

# The Divine Comedy, Arthur C. Clarke's Mysterious

Do you remember that old T.V. show  
Arthur C. Clarke's Mysterious World?  
Well if I.T.V. make a new series  
They ought to come take a look at my girl

I don't understand her  
She doesn't make any sense to me  
I don't understand her  
It's like she's speaking in Swahili.

Do you remember that girl in the early eighties  
Allergic to everything  
Everywhere that she went in her plastic tent  
The doctors tried but they couldn't begin

To even understand her  
And it's exactly the same for me  
I don't understand her  
She is as deep as the Baltic Sea.

Well it's no big deal, I'm not complaining  
Sometimes things don't need explaining  
She's my angel, that's the main thing  
And that is never changing.  
She's a mass of contradictions  
A pick'n'mix of strange convictions  
It can be a source of friction  
But there are worse afflictions  
Love doesn't make distinctions.

Now to make matters worse she claims the universe  
Is expanding like a balloon  
But baby if it's meant to be infinite  
Then where is it expanding to?!

I don't understand you  
You just don't make any sense to me  
I don't understand you  
You are completely logic free  
I don't understand her, no no  
She is uncharted territory  
I don't understand her  
But she's as lovely as she can be