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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