Halls Of Columbia

Pickwick

You said your work is in the air
Touch me to complete the current of sound
For the bass you sample the wind
Everything is up and nothing is down
Head rock has to vibrate well
Thought symphonies to a machine
Rip up your competitors' synth
With stoned star children waiting out in the hallForm a line
With your touch
Electric soul
The sound becomes physical
Form a line
Hear your words without speaking
I know, I know
I'm a child you can program me
I can stand up so tall
Take pills like the blue skull says
Rot gut gut rot drink drink gut rot
It's the anthem of a nation to the moon
Jesus calling from a saucer flying below
Touch me in my lonely life
Love song singing from the earth to the moonEverything is up and nothing is down
Touch me in the line to hear a sound
The colors seen
When you touch
Electric soul
the sound becomes physical
Form a line
Hear your words without speaking
I knowTalk Talk...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/