We Are 1980

Said the Whale

Lean back into the wind
Its an empty cold outside
I sent you back just the smoothest rock I could find
Accompanied by just a couple of words came to mind
Its an old concept
Sending letters again
Well thought out, rehearsed and written in pen
Paperless here is a thing of the past
Im cutting down trees and using up gas
Weve got Mandarax and loveless sex
And information passing right through our skin and bones
Spot on with my content for the lesser known
In spite of all of the rules of my own
That I break up in stride
Ignoring my front, back
Ignoring my left and my right
Its my moral compass
And its easy to find
Well thought out, intentionally left behind
Its regrettable, yes
But how could I ever sleep at night?
Knowing I had rules and knowing I had to abide
Weve got Mandarax and loveless sex
And information passing right through our skin and bones
Its the information age
Of lesser consequence to the silence
The information age
Of fountain pens and real stationary
The information age
Of lesser consequence to the silence
The information age
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