

# Say Hi To Your Mom, The Twenty-second Century

We dreamt it clearly,  
shush don't tell them:  
the blue craters and all the glass,  
the lush plant life,  
the lack of angles and the fluorescence, under stars.

Chorus:

But can you keep a secret?  
We're gonna be the kids who ruled everything  
in the twenty-second century.

Don't ever say that we'll never get there,  
we can start with our jars of coins,  
we'll build space suits made out of silver,  
we'll find a rocket in the rocket graveyard