Eve of the War

Jeff Wayne

At midnight, on the 12th of August,
a huge mass of luminous gas erupted from Mars and sped towards Earth.
Across two hundred million miles of void,
invisibly hurtling towards us,
came the first of the missiles that were to bring so much calamity to Earth.

As I watched, there was another jet of gas.
It was another missile, starting on its way.
And that's how it was for the next ten nights.
A flare, spurting out from Mars. Bright green, drawing a green mist behind it;

a beautiful, but somehow disturbing sight.
Ogilby, the astronomer, assured me we were in no danger.
He was convinced there could be no living thing on that remote,
forbidding planet.

The Astronomer

[Chorus]
The chances of anything coming from Mars
Are a million to one, he said (ahh, ahh)
The chances of anything coming from Mars
Are a million to one, but still, they come...

Then came the night the first missile approached Earth.
It was thought to be an ordinary falling star,
but next day there was a huge crater in the middle of the common,
and Ogilby came to examine what lay there.

A cylinder, thirty yards across, glowing hot,
with faint sounds of movement coming from within.
Suddenly the top began moving: rotating, unscrewing;
and Ogilby feared there was a man inside trying to escape.

He rushed to the cylinder but the intense heat stopped him before
he could burn himself on the metal.

[Chorus]

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