

A Cursive Memory

"Major Tom"

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Standing here alone
The ship is waiting, all systems a go
Are you sure?
Control is not convinced, but the computer has the
evidence
No need to abort
The countdown starts

Watching in a trance
The crew is certain, nothing left to chance
All is working
Trying to relax, up in the capsule
"Send me up a drink", jokes Major Tom
The count goes on

4,3,2,1
Earth below us
Drifting, falling
Floating weightless
Calling, calling home

Second stage is cut
We're now in orbit, stabilizers up
We're running perfect
Starting to collect, requested data
What will it affect, when all is done?
Thinks Major Tom

Back at ground control
There is a problem, go to rockets full
They're not responding
"Hello Major Tom, are you receiving?"
Turn the thrusters on
We're standing by"
There's no reply

4,3,2,1
Earth below us
Drifting, falling
Floating weightless
Calling, calling home

Across the stratosphere
A final message, "give my wife my love"
Then nothing more

Far beneath the ship
The world is mourning
They don't realize, that he's alive
No one understands but Major Tom sees
Now that life commands
This isn't my home
I'm coming home

Earth below us
Drifting, falling
Floating weightless
Calling, calling
4,3,2,1
Earth below us
Drifting, falling
Floating weightless
Calling, calling home

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