Major Tom

Robert Rigby

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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