

# 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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written by BIDINI, DAVE AUGUST/TIELLI, MARTIN RADAMEZ/VESELY, TIMOTHY  
WARREN/CLARK, DAVE  
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