

Chapin Harry

"Star Tripper"

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I have made a little music in some corners of the land

I have fused some crystal images from common grains
of sand

And if I haven't reached the heavens, I've surely
learned to fly

I've been caught up in the soaring and the touching of
the sky

But the startripper's coming on back home now

It's a crazy blind man's journey he's been on

The startripper's lost and all alone now

And it's your face he'd like to look upon

Yes, he's praying that you won't be long gone

They put you in a capsule, they send you towards the
sun

They carve you into plastic before you orbit's done

And all the scribes and seers they chorus out your
name

Though the photographs and headlines change the
story stays the same

So the startripper's coming on back home now

It's a crazy blind man's journey he's been on

The startripper's lost and all alone now

And it's your face he'd like to look upon

Yes, he's praying that you won't be long gone

I thought that I was soaring like an eagle
I thought that I was roaring like the wind
I thought that I had surely reached the end now
But I can't remember anywhere I've been
Was I looking for a star or something else behind it?
Whatever I was looking for, I surely did not find it
And for all my sky high journeys the only thing I know
Is that you almost always lose yourself when you let
yourself go
So the startripper's coming on back home now
It's a crazy blind man's journey he's been on
The startripper's lost and all alone now
And it's your face he'd like to look upon
Yes, he's praying that you won't be long gone

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