

Messages

A Flock of Seagulls

The hands on the clock
Can't hold back the time without the clock
There's no reason why we're sending messages, messages
Messages, messages With hands held high to the new sunrise
With open arms to the empty skies
Receiving messages, messages
Messages, messages Messages, messages
Messages, messages Through space and time for a million years
From the rings of Saturn, receiving messages
Receiving messages, messages
Messages, messages Messages, messages
Messages, messages
Messages, messages
Messages, messages

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