

Gravitational Forces

Robert Earl Keen

Gravitational forces
The time is 8:45
15 minutes shy of competing the 4-hour sound check
It usually takes an hour and a half

The room reminds me of a putt putt golf course
A twenty foot crimson alien stands in the corner
An air stream flying saucer juts out of the wall
Plastic asteroids the size of oil drums rain down from the ceiling
Someone pointed out they look like giant turds

We are here to play music
Music I have a relentless passion for
We are hurtling through space at 66,000 miles an hour
We have traveled over 247,500 miles
Since we arrived here at five

Maybe this is the wrong galaxy
Maybe we have broken a time barrier
And time is slowed by the gravitational forces
Of two fellow spacemen

Two fellow spacemen who were on this planet when we arrived
Who have no passion for music
Or anything else in this tasteless solar system
Or anything else in this tasteless solar system