

## Monty Python

### "Galaxy Song"

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Whenever life gets you down, Mrs. Brown,  
And things seem hard or tough,  
And people are stupid, obnoxious or daft,

And you feel that you've had quite eno-o-o-o-o-ough,

Just remember that you're standing on a planet that's  
evolving  
And revolving at nine thousand miles an hour.  
It's orbiting at nineteen miles a second, so it's  
reckoned,  
'Round the sun that is the source of all our power.  
Now the sun, and you and me, and all the stars that we  
can see,  
Are moving at a million miles a day,  
In the outer spiral arm, at fourteen thousand miles an  
hour,  
Of a galaxy we call the Milky Way.

Our galaxy itself contains a hundred million stars;  
It's a hundred thousand light-years side to side;  
It bulges in the middle sixteen thousand light-years  
thick,  
But out by us it's just three thousand light-years wide.  
We're thirty thousand light-years from Galactic Central  
Point,  
We go 'round every two hundred million years;  
And our galaxy itself is one of millions of billions  
In this amazing and expanding universe.

Our universe itself keeps on expanding and expanding,  
In all of the directions it can whiz;  
As fast as it can go, that's the speed of light, you know,  
Twelve million miles a minute and that's the fastest  
speed there is.  
So remember, when you're feeling very small and  
insecure,  
How amazingly unlikely is your birth;  
And pray that there's intelligent life somewhere out in  
space,  
'Cause there's bugger all down here on Earth!

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