

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.