Bob Geldof, Thinking Voyager 2 Type Things

This is the moment that we come alive
I'm handing out the breath and the kiss
I'm electric with the snap and the crackle of creation
I'm mixing up the mud with the spit
So rise up Brendan Behan and like a drunken Lazarus
Let's traipse the high bronze of the evening sky
Like crack crazed kings.

Voyager 2 where are you now
Looking back at home and weeping
Cold and alone in the dark void
Winding down and bleeping
Ever dimmer ever thinner
Feebly cheeping in the solar winds
I'll turn you up
Sail on sail on sail on
On past the howling storms
Through electric orange skies
And blinding methane rain
Sail on
I'll turn you up

Never bring me down to earth again
Let me blaze a trail of glory across the sky
Let me traipse across it's golden high
Let me marvel in wonder and unfettered gaze
At the bigness and implausibility of being

Yes stretch out your hands into infinity you human things
Past blind moons and ice cream worlds
You hurl your metal ball of dull intelligence
And show us all our fragile grip
As we too track with you
Slower but no less insistent
Like the only fertile seed
In the barren vault of being
Sail on
Hurtling towards the waiting tomb of empty worlds
Waiting for the final primary come of life
I'll turn you up

And I'm thinking big things
I'm thinking about mortality
I'm thinking it's a cheap price that we pay for existance
This is the moment that we come alive
This is the breath and this is the kiss

No we're in Paris
In the ball gowns
In the high heels
In the snow
And we're spinning round Versailles in a Volkswagen Beetle
That we'd hired for the day
(At the cheap rate)
The room without the shower was cold again
&amp;quot;Are we already middle-aged&amp;quot;, she said
And I said &amp;quot;I feel nothing
I feel like a jelly-fish&amp;quot;,
&amp;quot;Mabey it's the Portuguese Men-O-Pause&amp;quot;, she joked
And she laughed her brittle head
And we went back to bed
And I've been thinking about these things
I've been thinking about Voyager 2
And this is the moment that we come alive.

*Taken from the album &amp;quot;Vegetarians of Love&amp;quot;
*Written by Bob Geldof/Pete Briquette