

We got the Moon, it's ours for the taking  
We got the Moon, it's in our hands  
Look at the Moon, there's Armstrong-a-leaping  
He got the Moon, and he's our man.

Send our love to Russia  
Sympathy? Not much.  
Tell Brezhnev and his brethren:  
"We think you're out of touch."  
Big deal, you threw a boomerang,  
Laika, puppy in the sky.  
But our silver capsule landed.  
Man has never been so high.

The moon is heaven's eye.

It looks so very small from here,  
But it's really quite a trip.  
It always seemed impossible  
Got to move at quite a clip.  
Say Hello to the Future  
Though he's a bit behind the times.  
They scheduled him for yesterday,  
Now he's finally arrived.

(This transmission is coming to you from the moon.)

Bailey tossed a rope around,  
Now NASA reels it in.  
But old folks say they staged it  
On a backlot of MGM.  
Move over, Mr. President,  
No ticker-tape for you.  
These boys been lunar after all, man  
That golf ball really flew.

We heave hallelujahs hell-high  
To the moon-eyed sky.

The moon is heaven's eye.