

Stuck Here...

Stuck Here on a Starship for a Hundred Years Without No Body Blues

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Music: Talking Blues (traditional arr. Savitzky)

G C
When you build a ship to sail deep space

D7
You can't have a crew of mortal race

G C
'Cause a hundred years from star to star

D7
With a human crew is just too far.

G
Think of all the beer you'd have to carry.

C
Not to mention food.

D7
And, uh, other necessities.

So you fill your ship with a robot crew
And you build a computer captain, too.

You get some experience for free
From some old spacer's personality.

Maybe an old shuttle pilot
Who's just learned from his last mistake.
That's where I come in.

So you take some bloke who's halfway dead
And you haul him home and you
scan his head

And a hundred years of flying high
Is a damned good deal when you're
about to die.

'Til you've had a decade or two to
think it over.

Gets *lonely* out here.

A thousand frozen colonists don't count.

So there behind my solar sail
Are five hundred hunks of frozen tail
But if I thawed one and you know I could
It wouldn't do me a bit of good.

What would I *use*?

I've got no damned body, just a starship.
Couldn't even... oh, the heck with it!

Now a couple of billion miles astern
It's another lonesome sucker's turn.
So I'll radio back and say "Hey you—
Oh, I didn't know they took women, too!"

"Lovely night tonight, isn't it?
Look at all them pretty stars.
Yeah, me too."

So we'll talk, and murmur "I love you"
Like other star-crossed lovers do
And in eighty years we've made a date—
Did you ever see two starships mate?

We've got our robot crews,
And we figure they can put together—
Oh, none of your damned business!

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