

Peter Hammill, Our Oyster

This one's authentic,
son of a gun,
a soundtrack from China
in the universal tongue...

The world is our oyster
to plunder at will,
though the palate is jaded
by all but the thrill
of fish out of water,
life in the raw...
without understanding
of what life's worth fighting for.

Out of universal language
some stuff never translates
the reports come in clusters
but for words it's too late...
six o'clock entertainment,
tears of anguish and rage...
in the zoos of the media
the spirit of moment is caged.

There's only one language
the whole world comprehends,
there's only one message
as the darkness descends...
Do you still have a question
or do you retract?
There's a whole world of difference
between the observer and the act.

They're playing World Music
in Tiananmen Square,
they're playing World Music
in Tiananmen Square,
the whistle of bullets in the air.