

500 HATS

TTTO: I'm Gonna Be (500 Miles)

Words copyright by Tom Smith

When I wake up, well, I know I'm gonna be,
I'm gonna be as poor as when I went to bed.
When I go out, well I know I'm gonna have,
I'm gonna have this feathered cap upon my head.

Go to market, well, the streets are crowded now,
But they're moving back in deference to the King.
When I see him, well I show respect and bow,
And take off my hat -- Hey! What's wrong with this thing?

I might wear five hundred hats,
And I might wear five hundred more,
But it's insulting to the King,
Oh, God, I see him coming o'er.

Down in Whoville, all the Who's way down in Whoville,
Well, you know they all liked Christmastime a lot.
But the Grinch, who lived just north of Whoville,
Well, you know that vile Mister Grinch did not.

In the Jungle, well, you know, down in the Jungle,
A young elephant named Horton hears a call,
And that dust speck, that dust speck'll be protected,
For a person's a person, no matter how small.

I do not like green eggs and ham,
I do not like them Sam I Am,
I do not like them here or there,
I do not like them anywhere.

When I leave home, I leave home to walk to school,
And to think I saw it on Mulberry Street.
And the Once-ler, up there lurking in his Lerkim,
Watched the Lorax lift himself off by his seat.

The Collapsible, Frink'll honk a Hinkle-horn,
Mister Brown can moo, he must think he's a cow.
Where's my moss-covered three-handled family gridunza?
You are lucky, did I ever tell you how?
Marvin K Mooney, will you please go now?

And I can lick thirty tigers today,
I had trouble getting to Solla Sellew,
And I can read with my eyes shut,
One fish, two fish, red fish, blue.

And I can wear five hundred hats,
And I can wear five hundred more,
And in one hat they'll be a cat
Oh, thank dear God, my kid's begun to snore.

OPERATION: DESERT STORM

Words and music copyright by Tom Smith

The land is burning and dry under Southwestern skies
My gut is churning but you won't see fear in my eyes
Nothing to lose as I climb in and look to the roads
Then light the fuse to the cannon which promptly explodes
 The blast sends me skyward and into freefall
 With one final thought as I head towards the wall
 I'll get that roadrunner if it's the last thing I do

If Murphy's Laws are religion, I must be a saint
What else explains semis bursting from tunnels I paint
A thousand Rube Goldberg nightmares lie smashed in my garage
How many falling pianos can that damn bird dodge
 From magnetic birdseed to dynamite darts
 I could buy General Mills with what I spend on parts
 But I'll get that roadrunner if it's the last thing I do

I should forget it, he's not big enough for a stew
My line of credit with Acme is ten years past due
Got no insurance, I can't sign the claims with my paws
In vile durance for breaking most E.P.A. laws
 Still my super genius will deal with that dunce
 Remember that I have to win only once
 And I'll get him someday perhaps I should try something new

My canyon compactor was perfect to echo my screams
My backpack reactor worked fine until I crossed the beams
My bomb extender snapped back with the lit T.N.T
My flying blender was just a tad quicker than me
 But I'm smarter, I'm stronger and he's merely fast
 Let's hear him beep-beep with his head up his ass
 And I'll get that roadrunner if it's the last thing I do

(Spoken) Eureka! That's it! Earthquake pills!

THE WITNESSES' WALTZ

Words and music copyright by Leslie Fish

Chorus: Twelve thousand, half million, million and more
Picnicking out on the warm water's shore
Nobody notes that we're always at hand
To watch all the spaceships that take off and land

Come along Harry and Mary and Joe
Pack up some lunches and everyone go
Fill up the camper, drive down to White Sands
And we'll pour the champagne when the space shuttle lands

It's the loveliest show on this earth that you'll see
It's living and real not just tape on TV
So come to Canaveral and bring lots of beer
When the spaceship takes off, we'll all stand up and cheer

Politicians ignore us, the media too
But if they don't notice, the ships always do
See her landing so lightly you'd swear that she cares
That she flies on two wings and a good million prayers

