

Bad Astronaut, Catherine Morgan

It's strange to be here, with Dee
Among the strange it had to be
Over the gems, over the ice
Sheltered from the sun

Pissed in a cup in
The corner of what seems like a box
Trapped in the game
I know it's right
and sheltered from the pain

And captain tells us to enjoy
No one can smell the cobwebs and moss
I know this sounds ambiguous
But here's a different tune

One more day we raise the captain
The futile gesture isn't empty....yet

So i was up to a feeling
I haven't felt in over 5 years
The sound of failure isn't here.....yet