

Nobody Wants to Go to the Moon Anymore

Kelly Willis

Nobody Wants to Go to the Moon Anymore
I don't know a soul that wants to visit the moon
That bruise in the sky, that busted balloon
A big rotten egg trashing up the sky
A red-faced drunk with a hundred black eyes
And nobody wants to go to the moon anymore Nobody climbs on that big rocketship
They've all heard the stories of the turbulent trip
The truckstop's abandoned, the cook broke the grill
They kicked out the windows
Tainted each thrill
And nobody wants to go the moon anymore Your mother sailed to the moon on her senior trip
You were a sprout in time, a smile on her lips
She blew all her money the very first day
On a fist full of trinkets your grandma threw away And nobody wants to see the stars that were cast
Those black and white movies, the scenes from the past
The drive-in's deserted, every speaker's been tossed
The projector caught fire, every last frame was lost
And nobody wants to go
Nobody wants to go to the moon anymore Your father found work, he was raised on the midway
He hustled toys night and day
Kissed all the girls, won 'em all teddy bears
Woke up with love in his pockets... and gum in his hair Oh, I don't know a soul that wants to visit the moon
A dream left forgotten, it was conquered too soon
Why waste your stamp on a postcard so cheap?
Why take a step for mankind when the world's at your feet?
And nobody wants to go
Nobody wants to go
Nobody wants to go to the moon anymore

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