Monochrome

The Sundays

It's 4 in the morning July in '69
Me and my sister, we crept down like shadows
They're bringing the moon
Right down to our sitting room
Static and silence and a monochrome visionThey're dancing around
Slow puppets silver ground
And the world is watching with joy
We hear a voice from above and it's history
And we stayed awake all nightAnd something is said
And the whole room laughs aloud
Me and my sister looking on like shadows
The end of an age as we watched them walk in a glow
Lost in space, but I don't know where it isThey,re dancing around
Slow puppets silver ground
And the stars and stripes in the sand
We hear a voice from above and it's history
And we stayed awake all nightThey're dancing around
It sends a shiver down my spine
And I run to look in the sky and
I half expect to hear them asking to come down
Oh, will they fly or will they fall
To be excited by a long late night

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