

off into outer space you go my friends
we wish you bon voyage
and when you get there we will welcome you again
and still you'll wonder at it all
see all the wonders that you leave behind
the wonders humble people own
I know a boy from a tribe so primitive
he can call me up without no telephone
see all the wonders that you leave behind
enshrined in some great hourglass
the noble tongues, the noble languages
entombed in some great english class
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an anthropologist he wrote a book
he called it "myths of heaven"
he's disappeared, his wife is all distraught
an angel came and got him
his hair was light, his eyes were love, his words were true,
his eys were lapis lazuli
he spoke in a language oh so primitive
that he made sense to me
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