

# Metallica, Astronomy

(S. Pearlman / A. Bouchard / J. Bouchard)

[Originally recorded by Blue Oyster Cult]

Clock strikes twelve and moondrops burst  
Out at you from their hiding place  
Like acid and oil on a madman's face  
His reason tends to fly away  
Like lesser birds on the four winds  
Like silver scrapes in May  
And now the sand's become a crust  
Most of you have gone away

Come Susie dear, let's take a walk  
Just out there upon the beach  
I know you'll soon be married  
And you'll want to know where winds come from  
Well it's never said at all  
On the map that Carrie reads  
Behind the clock back there you know  
At the Four Winds Bar

Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

Four winds at the Four Winds Bar  
Two doors locked and windows barred  
One door to let to take you in  
The other one just mirrors it

Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

Hellish glare and inference  
The other one's a duplicate  
The Queenly flux, eternal light  
Or the light that never warms  
Yes the light that never, never warms  
Or the light that never  
Never warms  
Never warms  
Never warms

The clock strikes twelve and moondrops burst  
Out at you from their hiding place  
Miss Carrie nurse and Susie dear  
Would find themselves at Four Winds Bar

It's the nexus of the crisis  
And the origin of storms  
Just the place to hopelessly  
Encounter time and then came me

Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

Call me Desdinova  
Eternal light  
These gravely digs of mine  
Will surely prove a sight  
And don't forget my dog  
Fixed and consequent

Astronomy...a star