

XTC "Millions"

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We smelled your soup on the fire cooking
We saw your toys and your pencils looking bright
So bright and yet they come from, oh, so far away

We heard your flags and your banners flapping
We felt the air from your hands all clapping time
In time, I'm sure your time is not so far away

Millions, all moving forward
Millions, all babbling crossword
Millions, all flow as water
Millions, all bright with laughter

He make you glowing
He bake you golden
Like the Yangtze mud

I saw your writing on paper landing
Your stamps showed bridges and temples standing
still
So still, and yet they're standing, oh, so far away

I saw you asking for western thinking
I say it's poison that you'll be drinking
Stay as East, as far away as dreams will let you be

Millions, all moving forward
Millions, all babbling crossword
Millions, all flow as water
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