

Words and Music: Bill Roper
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Four Stars

Asus2 **G**
I am the backup pilot on the liner Mandalay.
D **Asus2** **E7**
There's nothing that I need to do while the ship is underway.
Asus2 **G**
The pilot's in the cradle as we leap to hyperspace.
D **E7** **Asus2**
The computer seeks solutions leading to another place.
D **Asus2**
And I have got the talent, but I cannot take the pain
G **E7**
That hyperspace unshielded sends directly to your brain.
Asus2 **G**
So I will be the backup for a fraction of the pay.
D **E7** **Asus2**
The pilot earns each dollar on this trip to faraway.

(Chorus)

Asus2
Give me one star for direction,
E7sus4
And two to make a plane.
D6
Three to lock the fix in
Dm6
And four to prove we're sane.
Asus2
With just four stars to steer by
E7sus4
There's solutions to be found
D6
And I'm the guy who has to fly
Dm6 **Asus2**
And take us homeward bound.

The viewports are all shuttered and the party's going on.
The passengers don't give a damn for the man who's got the conn.
His pain the fuel that keeps the ship suspended in the jump
While computer seeks solutions that will take us cross the hump.
But the minutes turn to hours and the hours to a day
And I'm the only one who knows the price he has to pay.
Thirty hours in hyperspace until he takes the fall.
We see new constellations that we've never known at all.

The pilot's done, he will not fly again upon this trip.
Now I'm the one who has to be the master of the ship.
The passengers are panicked and the Captain turns to me.
"Get your butt into the cradle and find out what we can see."
Computer scans the foreign sky for places that we know.
Sag A is an easy one, so just three more to go.
Without a fix, another jump will only leave us lost
And I'm afraid that when we jump, I cannot pay the cost.

(Bridge)

G	D	Asus2
"Last jump was a crazy one," computer says to me.		
G	E7	
"We shifted into hyperspace on a jump gone wild and free.		
Asus2	G	
And there were no solutions that would lead us to the light.		
D	E7	Asus2
The odds are good that this time everything will be all right."		

The fourth star's in the pocket to prove the other three.
We fell a thousand light years from the place we meant to be.
We've got the fix, I tell computer that it's time to fly
And feel the hyperspatial pain under ultraviolet sky.
"It's all right," computer tells me, though the pain does not agree.
I've got to hold us here till a solution sets me free.
For forty seven minutes, I'm a pilot once again
Till familiar constellations mean we've reached our journey's end.

(Chorus twice)

And I'm the guy who has to fly
And take us homeward bound.