Uncle Sam's On Mars

Hawkwind

Shoals of dead fish float on the lakes,
but Uncle Sam's on Mars
And science is making the same mistakes,
but Uncle Sam's on Mars
No one down here knows how to work the brakes,
but Uncle Sam's on MarsUncle Sam's on Mars, Uncle Sam's on Mars, Uncle Sam's on Mars, he's on MarsLayers of smoke in the atmosphere have made the earth too hot to bear
The Earth might be a desert soon, America has left the MoonUncle Sam's on Mars, Uncle Sam's on Mars, Uncle Sam's on Mars, he's on MarsHe's digging for dreams in the red sand
He's got his bucket and spade in his left hand
He's digging for dreams
He's looking for lifeWhat's he doing out there?
He's looking for life
Looking for life
There may be life out there(Nixon to Armstrong - July 21st 1969:)
I'm talking to you by telephone from the Oval Room in the White House.
And this certainly must be the most exciting telephone
call ever made here on Earth. I just can't tell
you how proud we all are. For every American this
has to be the proudest day of their lives. And
for people all over the world, I'm sure they too
join with us in recognising what a tremendous
achievement this is. For one priceless moment
in the whole history of Man.....MacDonalds Hamburger
Construction works
And he's looking for life
Looking for life to wind up
He's looking for life to stamp out
He's looking for life to grind out
He's looking for life, so mind outI hope you brought your credit card with you, and I hope you know how to drive on these long, lonely freeways and intersections we've got up here. We've got two cars in the garage, two cars in the garage, and drum-majorettes in white ankle socks and baton twirling on Sundays.
We've got stripes and the stars and Uncle Sam's on, Uncle Sam's on, Uncle Sam's on, Mars....

Songwriters

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