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 To the tune of "Witnesses' Waltz" by Leslie Fish

Winner of the 2009 Kazoo award in the "Recycled Fish" category.

C F C G
 Come along Harry and Mary and Fred
 C Am F G
 Let's find some excitement, man, this joint is dead.
 C Am F G
 Pack up the crap game, drive down to White Sands,
 F C G C
 And we'll make bets on whether the Space Shuttle lands.

C G Am G
 Sadists and perverts and thrill-seekers we,
 C Am F G
 Loitering out on the shore of the sea.
 C F C F
 No one admits that we're having a bash
 C G C
 As we watch all the spaceships that blow up and crash.

The most violent show on this Earth that you'll see,
 All the more 'cause it's real, not just faked on TV.
 Drive down to Canaveral and guzzle lite beer
 When the shuttle blows up we'll all secretly cheer.

Politicians adore us, the media too,
 Getting rich on disaster as they always do,
 And perverts who lust for explosions and gore
 Haven't been so turned on since the Persian Gulf War

It was a long time before I got up the courage to sing this in public. It was even longer before I admitted to having written it. At least Leslie didn't kill me for it.

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 HyperSpace Express from Steve Savitzky's songbook