

# Sense Field, Here Right Now

Radar's on, cruising low altitude  
Just a few more miles, till I elude  
Enemy planes coming from foreign skies  
With orders to demoralize

Holding hands in the underground  
Everything's here right here  
Everything's here right now  
All that is, is what is now

Who am I without your photograph?  
The wind blows through, this loveless craft  
Dodging the ghosts, haunting these vacant skies  
I've been out here so far  
I've been out here so long, demoralized

Holding hands in, the underground  
The walls above us are coming down

(Everything) here right here  
Everything's here right now  
All that is, is what is now  
Here right here  
Everything's here right now  
All that is, is what is now

We could take over

Here right here  
Everything's here right now  
All that is is what is now... everything