

Words and Music: Bill Roper
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Rare Earth

(Chorus)

Asus2

There are so many worlds.

E7sus4

There are so many chances

D6

For a world where life whirls

Dm6

For a world where life dances.

Asus2

But a world that's like ours

E7sus4

Is a world that's so strange

D6

That a world where life flowers

Dm6

Asus2

May be hard to arrange.

Asus2

G

Earth is just the right size and in just the right place

F

E7

With a hot iron core to protect us from space,

Asus2

G

Spinning round and around making magnetic fields,

F

E7

Saving our air from the wind the sun wields.

D

A

We stand on a crust made of tectonic plates,

E7

A

Recycling old rocks as they slide 'neath their mates.

D

A

Building new mountains on which we can climb

G

E7

In a billion year cycle that's running down time.

Not too much water and not too much air,

Nor too little of each or life wouldn't be there.

The balance is fragile, or so it would seem,

Watching Venus and Mars as they lifelessly gleam.

There are worlds that we know orbit far distant stars,

But none of them seem quite as lovely as ours.

Just a bit larger may be much too large

With an ocean of atmosphere firmly in charge.

(Bridge)

D **Asus2**
The world that we love is a world that can kill

E7sus4 **Asus2**
Tossing us dangers with a bit of ill will.

D
Sending tornados

Asus2
And super-volcanos

G **D**
We may need a world we can barely survive

F **E7**
To find a place where life's gonna thrive.

How tight do all the numbers have to be
For a planet fit for habitability?
Too much of this or too little of that
And our search for life simply ends up flat.
We stand on a planet so incredibly rare,
Just hostile enough to keep us in air.
Mother Earth has to be cruel to be kind,
Breeding up life and breeding up mind.