

# Eureka Birds, Mars

With little atmosphere on Mars  
It's just an empty floating ball  
It's not for you  
It's not for me

Then there's the other one you see  
Close to the sun, it's Mercury  
It's burning hot  
And freezing cold

oh!  
It's not for me

Outside the buildings getting higher  
With trucks and cranes they never tire  
They build it up  
And burn it down

And all the empty land they leave  
It is no home for you and me  
It's empty space  
In the fire