Gone to Earth

The American Analog Set

Worlds on end
Seen through
A rocket window screen
Millions left to roam
Engines burn
Beautiful and bright
Always bring me homeIf galaxies
Are places you've
Never been too far
Suns will fade
Both blind and lead the way
Home where you areAway away
Away awayThe receiver
In my rocket ship
Always stays in tune
To the right waveband
In galaxies unknown
Further suns in bloomAway away...

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