What Time Does The Next Miracle Leave?

Frank Sinatra

My name is Francis Albert
(Francis Albert Sinatra)
And I sing love songs mostly after dark, mostly in salons
I've had some very good years
I haven't missed a whole lot in those firecracker years
And I don't want to miss a thing, when the future appears
I like to sit outside on a summer night, with a drink in my hand
And a little moonlit music on the stereo, and look at the stars
Then I get an urge to travel through that fabulous sky
If they can do it in the movies, why can't I?
Seats are now available on the Satellite Special
Leaving for Mercury, Venus, Pluto, Saturn, Neptune
Here it is
What time does the next miracle, I want to be on board
Save me a seat by the window where I can see
All those marvelous things to be seen out there
(Where the things be green out there, all there)
What time does the next miracle leave?
Let's get this show on the road
And when the satellite tours begin
Count me in, count me in, count me in
Count me in, count me in, count me in
Count me in, count me in, count me in
Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one
When I arrive at Venus, it will surely be spring
And the girl I have waited for, will be waiting for me
And she'll dance with me all the afternoon
Comfort me when the darkness falls
And she'll still be there in the morning when I need her the most
Maybe when I get to Venus, I will never be lonely again
The Satellite Special leaving for Jupiter and Saturn
Leaving for Jupiter, Saturn, Jupiter, Saturn
Jupiter makes with the rain, Saturn makes with the crops
A nicer trade was never made, and hopefully never stops
If Saturn's fields are dry, Jupiter won't stay fat
So Jupiter leave his fortunes and that is that
Next stop, Pluto where the devils dwell
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha
Pluto is a rotten place, an evil misbegotten place

It's Hades
(It's Hades)
Filled with graduates of the defense
A sordid flock of criminal men
And ladies
(Ladies, ladies, ladies, ladies)
It's pure hell, when your journey ends there
But you can bet your ass, I'll lead a lot of friends there
(We're getting R A)
(Next stop, Mercury, Mercury, the messenger
Mercury, the messenger)
Mercury will lead us out to Neptune and his deep blue sea
(And then)
And then to Uranus
(Uranus)
Uranus is heaven
(Heaven, heaven, heaven)
(How will you know, Francis, if it's really heaven?)
How will I know?
I will know, if they need me at the station
With the cheese and tomato pizza
Well done
(Well done)
And a little red wine
The Satellite Special now leaving non stop for earth
Non stop for earth
Get me on board when the next miracle leaves
It's time we were getting on board
Please let me off at the desert, where I can see
All those wonderful things to be seen down there
(Will the trees be green down there, all there)

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