So come let's go witness the take-off today
While the world's biggest beach party cheers her away
We'll bang the drums proudly and blow on the conch
Leave a sign on your door that just says "Out to Launch"

WHEN I WAS A BOY

Words & music copyright by Frank Hayes

When I was a boy our Nintendo was carved from an old apple tree
And we garden hose to connect it to our steam powered color TV
But it still beat that ancient Atari 'cause I almost went blind don'tcha know
Playing Breakout and Pong on a video game hooked up to the radio

And we walked twenty miles to the schoolhouse, barefoot, uphill both ways
Through blizzards in summer and winter, back in the good old days
Back when FORTRAN was not even THREETRAN and the PC was only a toy
And we did our computing by gaslight
When I was a boy

When I was a boy all our networks were for hauling in fish from the sea
Our baud rate was eight bits an hour and our IP address was just 3
And you kids who complain that the World Wide Web
Is too slow, ought to cut out your bitchin'
'Cause when I was a boy every packet was delivered by carrier pigeon

And we walked twenty miles to the schoolhouse, barefoot, uphill both ways
Through blizzards in summer and winter, back in the good old days
Back when FORTRAN was not even TWOTRAN
And the mainframe was only a toy
And we did our computing by torchlight
When I was a boy

When I was a boy our IS shop built relational tables from wood
And we wrapped our data in oilcloth to preserve it the best that we could
And we carried our bits in a bucket, and our mainframe weighed nine hundred tons
We programmed it in ones and zeros and sometimes we ran out of ones

And we walked twenty miles to the schoolhouse, barefoot, uphill both ways
Through blizzards in summer and winter, back in the good old days
Back when FORTRAN was not even ONETRAN
And the abacus, ha, only a toy
And we did our computing IN PRIMORDIAL DARKNESS
When I was a boy

HARBORS

Words and music copyright by Anne Passovoy

It's seldom in Chicago that you see the stars by night.
The skies are red and angry with sodium vapor light.
But I have seen the heavens from a high and lonely place,
And I know that's the closest I'll ever come to space.

But I have seen the harbor and the tall ships point the way,
And my children or their children may go out there someday.

If I live a long time, and if mankind turns once more
To dare a present danger, to reach some future shore.
Then I may yet see pictures from distant foreign skies,
And know them for reflections in my children's questing eyes.

And I have seen the harbor and the ships are proud and bold,
And the children born this morning may already be too old.

In our mundane life there's no one happier than I.
I'm contented to live planetbound, for time has passed me by.
But my children and their children are well worth dreaming for.
The glories of tomorrow lie golden at their door.

But I have seen the harbor and the ship's departing gleam.
And the witnesses of wonders are forgiven when they dream.

But we have seen the harbor and the tall ships point the way,
And our children or their children will go out there someday.

FALLING DOWN ON NEW JERSEY

TTTO: Rolling Down to Old Maui

Words copyright by Mitchell Burnside-Clapp

It's a damn tough life far from home and wife that we astronauts undergo
And we don't much care when the mission's done just how far the ship did go
But you'll be sad to learn our de-orbit burn
Can't be made for our tanks are empty
And the fuel line's torn so you better warn all the folks in New Jersey

Ch: We're falling down on New Jersey, me boys
Falling down on New Jersey
So we thought it wise, we apologize to the folks in New Jersey

Well it's widely known that a ship alone would be burned up and destroyed
But the ship and crew we brought with us too an eleven-mile asteroid
When you've awoken all the folks in Hoboken and the profs at Princeton too
We'll divulge the fact that the rock's impact will be at seven thirty-two

Well why the shock, hell it's just a rock, are we just alarmist fools
But it has you see potential energy of ten to the nineteenth joules
With the rock's advance there'll be Buckley's Chance
That the Garden State'll be spared
And soon we'll show, if you didn't know, that $E^2 = \frac{1}{2} MV^2$

