

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 Mars Uncle Sam's on Mars, Uncle Sam's on Mars, Uncle Sam's on

Mars, he's on Mars Layers of smoke in the atmosphere have made the earth

too hot to bear

The Earth might be a desert soon, America has left

the Moon Uncle Sam's on Mars, Uncle Sam's on Mars, Uncle Sam's on

Mars, he's on Mars He'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 life What'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 out I 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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