

One More Astronaut (Edit II)

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 old
Head 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 home
It 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 along
One 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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