

Copyright

Copyrighted. Replicated with the kind permission of Peter Hammill (<http://www.sofasound.com>.)

Now we sit here in our special place, all wearing our happy faces gladly. Sunlight appears in our world, our joy has been turned from badness.?????
Now we've moved from love to love and it's easier that way. We are riding o?????n rainbows and happy today.????? Now we move to the sun in
every direction; we are cloaked in veils of mystic protection... joking a lo?????, smoking or not, floating our yacht off to freedom, voting t?????o be
Aquarian! ?????? I hold silver flashing metal in the palm of my petal hand, watching it quiver: to breathe too close is death - a?????h, but what is
breath but a way to deliverance? Soon we will all be joined in our great silver tube, wanting every one to come along, t?????hat means you too! Now
we move to the sun in every direction; we are cloaked in veils of mystic protection... mapping the way, clapping to say we're happy today, and assured
of the fact that we're all Aquarian!

Hardly any money... who needs bread anyway? Well, I mean to say, it's just a road to freedom! Everything's too funny; we just ride along so high, watch
the bad scenes floating by, who needs them? Soon we will all be joined in our great silver tube, wanting every one to come along, that means you too!
Now we move to the sun in every direction; we are cloaked in veils of mystic protection... Lighting the path, righting the past, fighting the dark like
centurions, writing our names as Aquarians!

Writing our names as we move to the sun, we're Aquarians.