

Van Der Graaf Generator, Orthenthian Street Part

Can't stop for a second:
we might see how silly we all are.
Can't get out, even for a moment:
might be hit by a passing car.
Dreams shatter and fall into dust,
as long as we're travelling I suppose they must.
But, while we're on the road, our days'll be glowing;
and when we part, as you know we must,
we'll leave, just going
ever so slowly,
ever so slowly.

Motorway signs flash past like flies,
it's getting late and we're going home.
We all travel in parallel lines,
heading into the twilight zone.
All I really want now is you by my side;
yes, it's a sweet ride
while we're still together.

Yes, it's a sunny day, and we're off on our sea trip;
The water may be cold in the bay,
but we're safe on our sailing ship,
and, if ice forms, you can walk home to land
and still cling to my hand
if you still want to...