

# **The Stowaway Astronaut**

## **A children's song by Peter Brunette**

1. You can call me a stowaway astronaut,  
Tell me I haven't the ghost of a shot—  
"Poor kid, for all of those dreams that you've got,  
You'd best keep your feet on the ground."

CHORUS 1: But I'm up on a rocket ship, sailing  
Over the moon and the stars,  
Up on a rocket ship, somewhere  
In between Saturn and Mars.

2. You can tell me I haven't got all the right stuff,  
A little too much or else not quite enough,  
But I hopped aboard on a bet or a bluff.  
Somebody said, "Four, three, two, one . . . "!

CHORUS 2: And I'm up on a rocket ship, sailing  
Over the moon and the stars,  
Up on a rocket ship, somewhere  
In between Saturn and Mars.

3. I walked up to the captain and said, "How d'you do."  
"Kid," she replied, "I was warned about you.  
But if you can handle a tight scrape or two,  
Ahoy, mate, and welcome aboard!"

CHORUS 3: "'Cause you're up on a rocket ship, sailing  
Over the moon and the stars,  
Up on a rocket ship, somewhere  
In between Saturn and Mars."

CHORUS 4: Hey, we're up on a rocket ship, sailing  
Over the moon and the stars,  
Up on a rocket ship, somewhere  
In between Saturn and Mars.