

# Major Tom

## Ripplegroove

Standing there alone  
The ship is waiting, all systems are 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  
Four, three, two, one  
Earth below us, drifting, falling  
Floating weightless  
Calling, calling home  
Second stage is cut, we're now in orbit  
Stabilizers up, 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," not responding  
"Hello Major Tom, are you receiving?"  
Turn the thrusters on, we're standing by"  
There's no reply  
Four, three, two, one  
Earth below us, drifting, falling  
Floating weightless  
Calling, calling home  
Four, three, two, one  
Earth below us, drifting, falling  
Floating weightless  
Coming home  
Earth below us, drifting, falling  
Floating weightless  
Coming, coming home  
Home, home, home

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>