

Arthur C. Clarke's Mysterious World

The Divine Comedy

Do you remember that old TV show?
'Arthur C. Clarke's Mysterious World'
Well, if ITV make a new series
They ought to come take a look at my girl I don't understand her
She doesn't make any sense to me
I don't understand her
It's like she's speaking in Swahili Do you remember that girl in the early eighties
Allergic to everything?
Everywhere that she went in her plastic tent
The doctors tried but they couldn't begin To even understand her
And it's exactly the same for me
I don't understand her
She is as deep as the Baltic Sea Well, it's no big deal, I'm not complaining
Sometimes things don't need explaining
She's my angel, that's the main thing
And that is never changing She's a mass of contradictions
A pick and mix of strange convictions
It can be a source of friction
But there are worse afflictions
Love doesn't make distinctions Now to make matters worse she claims
The universe is expanding like a balloon
But, baby, if it's meant to be infinite
Then where is it expanding to? I don't understand you
You just don't make any sense to me
I don't understand you
You are completely logic free I don't understand her, no, no
She is uncharted territory
I don't understand her
But she's as lovely as she can be 'Arthur C. Clarke's Mysterious World'
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'Arthur C. Clarke's Mysterious World'

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