

**Fruvous Moxy****"Laika"**

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When I was 3, my mother said to me  
Eat up your greens and say your grave  
While on TV they put a dog in space  
And left here there... you should've seen her face  
When I was 5, the dream was still alive  
And Walter Cronkite said: "One day we'll earn our daily  
bread  
Conducting things in outer space"  
But still on earth I thrive... and you pretend I'm not alive  
And walk by with my substitute  
While I fasten the oxygen valve on my space suit  
When I was 8, we shared a cloackrack - it was great  
And I pretended I had so much on my plate  
I had a speech to write, about moonshot trajectory  
And during phonics class, perfected my delivery  
Now the band's playing "Hail to the Chief"  
While my capsule's out floating by some tropical reef  
all the experts can agree on, regarding your motives  
in the cape canaveral crash... is that they know nothing  
it puzzles me so...  
Now I'm full grown, and I've a spacecraft of my own

But there you sit, still upon your Earthly throne

Hey darling, throw this 'space-pup' a bone

Don't touch that dial, don't hang up that phone

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