Kate Bush, Rocket's Tail

That November night, looking up into the sky,
You said,

"Hey, wish that was me up there--
It's the biggest rocket I could find,
And it's holding the night in its arms
If only for a moment.
I can't see the look in its eyes,
But I'm sure it must be laughing."

But it seemed to me the saddest thing I'd ever seen,
And I thought you were crazy, wishing such a thing.

I saw only a stick on fire,
Alone on its journey
Home to the quickening ground,
With no one there to catch it.

I put on my pointed hat
And my black and silver suit,
And I check my gunpowder pack
And I strap the stick on my back.
And, dressed as a rocket on Waterloo Bridge--
Nobody seems to see me.
Then, with the fuse in my hand,
And now shooting into the night
And still as a rocket,
I land in the river.

Was it me said you were crazy?
I put on my cloudiest suit,
Size 5 lightning boots, too.

'Cause I am a rocket
On fire.
Look at me go, with my tail on fire,
With my tail on fire,
On fire.
Hey, look at me go, look at me...