

Van Der Graaf Generator, The Wave

The wave hits the beach,
writing words on the sand -
to the academic man,
this could be the answer....
In fact, it's no more than a hunch;
still we try to eat it...
I think we're all pretty out to lunch.

The wave is out of reach,
trailing words from the hand
only air can understand;
semaphore on the shoreline,
waiting for distance to recede,
unhappily imperfect
when we should be happy just to breathe.

But with each bated breath,
so present, tense,
we want to know, we want it sure,
it don't make sense!
So I'll do mine and you do yours
but let's not trade sand and sea
for brick and cement.

The wave hits the beach,
laps around abandoned clothes,
wants to share a joke with those
who'll brave the breakers,
who'll break bread rather than pray
while the definition-maker's
lost in the small print of the day.

The words are only pictures
that the next wave wipes away.