

# My Father's Rocket Ship

(Inspired by Ray Bradbury's 'The Rocket' from 'The Illustrated Man')

Phillip Mills

C G6 C G6 C Cadd9 Em/B

Lo - - ren - zo runs the scrap yard now, by the  
 (My) fa - ther longed for one space trip; I \_\_\_  
 (I'll) pack for space by morn - ing, or \_\_\_  
 Once up - on a time our child - ish  
 (In) eve - ning's calm it all seems clear: I'll  
 (We're) far in - to the junk - yard star - ing

Am Asus2 Em F Fadd9 F C

house that was our fami - ly's, And some - times when I vis - it Earth I  
 thought I'd be a cap - tain But, like him, set - tled for a sha - dow;  
 ne - ver will be leav - ing To feel the thun - der throw me like a  
 laugh - ter filled a ca - bin While Mars, the moon, and met - e - ors flew  
 find no wealth nor glo - ry Though I might work the space lanes 'til the  
 at that mo - del rock - et Shin - ing white be - neath the moon as

F G5 C Cadd9 Em/B

stay in my old room. A - - gain to - day he tells me that I am  
 dreams not re - a - lized. There are no view - ports in the bowels of \_\_\_  
 speck a - cross the sky. I could take Lo - ren - zo's of - fer, make my \_\_\_  
 past in vi - brant swirl. Lo - ren - zo found the col - oured screens, pro -  
 day that I fall dead. "Per - haps...," I say. Lo - ren - zo nods, sug -  
 if just come to land, But quick - ly I'm re - turn - ing to the \_\_\_

Am Asus2 Em F Fadd9 F C

wel - come here be - side him Learn to be his part - ner, leave  
 sta - tion - hop - ping shut - tles A mo - ment's glimpse through clos - ing bay doors  
 liv - ing like our fa - ther, And some - one else can scrub the decks from  
 ject - or, film, and mir - rors He's al - ways been the first to see the  
 gests we go out walk - ing Let a look at dad's old fol - ly clear the  
 house where bags are wait - ing. I've seen the hard - worn path - way to the

Em F G5 1,3,5 G7 2,4 G7 C

space flight, leave my broom. My Each night I am the  
 is my on - ly prize.  
 here to Mars next time.  
 work - ings of the world.  
 pla - nets from my head.  
 place Lo - ren - zo stands. We're

Em/B G C F C  
 pi - lot on my fa - ther's rock - et ship, The \_\_\_ rock - et that we child - ren rode in  
 G G7 C Em/B G C  
 play. In dreams I am the pi - lot on my fa - ther's rock - et ship, The \_\_\_  
 F G C G7 6 Em  
 rock - et that first car - ried me to space. I'll In No  
 F Fadd9 F C G C G7  
 dreams are left to sof - ten the place Lo - ren - zo stands. Each  
 C Em/B G C F  
 night I am the pi - lot on my fa - ther's rock - et ship, The \_\_\_ rock - et that we  
 C G G7 C Em/B  
 child - ren rode in play. In dreams I am the pi - lot on my  
 G C F G C  
 fa - ther's rock - et ship, The \_\_\_ rock - et that first car - ried me to space.

Notes: This was created as a response to my own "challenge" on the FKOLyrics mailing list for the purpose of writing a space ship song based on one of four SF stories.

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