

Song For A 5-String Guitar

I still play guitar, but it don't mean much up here,
I mean who the hell's to hear?
I broke a string too, and you can't buy guitar-strings
A hundred light-years beyond Proxima Centauri

The others are all dead,
Something moved through the crew like a rumour,
The computer's dead, the guidance-system gone,
I'm all alone now
And if I could be anywhere I'd be back home, sat on a bench in the park, even with a cold

Sometimes I hear noises in an air-lock.
Oh, I wish I could roll a decent spliff,
I figured at least I'd be somehow nearer God out here
So I started praying but the conversation drifted,
Now either God's zoned out or He just don't exist

Oh, what I'd give just to hold a woman
I've been thinking a lot about you,
How there were as many different yous as there were raindrops.
Sometimes you were as fragile as a paper ballerina,
Sometimes it's like I just made you up
To help pass the time

Mallon left some douchebag rock star's biog,
I laughed myself all the way to despair,
Right now I feel like I might just drift forever,
It's a long, long time since I last felt immortal,
Before my life turned out as shapeless as the arse of old leather jeans ...

Maybe I'll crash-land on some planet,
Get some repairs done to the ship and head for home,
I always was a sucker for happy endings,
That's why I sit here strumming like some bargain-bin Apollo
On a five-string guitar I can't even be bothered to tune