We'll strike a spark that'll cook Newark and will flatten Perth Amboy
And it won't be pretty in Atlantic City, you should shade your eyes in Troy
Even so, and yet we have one regret that we haven't the delta V
To push it forth just a few miles north 'til we've smacked on NYC

LITTLE FUZZY ANIMALS

Words and music copyright by Frank Hayes

When you land on Bailey's 7, you might not like what you see
There are monsters there behind each rock and up in every tree
There are demon flies up in the skies and manticores beneath
And there's little fuzzy animals with big sharp teeth

There are little fuzzy animals, little furry animals
Little fuzzy animals with big sharp teeth

Now, not all of the monsters there should fill you full of dread
For the demon flies speak English and they love to scout ahead
And the manticores will haul you through the swamp and through the mud
But the little fuzzy animals will drink your blood

Yes, the little fuzzy animals, little furry animals
Little fuzzy animals will drink your blood

Now when nightfall comes to Bailey's, with the darkness growing deep
The music of the jungle night will lull you into sleep
It's so restful and so peaceful that you'll never feel the pain
Of the little fuzzy telepaths that eat your brain

Yes, the little fuzzy telepaths, little furry telepaths
Little fuzzy telepaths that eat your brain

So, when you land on Bailey's 7 now, you'll know what lies in store
There are hordes of harmless fiends and gentle monsters there galore
But, with all the cute and furry ones, you know what you must do
Get those little fuzzy buggers before they get you

Get those little fuzzy buggers, get those little furry buggers
Get those little fuzzy buggers before they get you

LULLABY FOR A WEARY WORLD

Words and music copyright by T.J. Burnside Clapp

I wonder how my world can live with all the hate she harbors.
Sleep, my weary world.
And I'm scared of how long it may last and just how soon it all could end,
And I wish the power to stop it all could rest within my hands.

I see her people dying for such bold and bloody causes.
Sleep, my weary world.
And the bodies of the innocent are washed up on the lengthening shore,
While the rising tide of history just ebbs and flows again.

Oh, make me a cradle to rock my weary world.
Make me a gentle voice to soothe her when she weeps.
Make my arms strong enough to hold her when she wakes,
And make me a lullaby so sweet and fine,
That I can sing my weary world to sleep.

I wish that I could smooth away her jagged shards of hatred.
Sleep, my weary world.
And though my hands may bleed and burn, I'll hold my broken world to me,
Until her ugly scars have healed and peace may reign again.

Oh, make me a cradle to rock my weary world.
Make me a gentle voice to soothe her when she weeps.
Make my arms strong enough to hold her when she wakes,
And make me a lullaby so sweet and fine,
That I can sing my weary world to sleep.

And if her fighting will not stop I'll hold her that much closer,
And sing my lullaby above the noise and pain of war.
And if her bleeding I can't staunch, I'll bleed along beside her,
But I will not let her go, no, I'll never let her go.

And when the stars have all burned out, I'll sing to her in darkness,
Sleep, my weary world.
And pray a tender God may find me huddled in the dark and cold,

And grant the precious world I shelter one more chance to live.
May God grant my precious world another chance to love.

Oh, make me a cradle to rock my weary world.
Make me a gentle voice to soothe her when she weeps.
Make my arms strong enough to hold her when she wakes,
And make me a lullaby so sweet and fine,
That I can sing my weary world to sleep.

Make me a lullaby so sweet and fine,
That I can sing my weary world to sleep.

