

# Kate Bush, Rocket's Tail

That November night, looking up into the sky,  
You said,

"Hey, wish that was me up there--  
It's the biggest rocket I could find,  
And it's holding the night in its arms  
If only for a moment.  
I can't see the look in its eyes,  
But I'm sure it must be laughing."

But it seemed to me the saddest thing I'd ever seen,  
And I thought you were crazy, wishing such a thing.

I saw only a stick on fire,  
Alone on its journey  
Home to the quickening ground,  
With no one there to catch it.

I put on my pointed hat  
And my black and silver suit,  
And I check my gunpowder pack  
And I strap the stick on my back.  
And, dressed as a rocket on Waterloo Bridge--  
Nobody seems to see me.  
Then, with the fuse in my hand,  
And now shooting into the night  
And still as a rocket,  
I land in the river.

Was it me said you were crazy?  
I put on my cloudiest suit,  
Size 5 lightning boots, too.

'Cause I am a rocket  
On fire.  
Look at me go, with my tail on fire,  
With my tail on fire,  
On fire.  
Hey, look at me go, look at me...