SPACESUITS

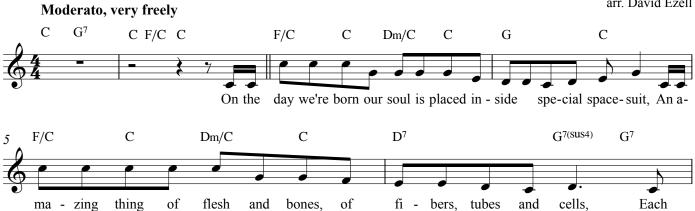
David Roth arr. David Ezell





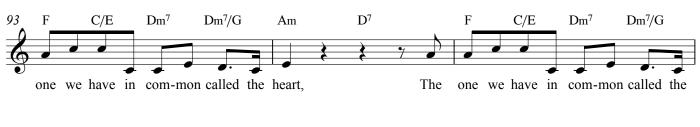
SPACESUITS

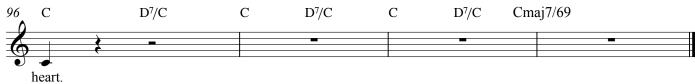
David Roth arr. David Ezell



Spacesuits 4







SPACESUITS

David Roth

<u>Verse</u>

On the day we're born our soul is placed inside a special spacesuit, An amazing thing of flesh and bones, of fibers, tubes and cells, Each one a different shape and size, and many different colors, And it lets us move about the earth with other types of shells. Astounding as it seems, this suit is built to last a lifetime, Though the measure of a lifetime seems to change from soul to soul. Some will last for many years and others but a moment, But each suit has been assembled with a purpose and a goal.

Verse

The control box of this special suit's located in three places, And at any given time there's always one that takes the lead, Causing all the other parts to follow blindly without question As it tries to give the soul the things it needs. The head or brain will analyze environmental input Using logic, rhyme and reason to devise the body's plan. The groin, much on the other hand, will travel on its instinct, Hooking one suit to another when it can.

Chorus

But somewhere in the middle lies the greatest, grandest feature Often acting as the liaison, connecting part to part. It's the auricle of destiny, the pulse of life, the center. It's the thing we have in common called the heart.

Verse

The heart, which does so many things, is molded by experience. It starts out very opened up and warm and soft and kind. Depending on the circumstance it stays that way or changes As it grapples with the groin and with the mind.

The mind might try to hide the heart, the shrewd homo erectus Constructing extra layers of protection and defense, But often this gets in the way and doesn't help connect us So the groin steps in to try and recompense.

Chorus

But somewhere in the middle lies the greatest, grandest feature Often acting as the liaison, connecting part to part. It's the auricle of destiny, the pulse of life, the center. It's the thing we have in common called the heart.

Verse

On the day we die, though I'm not sure, it's open for discussion,
But I believe the spacesuit has fulfilled its earthly chore,
Providing home and shelter for the fragile human spirit
'Til the time when it's not needed any more.
Then the soul will find another suit, it's kind of like recycling,
And though the lessons of the mind and groin aren't lost along the route,
It's when we've learned to speak and listen firstly from the heart
That our souls won't need these suits to move about.

Chorus

Somewhere in the middle lies the greatest, grandest feature It's the auricle of destiny, connecting part to part.

No sweeter music ever came from any kind of organ As the one we have in common called the heart,

The one we have in common called the heart.

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