

# Angie Aparo, 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  
Miss the Earth so much  
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  
Touchdown brings me 'round again to find  
Not the man they think I am at all  
Oh, 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  
I'm a rocket man  
Rocket man  
And I think it's gonna be a long, long, time  
The touchdown brings me 'round again to find  
Not the man they think I am at all  
Oh, no no no  
I'm a rocket man, rocket man  
Burnin' out his fuse up here alone  
I think it's gonna be a long time  
Think it's gonna be a long time  
And I miss my wife and I miss my kids  
I'm a rocket man, spinning around in a tin can