

Russian Futurists, The "Your Life On Magnetic Tape"

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If I still wrote songs this one would be about you, called
"How I Spent My Days in Mazes Without You"
In labyrinths of synths and cold and pulsing patterns
When you sing the rings of Saturn spin

If I could write books this one would be about you,
called
"How I Spent My Summer Lost Without You"
We spent a month in bed and you know what's strange?
We woke up and everything had changed!

And now it's time to assess what we're to do with this
mess
Because when I hear your heart through your chest
It sounds like Morse Code signalling S.O.S.

It's your life wrapped up on magnetic tape
And it's a symphony of sounds you can't escape
Each one represents a portion of the past
The reels go spinning like sands through the hourglass

And you can just admit it; this love is parasitic and
This heart clings on like a leech, while you keep yours
just outside of reach
When I'm remembering you one photograph wouldn't
do
'Cause through research here's what I found:
Two vibrating hearts produce a sound!

It's your life wrapped up on magnetic tape
And it's a symphony of sounds you can't escape
Each one represents a portion of the past
The reels go spinning like sands through the hourglass

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