

# Major Tom

Peter Schilling

Standing there alone, the ship is waiting  
All systems are go, are you sure?  
Control is not convinced  
But the computer has the evidence No need to abort The countdown starts... Watching in a trance,  
the crew is certain  
Nothing left to chance, all is working  
Trying to relax, up in the capsule "Send me up a drink", jokes Major Tom  
The count goes on 4, 3, 2, 1  
Earth below us  
Drifting falling  
Floating weightless  
Calling calling home  
Second stage is cut  
We're now in orbit  
Stabilizers up  
Running perfect  
Starting to collect  
Requested data  
"What will it affect  
When all is done?"  
Thinks Major Tom Back at ground control  
There is a problem  
"Go to rockets full"  
Not responding  
"Hello, Major Tom Are you receiving?  
Turn the thrusters on  
We're standing by"  
There's no reply  
Four, three, two, one  
Earth below us  
Drifting, falling  
Floating weightless  
Calling, calling home Across the stratosphere  
A final message  
"Give my wife my love"  
Then nothing more Far beneath the ship  
The world is mourning  
They don't realize  
He's alive  
No one understands  
But Major Tom sees  
"Now the light commands This is my home I'm coming home" Earth below us

Drifting, falling  
Floating weightless  
Coming homeEarth below us  
Drifting, falling  
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Drifting, falling  
Floating weightless  
Coming, coming  
Home  
Home  
Home  
HomeHome  
Home  
Home  
Home

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