We Are 1980

Said the Whale

Lean back into the wind
Its an empty cold outside
I sent you back just the smoothest rock I could find
Accompanied by just a couple of words came to mind
Its an old concept
Sending letters again

Well thought out, rehearsed and written in pen Paperless here is a thing of the past

Im cutting down trees and using up gas

Weve got Mandarax and loveless sex

And information passing right through our skin and bones

Spot on with my content for the lesser known

In spite of all of the rules of my own

That I break up in stride

Ignoring my front, back

Ignoring my left and my right

Its my moral compass

And its easy to find

Well thought out, intentionally left behind

Its regrettable, yes

But how could I ever sleep at night?

Knowing I had rules and knowing I had to abide

Weve got Mandarax and loveless sex

And information passing right through our skin and bones

Its the information age

Of lesser consequence to the silence

The information age

Of fountain pens and real stationary

The information age

Of lesser consequence to the silence

The information age

We are 1980

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