

# Halls of Columbia

## Pickwick

You said your work is in the air  
Touch me to complete the current of sound  
For the bass you sample the wind  
Everything is up and nothing is down  
Head rock has to vibrate well  
Thought symphonies to a machine  
Rip up your competitors' synth  
With stoned star children waiting out in the hall  
Form a line  
With your touch  
Electric soul  
The sound becomes physical  
Form a line  
Hear your words without speaking  
I know, I know  
I'm a child you can program me  
I can stand up so tall  
Take pills like the blue skull says  
Rot gut gut rot drink drink gut rot  
It's the anthem of a nation to the moon  
Jesus calling from a saucer flying below  
Touch me in my lonely life  
Love song singing from the earth to the moon  
Everything is up and nothing is down  
Touch me in the line to hear a sound  
The colors seen  
When you touch  
Electric soul  
the sound becomes physical  
Form a line  
Hear your words without speaking  
I know  
Talk Talk...

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