SWING A CAT

Words and music copyright by Meg Davis

It was just after midnight when I heard the captain shout
Curse the devil, behold, but there are rats about
They were streaming up the gangplank, they were climbing up the sheet
And every sailor had a hundred snapping at his feet

“What can we do,” cried the sailors as the rats began to dance
Here's a hopeless situation but we have one chance
Every man go ashore, searching this way and that
Don't dare to show your faces 'til you find a cat

Well we sprang to the docks and we bolted through the town
Every young man and old man searching up and down
Three hundred sailors on the loose, what do you think of that
And every salty sailor, sure he found a cat

Back to the ship we went running with our prizes
There were cats of many colors, there were cats of many sizes
When the rats saw us coming they began to shout
Curse the devil, behold, but there are cats about

Swing it high, swing it low, if it hollers let it go
If it's drowned there's only one way to take care of that
You must grab it by its feet, swing it high and swing it neat
You might save a life at that if you can swing a cat

Well, we let our kitties loose upon that unsuspecting horde
And the rats, by the thousands, scrambled overboard
They were swept out to sea, every germy little tail
With the morning light upon us then we hoisted sail

Now we sail the mighty ocean and we're such a happy crew
With our kitties here to help us though there's nothing much to do
If a cat catches two fish he is sure to give you one
And he'll sing you off to sleep when your day is done

Swing it high, swing it low, if it hollers let it go
If it's drowned there's only one way to take care of that
You must grab it by its feet, swing it high and swing it neat
You might save a life at that if you can swing a cat

'39

Words and Music by Brian May (Queen)

In the year of '39 assembled here, the volunteers
In the days when lands were few
Here the ship sailed out into the blue and sunny morn'
The sweetest sight ever seen
And the night followed day and the storytellers say
That the score brave souls inside
For many a lonely day sailed across the milky way
Never looked back, never feared, never cried

Don't you hear my call though you're many years away
Don't you hear me calling you?
Write your letters in the sand for the day I take your hand
In the land that our grandchildren knew

In the year of '39 came a ship in from the blue
The volunteers came home that day
And they bring good news of a world so newly born
Though their hearts so heavenly weigh
For the Earth is old and grey, little darling we'll away
But, my love, this cannot be
For so many years have gone though I'm older, but a year
Your mother's eyes, from your eyes, cry to me

Don't you hear my call though you're many years away
Don't you hear me calling you?
Write your letters in the sand for the day I take your hand
In the land that our grandchildren knew

Don't you hear my call though you're many years away
Don't you hear me calling you?
All your letters in the sand cannot heal me like your hand
For my life, still ahead, pity me

WELCOME HOME (The Nebulas Song)

TTTO: At Seventeen

Words and music by Janis Ian

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I learned the truth at seventeen that Asimov and Bradbury
And Clarke were alphabetically my very perfect ABC's
While Algernon ran every maze and slow glass hurt my heart for days
I sat and played a sweet guitar and Martians grokked me from afar
Odd John was my only friend among the clocks and Ticktockmen,
while Anne McCaffrey's dragons roared above the skies of Majipoor
Bukharan winds blew cold and sharp and whispered to my secret heart
"You are no more alone, Welcome home"

Tribbles came, and triffids went. Time got wrinkled, then got spent
Kirinyaga's spirits soared and Turtledove re-wrote a war
While Scanners searched, and loved in vain,
Hal Nine Thousand went insane
And Brother Francis had an ass whose wit and wile were unsurpassed
Every story I would read became my private history
As Zenna's People learned to fly and Rachel loved until we cried
I spent a night at Whileaway then Houston called me just to say
"You are no more alone so welcome home"

Who dreams a positronic man? Who speaks of mist, and grass, and sand?
Of stranger station's silent tombs? Of speech that sounds in silent rooms?
Who waters deserts with their tears?
Who sees the stars each thousand years?
Who dreams the dreams for kids like me whose only home is fantasy?
Let's drink a toast to ugly chickens, Marley's ghost, and Ender Wiggins
Every mother's son of you, and all your darling daughters, too
And when the aliens finally come, we'll say to each and every one
"You are no more alone so welcome home"
"Welcome home"

DAWSON'S CHRISTIAN

Words and music copyright by Duane Elms

Jayme Dawson was the Captain of the Christian and her crew,
And he flew and fought the Christian in the War of '82.
Now the Christian was the tightest ship 'tween here and Charlemagne,
And the crew of Jayme Dawson was the same.

