

Major Tom

Peter Schilling

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 abortThe countdown startsWatching 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 on4, 3, 2, 1
Earth below us
Drifting falling
Floating weightless
Calling calling homeSecond stage is cut, we're now in orbit
Stabilizers up, running perfect
Starting to collect, requested data
What will it effect, when all is done
Thinks Major TomBack 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 reply4, 3, 2, 1
Earth below us
Drifting, falling
Floating, weightless
Calling, calling, homeAcross the stratosphere
A final message, "Give my wife my love"
Then nothing moreFar beneath the ship, the world is mourning
They don't realize, he's alive
No one understands but Major Tom sees
Now the light commands, this is my home
I'm coming homeEarth below us
Drifting falling
Floating weightless
Coming homeEarth below us
Drifting falling
Floating weightless
Coming homeEarth below us
Drifting falling
Floating weightless

Coming coming homeHome

Home

Home

Home

Home

Home

Home

Home

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