

# Major Tom

## Riplegroove

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

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