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Am Em
The choice comes for everything living
Am
The challenge to grow or to die
Dm Am
To stay in the dust with the earthworms,
Em Am
Or to soar with the birds in the sky.
Dm Am
The stars now are calling to mankind
Dm Am
To abandon the world of their birth.
Dm Am
The bold ones will answer them gladly,
Em Am
And the meek will inherit the Earth.

Dm Em Am
The deeps of space are calling,
Dm Am
Past the moon, past the orbit of Mars.
Dm Am
So let the meek inherit the Earth,
Em Em7AmEm Am
While the rest of us go to the stars.

Pollution and war and disaster,
May leave nothing human alive;
With all of our eggs in one basket,
How do we expect to survive?
Will we give the world back to the insects,
And blow our own species to Hell,
Or find a new home in the Heavens?
Now only the future will tell.

The moons and the planets are waiting,
In space, where our future belongs;
There's a place for explorers and builders
For dreamers and singers of songs
There are riches beyond all accounting
And wonders past anyone's dreams,
There is time for the longest of journies,
And space for the grandest of schemes.

So come men and women and children,
To the spaceports and let us embark.
It's time to climb out of the cradle,
Unless you're afraid of the dark.
Though ruin and death may be waiting,
At least we've the stars for our goal.
Far better to fail on the journey,
Than to stay and let fear rot your soul.

Now is the time for decision;
Our closed world is open at last.
Will we go forth and build our own future,
Or stay with the ghosts of the past?
The spaceships stand ready and waiting:
Will we use them or leave them to rust?
Will we rise on their fire like the Phoenix,
Or lie down with the worms in the dust?

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From the Songbook of Steve Savitzky