

# Deep Blue

John K.

Here  
Are my place and time  
And here in my own skin  
I can finally begin  
Let the century pass me by  
Standing under night sky  
Tomorrow means nothing  
I was only a child then  
Feeling barely alive when  
I heard a song from the speaker of a passing car  
And prayed to a dying star  
The memory's fading  
I can almost remember singing la, la la, la la la la  
La la, la la, la la la la  
We watched the end of the century  
Compressed on a tiny screen  
A dead star collapsing and we could see  
That something was ending  
Are you through pretending  
We saw its signs in the suburbs  
You could never have predicted

That he could see through you  
Kasparov, Deep Blue, nineteen-ninety six  
Your mind's pulling tricks now  
The show is over so take a bow  
We're living in the shadows la, la la, la la la la  
La la, la la, la la la la  
Hey  
Put the cellphone down for a while  
In the night there is something wild  
Can you hear it breathing?  
And hey  
Put the laptop down for a while  
In the night there is something wild

I feel it, it's leaving me  
La la, la la, la la la la  
La la, la la, la la la la  
La la, la la, la la la la  
La la, la la, la la la la

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