

The Moon Is Calling

Nada Surf

The moon is calling the seas are calling
Now I cannot sleep
They're saying something projecting something
Signals from the deep
I read it somewhere that we will be
Burning in the heat
It's hard to believe but I hear voices
And I cannot keep it secret
The computer's recursive tuner
It's like the tolling of a bell
Bring me up
Deliver me out
Take me to the door
I'm not running anymore
Bring me up
Deliver me out
I want nature to be so strong
Wind and rain
Inky blue that goes on and on
In the day

Didn't plan it it wasn't habit
I don't speak to trees
I'm busy tracing I don't know what now
Looking for relief
They it's something
They're telling us something
We don't want to hear
The computer's recursive tuner
Is like the tolling of a bell
Bring me up
Deliver me out
Take me to the door
I'm not running anymore
Bring me up
Deliver me out
Take me to the door
I'm not running anymore
I want nature to be so strong

Wind and rain
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