It

Rheostatics

A train moving out of the station, somewhere south of it.
A satellite making connections somewhere over it.
One makes a long lonely howl, one is silent.
A new design waits to be launched somewhere west of it.

Calling all cans on the go,
This is mission control
Somewhere built below it.

Pass that cup over here; this is boring.
And I don't even do this anymore to believe
The nonsense I'm hearing.
A certain amount of booze is all it takes to relax me.
Then it's back to my parents' home in a taxi.

Back to the place I belong,
To the place I belong.
Somewhere built below it.

I am a science boy.
I grew up on dinosaurs,
A million different species of birds, and aircraft.

This is the science of truth,
Is the science of love,
Is the science of it.

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