

Divine Comedy, The "Arthur C. Clarke's Mysterious"

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Do you remember that old T.V. show
Arthur C. Clarke's Mysterious World?
Well if I.T.V. make a new series
They ought to come take a look at my girl

I don't understand her
She doesn't make any sense to me
I don't understand her
It's like she's speaking in Swahili.

Do you remember that girl in the early eighties
Allergic to everything
Everywhere that she went in her plastic tent
The doctors tried but they couldn't begin

To even understand her
And it's exactly the same for me
I don't understand her
She is as deep as the Baltic Sea.

Well it's no big deal, I'm not complaining
Sometimes things don't need explaining
She's my angel, that's the main thing
And that is never changing.
She's a mass of contradictions
A pick'n'mix of strange convictions
It can be a source of friction
But there are worse afflictions
Love doesn't make distinctions.

Now to make matters worse she claims the universe
Is expanding like a balloon
But baby if it's meant to be infinite
Then where is it expanding to?!

I don't understand you
You just don't make any sense to me
I don't understand you
You are completely logic free
I don't understand her, no no
She is uncharted territory

I don't understand her
But she's as lovely as she can be

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