

One Small Step

Sense Field

We're working so hard, building hives to keep us alive

Always moving on, it's the nature of the creature

Out across the seas and into space

We will pollinate the worlds as yet unknownBuilding homes so that we can roam the faces

Of all the beautiful places in shiny silver trailers

Strapped in and looking for traces, there's craters filled with sand

And lakes down under the wasteland in shiny silver trailersThey'll all have similar faces in the beautiful places

Where a mind can wonder and a man can wander

The wild blue yonder, the light beyond her

There's something out there, so don't you be scaredBecause it's in all of us and all of our religions

The scientists and teachers looking for the unmoved mover

And when they have the dream and find the genius gene

They built the great machines to take us home

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