

# Peter Hammill, Breakthrough

The visitors find the children gone from school:  
aged relatives sling their guns across the desks...  
There'll be no break-time for them unless  
they talk about tomorrow  
as though it's already on its way.  
Amen, oh yes, they're  
waiting for the breakthrough,  
waiting for the breakthrough in time.

The visitors hide no aces up their sleeves  
and the classroom pulses to many different drums.  
If only a breakthrough in time would come.  
If only a breakthrough in time would come  
there'd be some chance for the visited ones.  
We could talk about tomorrow  
as though we believed in that.  
We could talk about it right now,  
and it would come as a shock  
to feel the fingernail grow on the trigger finger  
still the visitors clock us  
waiting for the breakthrough,  
waiting for the breakthrough  
with time on our hands.

Waiting for the breakthrough,  
waiting for the breakthrough  
with time on our hands.  
(It's there all the time.)  
"(repeat to fade)"