

Talking Fuel

Lyrics ©1985 Stephen Savitzky & Cynthia McQuillan. All rights reserved.

Music: Talking Blues (traditional arr. Savitzky)

G C
I was picking my guitar one night
D7
And I got quite confused
G C
When I found that half the songs I know
D7
Work as a talking blues.

Remember good old Greensleeves,
And darling Clementine?
It doesn't take a bit of work
To make them scan just fine.
For example,
Here's one you might recognize...

A hundred parsecs out
On a ship called Borman's Fate,
The engineer, McClellan
Sent the word down to the mate.

Our engine's growing cold, he said,
And soon our ship will die
If we can't find a planet
With fuel to feed the drive.
See what I mean?

Now Cindy probably doesn't mind—
I think she'd be amused
To hear her "Fuel to Feed the Drive"
Done as a talking blues.

I'm not the one with problems,
But if Frank Hayes hears this song,
He might try "God Lives on Terra"
And he might not live too long.