

Hobbits On Mars

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Intro: D A Gmaj7/B Em7 D D A

A D A Gmaj7/B

Im - a - gine a col - on - y on the red
Though a star - ship or space - port leads man - y to
I own a com - pu - ter that fits in my

Em7 D G D

pla - net. — Im - a - gine you're liv - ing be - yond the Earth's
yearn - ing, — The day it turns real is the day it turns
pock - et — And lights that turn on with a wave of my

A D A Gmaj7/B

hold. It sounds fu - tur - - is - tic, ro - man - tic, ex -
dull: A big box of wi - res and pipes and gray
hand. Though miss - ing those glass - es that give x - ray

Em7 D G

o - tic — But it's mun - dane as sweat to the folk who en -
met - al — With view - screens to clean and with dents in the
vis - ion, — I've ev - ery - thing else that made com - ic ads

A D A Gmaj7/B

rolled. For, most of the work - ers are there for the
hull. Then na - no - bots, tel - e - ports, re - ju - ven -
grand And yet, my dev - i - ces seem some - times just

Em7 D G D

sci - ence, — Ex - cept for the min - ers, a tribe to them -
a - tion — The fu - ture, from here, looks like end - less sur -
clut - ter; — The nov - el - ty's left on the shelf in the

A D A Gmaj7/B

selves. All toil through their shifts to the point of ex -
 prise But to - mor - row, these no - tions will on - ly seem
 store. So I turn to my fan - ta - sy mon - sters and

Em7 D G Bm

haust-ion, — Then fall in - to bed with... a book a - bout
 nor - mal; — Tech - nol - o - gy's won - drous un - til it ar -
 her - oes — From those great - est in - ven - tions, called sto - ry and

A Bm D G Em

elves. Each bit of pro-gress looks much like an - oth - er, So
 rives.
 lore.

Bm D G Em G

ti - ny our steps, though they lead to the stars, But we need big

A Gmaj7 A

dreams with a true taste of mag-ic. — To help use es - cape, where

G A7

ev - er we are We'll take were-wolves to space; we'll put Hob-bits on

D A G A7

Mars. Give me were-wolves in space; and Hob-bits on

D A D

Mars.