ready for a ride on the exodus plane

Well we've been much too greedy
Wanting too much to fast
But we have to say we are what we are
Well the trees and the plants and the animals have gone
Long ago
Used to be real air to breath, they say so

Join the line
Put down your name
Get ready for a ride on the exodus plane
Join the line
Put down your name
Get ready for new life

Anyway it's too late for what might have been
Kiss the earth goodbye and get out of here
If there's anybody out there
Hope they haven't made the same mistakes
Turning gold into garbage and a banquet into dustcakes

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