

Zoetrope, N.A.S.A.

Oh say can you see spacecraft exploding in the air
By the early morning light seven families in despair
Watching their sons and daughters burning in the sky
Remnants plunge into the water but they already died

What so proudly we hail we thought they had all the brains
But in front of all the world we've been put to shame
In the sky no one left alive
The fault is yours and you can't deny their good luck passed them by

Whose broad stripes and bright stars led a perilous flight
That ended in disaster panic and frustration
You need another seven spacemen willing to take a chance
And dumb enough to trust you when you say all systems go

Rockets red glare bursting in air we thought they had all the brains
But N.A.S.A. proved otherwise that day in the sky
No one left alive died in the sky
The fault is yours and you can't deny their good luck passed them by

You know exactly why they're all dead
They couldn't survive. The fault was yours and you know just why
They're all dead
Now you got another seven astronauts dead
Their good luck had passed 'em by now they're dead
Another seven astronauts dead