FOLLOW THE RISING STARS

Lyrics and Music © 1987 by Bill Roper

Em Am Em
Stand by me, lad, and take a look around,
Em B7
And tell me what you're seeing as you stand here on the ground.
Em Am
Five billion sons of Terra all would call you mad
Em B7
Em
If you told them of the things you've got – the things they might have had.

(Chorus)
Em D Em G
Follow the rising stars, out into space.
Em D Em G
Follow the rising stars, to a better place.
G D Em
To a better place.

Out there in space, there's new worlds to be won:
Eight planets, forty moons a-spinning round the Sun.
A million asteroids twixt Jupiter and Mars
All drift between the glory of the incandescent stars.

(Chorus)

There's work out there, a-crying to be done,
But still it's not the kind of job for everyone.
The error one man makes can kill a hundred more,
And though you think I`m joshing, men have died that way before.

(Chorus)

The future's there, not on this clod of earth,
Although it's still the place that gave all mankind birth.
But now it's overrun, polluted through and through,
And though it's fit for them, lad, it's just not for me and you.

(Chorus)

There's room out there, but only for the best.
The kind of man who somehow stands apart from all the rest.
So if you want it, you've the chance to leave this place,
For you're the kind of man that we want sailing out in space.

(Chorus)

This was my first attempt at a "Let's go out to space song. I think I've done better later.