

Antennas To Heaven "The Martian"

Visit "[The Martian](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com)

Walking the streets to the newsagent he sees the remains of a polythene bag caught in a puddle from last night's rain. He imagines a woman, a tidy blond woman in a strangely coloured lycra suit, crouch and scan it with an electronic box. It's a very faint reading... , she says to the grey haired man with a chiselled jaw behind her. But then he sees the logo on it is that of the chip shop on the main road. It's the same with the post on the doormat. At first, he doesn't pick it up. He twists his wrist and raises his watch to his ear and nods in agreement. But because it's digital, he can't hear anything. Not even a ticking. As he's alone in the house he pushes the three piece suite up against the wall and drags his chair - his big, leather, swivel chair - right into the middle of the room to watch TV. And he spins during the adverts. He spins and barks decisive and powerful, yet fatherly, instructions at the empty chairs. That afternoon he catches the school kids shrieking as they pass his front fence, their bags and coats dragging them back as they pound home. But he doesn't see the ball at their feet. Instead he sees a hulking silver pod teeter on spindly legs by the bus stop. And fire. Lots of fire. But when Marjorie comes back he's lies. He tells her it's been quiet and shrugs his shoulders, saying You know... , And he knows she suspects. He can see it in her eyes and the clipped comments over dinner. So, in a way he doesn't care when she catches him putting the bowls containing the angel delight in the cupboard, so that he can ask the ship's computer to dispense them after he's done the washing up. He knows they should be chilled, but the fridge door is wrong.

Visit [Antennas To Heaven](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.