

# Stereolab, The Flower Called Nowhere

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?