

# Solar Driftwood

## Yello

### The Big Ban

The ultimate hero of low frequency.  
The divine intergalactic bass drum, connecting  
The tribes of our solar systems.

If we could communicate  
From our tiny piece of solar driftwood  
Into another galaxy what would we say?

We can send out pictures, symbols,  
Chemical formulas or language.

The magic of music is a sign of consciousness  
That could be understood  
On far-flung worlds millions of light years from our horizon.

Music is an interstellar language  
From a highly insignificant planet,  
One of nine in our system which sails  
Through time and space till the next one,  
The next inevitable Big Bang

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