

The Further Adventures Of Starsinger

Kathy Mar

Well it's years since [Tallow?] died and I continued on alone
With the sassiest computer that this galaxy has known
It critiques my words and music, and rewrites my favorite jokes

But it moves so slow we've only made it up and down two spokes
And the rim worlds're lovely though they are so poor it hardly
Pays
And their cities are so far and few we wander lost for days.

And I should have set up closer to the spaceport
But the spacers think that makes me open game
They all think they are god's gift to every woman
And they're surprised to find I just don't feel the same.

Well I think that where I'm sitting is the corner of the street

I have been here for an hour watching all the passing feet
I've been singing all my best new songs and all the standards t
oo

>From SF to folk to rock to something borrowed something blue
And my hat is full but I'm not sure if it is food or cash
For all I know it just might be the place they put their trash.

And I should have set up closer to the spaceport
But the spacers are so drunk they're all but numb.
They ask for "Banned from Argo," "Melancholy Baby,"
And the one that goes, "da dum da dum da dum."

Well I'm thinking about giving up this roving life of mine
And going back to where the tips and crowds are always fine
And I'll sing out on the corners on the planet of my birth
'Cause I've heard my stuff is still for sale most everywhere on

Earth

And I'll be a local songbird, not a wild goose out in space
Cause I've found my favorite audience is still the human race.

And I'll set up on the corners at the spaceport
And relieve the spacers of their surplus pay
And whenever some slick fool tempts me to wander
I'll just tell him that I'd really rather stay.