

Astronaut

Professor Green

She was on her way home, he was lying in wait,
Insistence from others had never led her astray,
She ended her day,
Was persuaded by summer air to walk instead of getting the train,
The decision so innocent as innocent as she,
Uncorrupted so innocent and sweet
An innocence interrupted by an incident
A dissonance, two people so different in beliefs
She came from the depths and ascend, bumped into he who demented,
Intent on inflicting the same pain that been lent him
A decision made by he for she had never consented.
And unprovoked the most venomous attack,
He took from her that which she can't get back,
And left her with that that she can't get rid of
Which is why whenever it's time for lift off she,

She builds a rocket out of stars in her spoon,
Straps up, the only way to make it to the moon,
Dear god, I hope you haven't forgot
This young brave astronaut.

A habit she never wanted,
A pain she needed numbing,
And she'd rather feel nothing than the pain
An evening she can't forget,
Memories she can't stomach
Not for nothing but the needle in her vein,
Friends she ignored till the phone stopped ringing,
Till the door stopped knocking,
Her door she only opens to let him in,
But she has no money so she lets him come
You can take that either away
A window she rarely opens so she can see the day,
Her stove she only uses to heat her spoon,
For her the only way she can reach the moon.

She builds a rocket out of stars in her spoon,
Straps up, the only way to make it to the moon,
Dear god, I hope you haven't forgot
This young brave astronaut.

Looking up, looking up, looking up for the young brave astronaut
Give it up, give it up, give it up for the young brave astronaut
I know that you're busy, but any time you got,
God please make a visit,
To the young, to the young, to the young,
To the young brave astronaut

She opens the window for a glimpse out
Heats a spoon over the stove,
Feels a familiar sting and then slips out
With a window that isn't quite closed,
With her window open, her stove still lit,
Along with the rain came a gust of wind,
Which blew the fire out,
Gas still running and her still breathing the gas in.

She builds a rocket out of stars in her spoon,
Straps up, the only way to make it to the moon,
Dear god, I hope you haven't forgot
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