

Silent Key (Acoustic)

Frank Turner

On the twenty- eight of January, nineteen sixty- six
Christa McAuliffe gazed in horror as the o-rings failed
And she died, and she died, and she died
For the next agonising two minutes and forty five seconds
She called out the truth on a broken radio
I'm alive, I'm alive, I'm aliveIt came as some surprise to realise that as she lost everything
The world was revealing a transmission so real that she understood everything
You're still alive, you're still aliveFour thousand nautical miles as the crow flies away
A home made ham radio
In the loft of a Hampshire family home
Came alive, came alive, came alive
And so the poor old amateur operator thus became the only person to hear
Christa's last desperate communicate
We're alive, we're alive, we're aliveIt came as some surprise to realise what he didn't catch everything
The world was revealing a transmission so real that he understood everything
You're still alive

Songwriters

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