

# Amanda Palmer, Astronaut: A Short History Of Nearly Nothing

GO!

Uh.

Duh da da.

Uh.

Is it enough to have some love,  
small enough to slip inside a book,  
small enough to cover with your hand,  
because everyone around you wants to look?

It is enough to have some love,  
small enough to fit inside the cracks?  
The pieces don't fit together so good  
with all the breaking and all the gluing back.

And I am still not getting what I want.  
I want to touch the back of your right arm.

I wish you could remind me who I was  
because every day I'm a little further off.

But you are, my love, the astronaut,  
flying in the face of science.

I will gladly stay an afterthought,  
just bring back some nice reminders.

Is it getting harder to pretend  
that life goes on without you in the wake.

And can you see the means without the end  
in the random frantic action that we take.

And is it getting easy not to care  
despite the many rings around your name?

It isn't funny and it isn't fair;  
you've traveled all this way and it's the same.

But you are, my love, the astronaut,  
flying in the face of science.

I will gladly stay an afterthought,  
just bring back some nice reminders

Uuuu.

I would tell them anything to see you split the evening,  
but as you see I do not have an awful lot to tell.

Everybody's sick for something that they can find fascinating.

Everyone but you and even you aren't feeling well.

Yes you are, my love, the astronaut,  
crashing in the name of science.

Just my luck they have the upper half,  
it's a very nice reminder.

It's a very nice reminder.

Uh uh uh uh uh uh uh.

Uh uh uh uh uh.

And you may be acquainted with the night,  
but I have seen the darkness in the day.

And you must know it is a terrifying sight,  
because you and I are living the same way.