

Human League

"Black Hit Of Space"

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Been out all night, I needed a bite, I thought I'd put a
record on
I reached for the one with the ultra-modern label, and
wondered where the light had gone
It had a futuristic cover, lifted straight from Buck
Rogers
The record was so black it had to be a con
The autochanger switched as I filled my sandwich
And futuristic sounds warbled off and on

The black hit of space
It's the one without a face
It's the one that doesn't fit
You can only see the flip
The black hit of space
Sucking in the human race
How can it stay at the top
When it's swallowed all the shops

As the song climbed the charts, the others
disappeared
Til there was nothing but it left to buy
It got to number one, then into minus figures
Though nobody could understand why

The black hit of space
It's the one without a face
It's the one that doesn't fit
You can only see the flip
The black hit of space
Sucking in the human race
How can it stay at the top
When it's swallowed all the shops

I couldn't stand this bland sound any more so I walked
towards my deck to turn it off
All I could see was the B-side of the disc which had
assumed a doughnut shape with the label on the
outside rim
I reached for the arm which was less than one micron
long but weighed more than Saturn and time stood still

I knew I had to escape but every time I tried to flee, the
record was in front of me

The black hit of space
Get James Burke on the case
It's the hit that's never gone
Time stops when you put it...[on]

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