

The Sundays, Monochrome

It's 4 in the morning July of '69
Me & my sister
We crept down like shadows
They're bringing the moon right down to our sitting-room
Static & silence & a monochrome vision

They're dancing around
Slow puppets silver ground
& the world was watching with joy
We hear a voice from above & it's history
& we stayed awake all night

& something is said and the whole room laughs aloud
Me & my sister
Looking on like shadows
The end of an age as we watched them walk in a glow
Lost in space, but I don't know where it is

They're dancing around
Slow puppets silver ground
& the stars & stripes in the sand
We hear a voice from above & it's history
& we stayed awake all night

They're dancing around
It sends a shiver down my spine
& I run to look in the sky and
I half expect to hear them asking to come down
(oh) Will they fly or will they fall?
To be excited by a long late night