

Mother Hips "The Cosmonaut"

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Yes its true we are worried about him
The loneliness is outrageous.
We've asked him a series of questions,
But his answer never changes

Who taught you how to play solitaire?
I can't remember that,

And when's the last time you put a comb through your
hair?
I really, really don't care about that.
At all

He can see you and touch you and claim to have met
you
But we all agree that he'll never get you
He is the one, who has no conviction
He is the victim of everyone else's opinion

And he is she, and she is we, and we is me, and me is
you
His radio is broken and there is nothing left to do.
He's the cosmonaut, The cosmonaut
He spending his time on his own a lot
The cosmonaut, The cosmonaut
It's causing him not to be easily talked to by anyone
Please talk to me,
Talk to me

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