

# William Hung, Rocket Man

She packed my bags last night, preflight  
Zero hour, nine a.m.  
And I'm gonna be high  
As a kite by then

I miss the earth so much  
I miss my wife  
It's lonely out in space  
On such a timeless flight

And I think it's gonna be a long, long, time  
'Til touchdown brings me 'round again to find  
I'm not the man they think I am at home  
Ah, no no no...  
I'm a rocket man  
Rocket man  
Burnin' out his fuse  
Up here alone

And I think it's gonna be a long, long, time  
'Til touchdown brings me 'round again to find  
I'm not the man they think I am at home  
Ah, no no no...  
I'm a rocket man  
Rocket man  
Burnin' out his fuse  
Up here alone

Mars ain't the kind of place  
To raise your kids  
In fact, it's cold as hell  
And there's no one there to raise them  
If you did

And all this science  
I don't understand  
It's just my job  
Five days a week  
A Rocket Man  
Rocket Man

And I think it's gonna be a long, long, time  
'Til touchdown brings me 'round again to find  
I'm not the man they think I am at home  
Ah, no no no...  
Imma rocket man  
Rocket man  
Burnin' out his fuse  
Up here alone

And I think it's gonna be a long, long, time  
'Til touchdown brings me 'round again to find  
I'm not the man they think I am at home  
Ah, no no no...  
I'm a rocket man  
Rocket man  
Burnin' out his fuse  
Up here alone

And I think it's gonna be a long, long, time  
And I think it's gonna be a long, long, time  
And I think it's gonna be a long, long, time

Long, long, time

Long, long, time

Ah, no, no, no...

Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no, no...