

Thomas Dolby

"Oceanea"

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Cannonballs ricochet around the room
I hurry home to lick my wounds
I stumble home to Oceanea

A nightingale sang above my mother's tomb
Twilight in the afternoon
I stumble home to Oceanea

Not far from here
In some other ecozone
The crocuses are still in bloom
I stumble home to Oceanea

And I'm free
I'm soaring on a thermal wind
I'm learning how to shed my skin
I made it home to Oceanea

Not far from here
In some other ecozone
The crocuses are still in bloom
You stumble home to Oceanea

And you're free
You're soaring on a thermal wind
You're learning how to shed your skin
You made it home to Oceanea
You made it home to Oceanea

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