

# Thomas Dolby, The Flat Earth

The Earth can be any shape you want it  
Any shape at all  
Dark and cold or bright and warm  
Long or thin or small  
But it's home and all I ever had  
And maybe why for me the Earth is flat

Friends have often asked me why  
I'm sensitive about my height  
I would look around and say  
Hmm, I thought I was immune  
All my life I have waited  
to be given any word  
It was screaming to be heard  
Please remember...

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Turn the island to the storm tonight  
Then when they spill the demon seed  
Turn and face into the wind  
All along you still believed  
Believed you were immune  
And if love is all you're missing  
Look into your heart  
Is anybody home ?  
Please remember ...  
The Earth can be any shape you want it  
Any in the world  
But don't you point that raygun at me  
I might just explode  
There are stones buried in your soul  
And only a fool would blame the death of rock and roll, uyeah  
And in time you'll come to understand  
The flat old Earth is in your gentle hands