

## 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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 HyperSpace Express from Steve Savitzky's songbook