

# Not As Good As The Book

The Tangent

Called into life comes a man knuckled down, broken in, but already working  
Slightly bemused by the new world he finds himself in  
Adapting his thoughts to environments strange and bizarre,  
He never thought to encounter,  
Running his fingers through things he once read of in books

And all of it seems so unclear  
It's not the future he once held so dear  
But there's always tomorrow, always today  
There's always something in the way

He grew up with Eagle – computers that plotted his courses to far distant planets  
But ended up in a grey office suite, with Excel  
Now he finds routes to the goals of his peers  
And the vast empty space of their pockets  
Crossing the vacuum that lies between sci-fi and hell

And all of it just seems so drear  
It's not the future we once held so dear  
But there's always tomorrow, always today  
(The future never looks  
There's always something in the way  
(Like It reads in the books)

And is this the dream I had as a child?  
To see moons from whatever side...  
Exploring space with flashing lights  
To ride in the pod at Virgil's right  
To boldly go where no man went before  
To take chicks along just to settle the score  
I smile and press the key  
And see Uncle Microsoft smiling right back at me

If I could take on those adventures  
Have I reached the point where I'd rather stay at home?  
And is the comfort of the slippers worth trading  
For an evening in the Federation Neutral Zone?

It's half past nine on Tuesday morning  
And still nobody's landed yet on Mars  
But if I get my quota finished there might be time  
For a swift half in the bar

What happened to me?  
Was it a turning that I took?  
What happened to the future?  
It's not as good as the book.

They went to space in an old tin of beans haphazardly strapped to a firework  
,  
With less than a ZX81 to direct them back home...  
We sit here with Gigs (abytes) and just twiddle our thumbs,  
While personalising our desktops  
Raising the firewalls and hoping the heatshields can hold

I watched Buzz Aldrin step out of the tin, to the Moon and start his adventure

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That seems to end here with a nice coloured "skin" for my phone  
I see those steps through a digital stream and a mass of hot burning plasma  
Neatly wrapped up on a 50 inch screen in my home

And though the pictures aren't clear  
There's so much more there than I'm wanting here  
And there's always tomorrow, always today  
(The future never looks  
There's always something in the way.  
(Like It reads in the books)