

MUD, Rocket

Well-a well-a you changed your name
To Abigail Rocket Blast
And then they lined you up
For a Hollywood movie cast.
With ail them big cigars and motor cars
You thought you was a movie star

But Abigail Blast you sure are changing fast.

When you-a you-a you were knocking
At the agent's door
Because
because
because the silver screen
Is what a movie queen lives for.
They gave you minks.and dreams
In pinks and greens
You threw away your old blue jeans
But Abigail Blast they're using you.

Come on
come on
come on
now Rocket

I'm gonna launch you soon
Come on now Rocket
You're gonna reach the moon
You're gonna take off soon

You know your time will come
I'll give you three
two
one.
Now Rocket
I'm gonna make you soon.

I saw you sitting in the soda store
Where all the cast off stardust falls
Where they write their names on the floor
And hang their photographs on the walls.
Oh
but to me you still got sweet sixteen
Written on your old blue jeans

I'm getting rid of Abigail Blast.

I'll call you Rocket forget the past.
Come on
come on
come on
come on
now Rocket

I'm gonna launch you soon.

Come on
now Rocket