

Kate Bush, Experiment IV

We were working secretly
For the military.
Our experiment in sound,
Was nearly ready to begin.
We only know in theory
What we are doing:
Music made for pleasure,
Music made to thrill.
It was music we were making here until
They told us
All they wanted
Was a sound that could kill someone
From a distance.
So we go ahead,
And the meters are over in the red.
It's a mistake in the making.
From the painful cry of mothers,
To the terrifying scream,
We recorded it and put it into our machine.
Then they told us
All they wanted
Was a sound that could kill someone
From a distance.
So we go ahead,
And the meters are over in the red.
It's a mistake in the making.
It could feel like falling in love.
It could feel so bad.
But it could feel so good.
It could sing you to sleep
"I'll bet my mum's gonna give me a little toy instrument!"
But that dream is your enemy.
We won't be there to be blamed.
We won't be there to snitch.
I just pray that someone there
Can hit the switch.
But they told us
All they wanted
Was a sound that could kill someone
From a distance.
So we go ahead,
And the meters are over in the red.
It's a mistake we've made.
Hmm hmm hmm, hmm hmm hmm.
And the public are warned to stay off.