

Jet Set Roger

"Apogee"

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Sailing round the true-blue sphere---
Is it too late to bale out of here?
Well, there has to be some better way
To turn back the night,
Spin on to yesterday.

The old man and his crew---
After all these years,
It's apogee.
Pilot training and remorse---
Spirit friends fly too,
At apogee.
Apogee --- solar bright.
Apogee --- through the night.
Apogee --- overground.
Don't think I'll be coming down.

Screened for a stable mate
With nerves of ice we flew,
At apogee.
No creativity allowed
To pass through stainless veins of steel,
At apogee.
Apogee --- put the kettle on.
Tight-lipped --- soldier on.
High point --- communicate.
Don't forget to urinate.

So glad they put this window in.
How to explain, how to begin?
See! Tennyson and Wordsworth there
Waiting for me in the cold, thin air.

Beware a host of unearthly daffodils
Drifting golden, turned up loud.
Tell the boys back home,
I'm gonna get some.

The Wrong Stuff's loose in here ---
I'm climbing up the walls,
At apogee.

So hoist the skull and bones ---
Death and glory's free,
At apogee.

A stranger wind, a solar breeze ---
I'm walking out upon the starry seas.
See pyramids, see standing stones ---
Pink cotton undies and blue telephones.

Goodbye, cruel world that was my home ---
There's a cleaner space out there to roam.
Put my feet up on the moons of Mars ---
Sit back, relax and count the stars.

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