

Major Tom

I Hate Kate

Standing there alone
The ship is waiting
All systems are go
"Are you sure?"
Control is not convinced
But the computer
Has the evidence
No need to abort
The countdown starts

Watching in a trance
The crew is certain
Nothing left to chance
All is working
Trying to relax
Up in the capsule
"Send me up a drink"
Jokes Major Tom
The count goes on

4, 3, 2, 1
Earth below us
Drifting, falling
Floating weightless
Calling, calling home

Second stage is cut
We're now in orbit
Stabilizers up
Running perfect
Starting to collect
Requested data
"What will it affect
When all is done?"
Thinks Major Tom

Back at ground control
There is a problem
"Go to rockets full"
Not responding
"Hello Major Tom
Are you receiving?
Turn the thrusters on
We're standing by"
There's no reply

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Drifting, falling
Floating weightless
Calling, calling home

4, 3, 2, 1
Earth below us
Drifting, falling
Floating weightless
Coming home

Earth below us
Drifting, falling
Floating weightless
Coming, coming home
Home
Home
Home