On patrol in sector seven, keeping watch on Barber's sun,
They were jumped by three light cruisers though they weren't a match for one.
As they came to general quarters and they sent out the alarm,
Dawson's crew was sure they'd finally bought the farm.

No one living saw that battle though the fleet was quick to leave.
When they reached the site, they found a scene no sane man could believe.
Dead in space lay three light cruisers, cut to ribbons all around,
But no sign of Dawson's Christian could be found.

There are stories of the Dutchman, the Celeste, and Barnham's Pride,
There are stories of the Horseman and the Lady at his side,
But the tale that chills my spirit, more because I know it's true.
Is the tale of Jayme Dawson and his crew,
Yes, the tale of Dawson's Christian and her crew.

I was second mate on Hera's dream, a freighter of the line.
We were shipping precious metals to the colony on Nine.
It was on the second watch of that most uneventful flight,
When the pirate ships appeared out of the night.

Now to me there was no question, for they had us four to one,
And you can't fight dirty pirates when your freighter has no gun.
So we stood by to be boarded by a party yet unseen,
When another ship appeared upon our screen.

First we thought it just a pirate, but the vector was all wrong.
Then we thought it might be rescue, but the signal wasn't strong.
When she didn't answer hailing, we all felt an unknown dread,
For we saw her shields were up and glowing red.

Now the courage of that single ship is shown by very few,
But we never knew a ship could fly the way the stranger flew.
Never fearing guns or numbers, like a tiger to its meat,
The stranger then attacked the pirate fleet.

And the stranger's beams burned brighter than all beams I'd seen before.
And the stranger's shields were harder than the heart of any whore.
As the battle rent the ether, while we watched and shook our heads,
The pirate ships were cut to bloody shreds.
The pirate ships were cut to bloody shreds.

Just as quickly as it started then the fighting was all done.
For the pirate fleet was shattered and the stranger's ship had won.
Though we tried to call and thank her, not an answer could we draw,
Then she dropped her shields and this is what we saw.

There were thirty holes clear through her and a gash along one side,
And we knew that when it happened,
That no crew were left alive.
For the markings all said Christian, deep inside us each one knew,
'Twas the tomb of Jayme Dawson and his crew.

Now instead of flying off the stranger then began to fade,
First the hull, and then the bulkheads as we cowered there afraid,
For as the Christian disappeared the last to slip from view,
Were the bones of Jayme Dawson and his crew,
Yes, the bones of Jayme Dawson and his crew.

There are stories of the Dutchman, the Celeste, and Barnham's Pride,
There are stories of the Horseman and the Lady at his side,
But the tale that chills my spirit, more because I know it's true.
Is the tale of Jayme Dawson and his crew,
Yes, the tale of Dawson's Christian and her crew.

HOPE EYRIE

Words and Music copyright by Leslie Fish

Worlds grow old and suns grow cold, and death we never can doubt.
Time's cold wind, wailing down the past,
Reminds us that all flesh is grass, and history's lamps blow out.

But the Eagle has landed; tell your children when.
Time won't drive us down to dust again.

Cycles turn while the far stars burn, and people and planets age.
Life's crown passes to younger lands,
Time sweeps dust of hope from his hands and turns another page.

But the Eagle has landed; tell your children when.
Time won't drive us down to dust again.

But we who feel the weight of the wheel when winter falls over our world
Can hope for tomorrow and raise our eyes
To a silver moon in the opened skies and a single flag unfurled.

For the Eagle has landed; tell your children when.
Time won't drive us down to dust again.

We know well what Life can tell: If you would not perish, then grow.
And today our fragile flesh and steel
Have laid their hands on a vaster wheel with all of the stars to know.

That the Eagle has landed; tell your children when.
Time won't drive us down to dust again.

From all who tried out of history's tide, salute for the team that won.
And the old Earth smiles at her children's reach;
The wave that carried us up the beach to reach for the shining sun.

For the Eagle has landed; tell your children when.
Time won't drive us down to dust again.

For the Eagle has landed; tell your children when.
Time won't drive us down to dust again.