

Harry Chapin, Star Tripper

I have made a little music in some corners of the land
I have fused some crystal images from common grains of sand
And if I haven't reached the heavens, I've surely learned to fly
I've been caught up in the soaring and the touching of the sky

But the startripper's coming on back home now
It's a crazy blind man's journey he's been on
The startripper's lost and all alone now
And it's your face he'd like to look upon
Yes, he's praying that you won't be long gone

They put you in a capsule, they send you towards the sun
They carve you into plastic before you orbit's done
And all the scribes and seers they chorus out your name
Though the photographs and headlines change the story stays the same

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I thought that I was soaring like an eagle
I thought that I was roaring like the wind
I thought that I had surely reached the end now
But I can't remember anywhere I've been

Was I looking for a star or something else behind it?
Whatever I was looking for, I surely did not find it
And for all my sky high journeys the only thing I know
Is that you almost always lose yourself when you let yourself go

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