

David Fonseca, Rocket Man

She packed by bag 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

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

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Long, long, time
Long, long, time

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