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## SPACE AGE SONGS by Mollie Thompson

THE COCKEYED BALLAD

There's a cockeyed feeling in the world today  
That power politics is here to stay.  
But China, Russia and the U.S.A.  
Boy—don't let them fool you!  
Take a look at this world of ours,  
Just one mud ball in the sea of stars.  
Other planets have no color-bars,  
'Cause they've got perspective.  
Yanks and Ruskies put men into space,  
But it's all a mad politician's race,  
One-up-manship in this Year of Grace.  
It makes you giggle.  
The population stands and stares,  
While men in capsules explore upstairs.  
Why we can't even manage our own affairs!  
Some cheek—colonization!  
Besides, they've got people on Venus and Mars.  
They got lads and lasses and ma's and pa's.  
And they've got better transport than four-wheel cars.  
Have you ever seen 'em?  
Those Flying Saucers whisking through our skies  
Must take some power to make them rise.  
But government departments just hide their eyes,  
And call them meteors!  
With all the lies that they print and shout,  
The general public's got its work cut out—  
Figuring what it's all about.  
But just you keep on trying.  
I suppose you know why I'm telling you this,  
So you won't shriek or shake your fist  
When you discover Martians do exist!  
They're real nice fellows.  
I know, 'cause I met one a week ago!  
His ship came down for an hour or so.  
He talked to me, but then he had to go.  
Real interested I was!  
Got brothers on Venus and Saturn, it seems—  
Fly their ships on magnetic beams.  
They wear one piece suits—you can't see any seams;  
But apart from that—they're just like us!

SPACE-TALK

The powers that be will tell us we're alone.  
They'll tell us that in space we are unique;  
On this little desert island we call Earth  
The human race is just a kind of freak.  
When we send our envoys into space  
There'll be a smile upon this planet's face,  
'Cause brother, right out there—I'm telling you,  
There's another human race; it's very true!  
They're a very, very peaceful crowd,  
For they just never go to war.  
And they cannot interfere,  
This is by Universal Law.  
The spaceman's message to us all  
Is based on how to banish fear,  
And if we only understand,  
We will find it heaven here.  
While we must rely on war,  
We never will be happy here.  
While this world's economy  
Is based on hardship, strife and fear.  
How do they live without a war  
In their lands of milk and honey?  
They don't need economy,  
Because they don't use any money!  
They cannot give us any ships,  
So we must try and build our own.  
But they are waiting right out there,  
Oh, my friends, we're not alone!  
How do they go at such great speed,  
And vanish then without prediction?  
Because they use free energy,  
And there isn't any friction.  
Brother have you seen their ships?  
Sisters have you seen them glow,  
As they dance and hover in the sky,  
And make our fastest jets look slow?