The Flower Called Nowhere

Stereolab

All the small boats on the water aren't going anywhere
Surely they must be loaded with more than simple matter
Floating on top and gracefully tending to the same pole
All the small boats on the water going nowhereIs it true that none of them will ever break free and sail?
Feel the night is made of rocks, the stagnant mass
Is it true that none of them, will ever break free and sail?
Break free from the stagnant things left in obscurity
Left in obscurityAll the faces with their eyes closed giving a smile
Weightless like a body that would vacate to its own light
Is it true that none of these contented happy faces
Will not ever hear a cry, won't hear a cry?Is it true that none of these contented happy faces
Will not ever hear a cry?
Filled with love not with desire, love not desireIs it true that none of these contented happy faces
Will not ever hear a cry?
Filled with love not with desire, love not desireAll the small boats on the water aren't going anywhere
Surely they must be loaded with more than simple matter
Floating on top and gracefully tending to the same pole
All the small boats on the water going nowhereIs it true that none of them will ever break free and sail?
Break free from the stagnant things left in obscurity

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