

Moon 69

Count Zero

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.