

# From Space With Love

## The Feelers

I'm coming in in all the little pieces I found  
And come along and check the fear  
Crackle on a high wire  
And chucking on the wrong frequency  
You can feel the static

My head boils in front of me  
From space with love  
Make my religion more religious than pain  
Well cover me, my hands are blue  
You gotta greet me  
You gotta feel the same way  
Spread it all around  
Fill it up and break it in  
From Space with love

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
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