

## **The Russian Futurists**

# **"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!

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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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