

# The Church, The Porpoise Song

My, my, the clock in the sky is pounding away  
There's so much to say  
A face, a voice, an overdub has no choice  
And it cannot rejoice

Wanting to see, to know and to be  
Crying to the sky  
And the porpoise is waiting good-bye, good-bye  
good-bye, good-bye, good-bye

Clicks, clacks  
Riding the backs of giraffes for laughs is alright for a while  
The ego sings of castles and kings and things  
That go with a life of style

Wanting to feel, to know what is real  
Living is a lie  
And the porpoise is laughing good-bye, good-bye  
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye  
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye  
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye