

HYPERSPACE

1

Lyrics © 1989 by Bill and Gretchen Roper

Music © 1989 by Bill Roper

D C G A D C G
When you're two weeks out into hyperspace and you've read all the magazines
D C G A D C G
And the girl you left is a parsec back, but she's filling all your dreams
D C G A D C G
Till you wake in a sweat with empty arms and a dirty sock in your face,
D C G A F G
And the drummer moans, and the bassist snores, and you find you cannot face
D
Hyperspace.

(Chorus)

A E D A
Press Enter to continuum, while you still can keep your head.
A E D A
Press Enter to continuum, before someone ends up dead.
A E D A
Press Enter to continuum, she'll be waiting when you land.
C D E
Hear her voice, see her smile, take her hand.

When you're three weeks out into hyperspace and the air is full of haze,
And the stuff you smoked shut the filters down and the drummer's in a daze
From the pills that he got on Altair 4 - never seen such a happy place.
He's flying high, he's floating free, but he still cannot erase
Hyperspace.

Press Enter to continuum, looking for the things you lack.
Press Enter to continuum, while your brain is still intact.
Press Enter to continuum, cause you know you're planet bound.
Feel the chord, play the riff, taste the sound.

(Bridge)

Bm F#m
Breakout coming soon and you know you must rehearse
A G A
Cause the lyric's wrong and you're singing flat and it's gone from bad to
verse.
Bm F#m
Drums can't keep the beat - a string's popped on the bass.
A G A Bm F#m C G
A
You swear it's the worst you've ever heard, and you know it's hyperspace.

When you've been four weeks in hyperspace and you finally hit the ground,
And you take the stage, and the lights go down, and you fill the room with
sound,
And the energy that flows between is like a lover's warm embrace,
It's a musical high for a four man mind, and it reminds you why you face
Hyperspace.

HYPERSPACE

2

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Music © 1989 by Bill Roper

Press Enter to continuum, beat the drums and play guitars.

Press Enter to continuum, cause it's time to be the stars.

Press Enter to continuum, and you've never felt so grand.

Hit the notes, play the song, be the band.

C

D

A

Hit the notes, play the song, be the band.

*One of the bits that we wrote for the first SpaceTime Theater show centered around what was -- charitably -- the worst rock band in the galaxy, **Press Enter**. Actually, the band would have been fine if the computer controlling their performance-enhancing implants was working, but it wasn't. Nor would it ever be used during the course of the three bits that we wrote about the members of this unhappy little band and their manager, played by R.J. This was fortunate since, of the four people on stage playing, I was the only one playing an instrument (guitar) I was actually familiar with. Jerry played guitar, but was handed a bass to play; Doug was given a Unisynth, the Hammond chord organ of guitars; while Mike was given a rather sorry drum machine which he did not, by any stretch of the imagination, play well.*

*Of course, every band, no matter how bad, gets around to writing a song about being a band -- at least, if they're together long enough. And it seemed like **Press Enter** had been together for a very long time. **Hyperspace** was this band's song.*

And at that first Confusion show, the band played the opening chords, Doug and I leaned into the single mic to start to sing, and the extended stand slowly sank into itself, so that we sang the entire song hunched over to the height of Munchkins.

You can't buy comedy like that. Stands only collapse on cue when the performers are least expecting it.

*The three completed **Press Enter** songs are **Hyperspace**, **Dark Star Lady**, and **Teenage Popsicle Girl**.*

*Someday, Gretchen and I must finish writing **Hellbombs From Planet 9**.*