

Screaming Jets, The

"Rocket Man"

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She packed my bags, last night, pre-flight
Zero hour, nine a.m. and I'm gonna be high
As a kite by then
I miss the earth so much, I miss my wife
It's lonely out in space on such a timeless flight
And I think it's gonna be a long, long time
Till touch down brings me 'round again to find
I'm not the man they think I am at home
Oh, no, no, no, I'm a rocket man
Rocket man burning out his fuse up here alone
Mars ain't the kind of place to raise your kids
In fact it's cold as hell
And there's no one there to raise them if you did
And all this science I don't understand
It's just my job, five days a week
A rocket man, a rocket man
And I think it's gonna be a long, long time

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