

# Apogee©

## DJ Cut Killer

Sailing round the true blue sphere  
Is it too late to bale out of here?  
Well, there has to be some better way  
To turn back the night, spin on to yesterday  
The old man and his crew  
After all these years, it's apogee  
Pilot training and remorse  
Spirit friends fly too, at apogee  
Apogee  
Apogee, solar bright  
Apogee through the night, night, night  
Apogee, overground  
Don't think, I'll be coming down  
Screened for a stable mate  
With nerves of ice we flew at apogee  
No creativity allowed  
To pass through stainless veins of steel at apogee  
Apogee  
Apogee, put the kettle on  
Tight lipped, soldier on, on, on  
High point, communicate  
Don't forget to urinate  
So glad they put this window in  
How to explain, how to begin?  
Mr. Tennyson and Wordsworth there  
Waiting for me in the cold, thin air  
Beware a host of unearthly daffodils  
Drifting golden, turned up loud  
Turned up loud  
The wrong stuff's loose in here  
I'm climbing up the walls at apogee  
So hoist the skull and bones  
Death and glory's free at apogee  
Apogee  
Apogee, solar bright  
Apogee through the night  
Apogee, overground  
Don't think, I'll be coming down  
A stranger wind, a solar breeze

I'm walking out upon the starry seas  
See pyramids, see standing stones  
Pink cotton undies and blue telephones  
Goodbye, cruel world that was my home and oh  
There's cleaner space out here to roam  
Put my feet up on the moons of Mars  
Sit back, relax and count the stars  
Two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight  
Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one  
Twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty  
Thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-four, thirty-five  
Thirty-six, thirty-seven, thirty-eight, forty  
Forty-one, forty-two, forty-three, forty-four

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