

## Space Suits

Peter, Paul and Mary

On the day we're born our soul is placed inside a special space suit

An amazing thing of flesh and bones, of fiber, tubes and cells  
Each suit is a different size, a different shape and color  
And it helps us get about the earth with other types of shells  
Astounding as it seems these suits are built to last a lifetime  
Though the measure of a lifetime seems to change from soul to soul

Some will last for many years and others but a moment  
Still, each suit has been assembled with a purpose and a goal

The control box for this special suit's located in three places  
And at any given time there's always one that takes the lead  
Causing all the other parts to follow blindly without question  
As they try to give the soul the things it needs  
The head (or brain) will analyze environmental input  
Using logic, rhyme and reason to design the body's plan  
The groin, much on the other hand, will travel on its instincts  
Hooking one suit to another when it can

But somewhere in the middle is the most amazing feature  
Often acting as the liaison; connecting part to part  
It's the auricle of destiny, the pulse of life, the center:  
It's the thing we have in common called the heart

On the day we die, though certainly it's open for discussion  
I believe the spacesuit has fulfilled its earthly chores  
Providing home and shelter for the fragile human spirit  
Till the time when it's not needed anymore  
Then the soul will find another suit (it's kind of like recycling)  
And though the lessons of the mind and of the groin are still in doubt  
It's when we learn to speak and listen firstly from the heart  
That our souls won't need these suits to move about

Somewhere in the middle is the most amazing feature  
Often acting as the liaison; connecting part to part  
No sweeter music ever came from any other organ  
Than the one we have in common (the one we have in common)  
The one we have in common called the heart