Frank Sinatra

I Believe

We know of an ancient radiation
That haunts dismembered constellations
A faintly glimmering radio station
While Frank Sinatra sings stormy weather
The flies and spiders get along together
Cobwebs fall on an old skipping record
Beyond the suns that guard this roof
Beyond your flowers of flaming truth
Beyond your latest ad campaigns
An old man sits collecting stamps
In a room all filled with Chinese lamps
He save what others throw away
He says that he'll be rich some day
We know of an ancient radiation
That haunts dismembered constellations
A faintly glimmering radio station
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