Meteorites

Yann Tiersen

So here we are
Under London's glass and granite arms as they reach for the half moon
Me a blood of boldness and booze
And the rust-haired
Polka-dot breeze of you stands stuck to the street in cool shoes
What could possibly go wrong?
What could possibly go right?
We could list all the good things and list all the bad things
But if we're all just vibration, what difference does it make?
My heart could be a stone;
It's a sponge; it's a balloon;
It's a lonely rock with a fiery tail,
Falling in your atmosphere,
Burning up and breaking down.
So let our atoms melt together,
Let our nuclei converge;
I want you now,
And your conscience can be clear;
My yesterday is dead,
The present's an illusion,
And tomorrow is just a nightmare away.
This is our story, our movie;
This is our rom-com and it ends like this:Without looking up,
The girl cautiously takes the boy's hand.
She steels herself then meets his gaze.
The boy smiles. The girl surrenders. They kiss.
We pull away to reveal more lovers:
In a long winter coat,
A woman straddles a man on a wooden bench;
Behind a coin-operated lavatory,
Two boys passionately embrace;
Vague silhouettes sigh behind the steamed windows of a parked car;
Two figures fumble in a phone box;
There's a couple in every doorway and around every corner.
Snow begins to fall.
We drift up into the sky and look down on the boy and the girl,
As they become tiny specks on a London street.
We pull away further and further until London's gone, England's gone, Europe's gone:
Now we're in space,

Watching the earth as the sun rises behind it.
Satellites orbit by.
A billion stars surround us.
We float over the moon.
Then we cut to black and the credits rollI want you now, and now is all we can knowImagine we wake up tomorrow and nothing's happened; think of what we'll never know!
One night of love, in a month full of doubt.
Take my hand. Take my tongue. Let's run.
Tonight can be a detour, a respite
I'm your busman's holiday, your much deserved night off.
I'm your sensual sojourn!
My heart could be a stone; my heart could be a sponge.
This is the end: ten years in the making, a decade of design

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