

# One More Astronaut (Live George St.)

## I Mother Earth

One more astronaut in black skin  
Of universe  
One more travelin' man  
With heavy tired eyes, feeling cold  
Thinking around the clock of drinking  
On the job, of the powdered food  
And piss bags, never having sex and growing oldHead space alive and painless,  
Weightless and almost sane  
I close my eyes, I become the sky  
Head space alone and shameless  
Can't wait to find the faces  
I left behind in a troubled time  
Back homeIt gets so lonely you know  
Weeks and months alone chasing  
Sleep and space junk and the dying  
Stars I've known and loved  
Through true decline  
Of the five billion minds or so  
Through mudslides  
And earthquakes, the blue one holds  
And rolls alongOne more astronaut in  
Endless old universe with  
One more second chance at  
Wondering why he's here at all  
Bold are the ones who  
Come over the line to fall over  
The horizon never ones to fade away  
Then it hit me, this  
Cosmic pull and energy  
It kinda makes me wonder  
If I'll ever make it Back home

Songwriters

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