

# The Flower Called Nowhere

## Stereolab

All the small boats on the water aren't going anywhere  
Surely they must be loaded with more than simple matter  
Floating on top and gracefully tending to the same pole  
All the small boats on the water going nowhere  
Is it true that none of them will ever break free  
and sail?  
Feel the night is made of rocks, the stagnant mass  
Is it true that none of them, will ever break free and sail?  
Break free from the stagnant things left in obscurity  
Left in obscurity  
All the faces with their eyes closed giving a smile  
Weightless like a body that would vacate to its own light  
Is it true that none of these contented happy faces  
Will not ever hear a cry, won't hear a cry?  
Is it true that none of these contented happy faces  
Will not ever hear a cry?  
Filled with love not with desire, love not desire  
Is it true that none of these contented happy  
faces  
Will not ever hear a cry?  
Filled with love not with desire, love not desire  
All the small boats on the water aren't going anywhere  
Surely they must be loaded with more than simple matter  
Floating on top and gracefully tending to the same pole  
All the small boats on the water going nowhere  
Is it true that none of them will ever break free  
and sail?  
Break free from the stagnant things left in obscurity

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>