

# Happy Planet

Who knows what might have been the final straw  
That took us many miles through vale and moor  
We mused upon our change of heart  
While we were queueing to depart

Maybe it was the madness in their eyes  
Or their sadly inadequate disguise  
No doubt all witnesses are lost  
Who truly understand the cost

So we zipped up our spacesuits  
Helmets on  
We set off to find our happy planet  
Far, far away  
We left Earth to find our happy planet  
Far, far away

It's hard to find your mark upon the stage  
Blinded by the glare of a golden age  
When their bluster got too loud  
We blasted off to join the crowd

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