

Armstrong

Lobo

Black boy in Chicago
Playin' in the street
Not enough to wear
Not near enough to eat
But don't you know he saw it
On that July afternoon
Saw a man named Armstrong
Walk upon the moon

Young girl in Calcutta
Barely eight years old
The fly's that swarm the market place
Will see she don't grow old
But don't you know she heard it
On a July afternoon
Heard a man named Armstrong
Walk upon the moon

River's getting dirty
The wind in getting bad
War and hate are killing off
The only earth we have
But the whole world stopped to watch it
On that July afternoon
Watched a man named Armstrong
Walk upon the moon

And I wonder if a long time ago
Somewhere in the universe
They watched a man named Adam
Walk upon the earth