

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...solar bright.
Apogee...through the 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...put the kettle on.
Tight-lipped...soldier on.
High point...communicate.
Don't forget to urinate.

So glad they put this window in.
How to explain, how to begin?
See! Tennyson and Wordsworth there
Waiting for me in the cold, thin air.

Beware a host of unearthly daffodils
Drifting golden, turned up loud.
Tell the boys back home,
I'm gonna get some.

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.

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
There's a cleaner space out there to roam.
Put my feet up on the moons of Mars
Sit back, relax and count the stars.