Rheostatics, Satan Is The Whistler

Martin Tielli

Part 1: We Are the People from Earth

In my favorite dreams there are no human beings.
There are no human beings to interrupt my dreams.
Asleep behind the moon, there are no radio waves.

Every time she speaks the words they taste too weak.
By the time they leave the skull, they are already dead.
They rise towards the moon.
There are no radio waves.
There are no radio waves there.

We are the people from earth
Ascending through the clouds.
Through the stratosphere in line ups and in piles.
We are the people from Earth.
We present ourselves as slaves.
We come as volunteers with numbers on our faces.

Part 2: The Whistler

Sitting by the fire at night.
Flames dancing in our eyes.
There was a song so long and high.

Town moved in yesterday.
Somewhere up in these hills.
On orders to go far away.
Helicoptors scared the moose away.
Satan is the whistler.

Up around the old ski lift.
Something moving in the bushes by the toolshed.
We heard a song so long and high.

Bouncers came and snuffed the fire out.
Nike, Evian, Blue.
There's no smoking in the parking lot.
Somewhere up in these hills.
Starbucks in the windy peaks.
Satan is the whistler.