

Driving to the moon

It's something to see,
all the lights down below,
all the houses and streets,
laid out now on row.
You make the dream possible,
you make the dream real,
passed the high clouds
then you take the wheel.

So hold up your handkerchief and count us down,
then we're off like a bullet leaves a gun, leaves a gun.
Passed the high windows,
like salt on a spoon,
round the church tower
we're driving to the moon.

The ocean is black,
like the hearts and the minds,
the stony eyed faces the we leave behind.
You're my only invention, tomorrow, today,
you're to purest intention that ever came my way.

So hold up...(Chorus)

Across the blue nowhere and round the edge,
there's nothing about leaving, that really makes sense,
the stars through the window are shaping our route.
So hold on to something,
it'll be over too soon.

Money and riches don't mean a thing,
when you're storming through darkness and wild as the wind.
You make escape possible, you make the dream real,
passed the high clouds, then you take the wheel.

So hold up... (Chorus)

- Graeme Lockhart -