

Stereolab, Flower Called Nowhere, The

All the small boats on the water aren't
going anywhere
Surely they must be loaded with
more than simple matter
Floating on top and gracefully tending
to the same pole
All the small boats on the water
going nowhere
Is it true that none of them, will ever
break free and sail
Feel the night is made of rocks
the stagnant mass...
Is it true that none of them, will ever
break free and sail
Break free from the stagnant boats
left in obscurity
All the faces with their eyes closed
giving a smile
weightless
Like a body that would vacate to its
own light
Is it true that none of these
contented happy faces will not ever hear a cry
won't hear a cry
Is it true that none of these contented
happy faces will not ever hear a cry
filled with love not with desire
love not desire