Dec. 77

Good Luck on the Planet Earth

God the father told his son - shortly before he took his trip
There's nothing I can tell you bout the land of birth and death
Be off - be gone on your trip Moby moses gonna bust you lip
Now you are not the finest one the angels ever had
Now good luck - good luck - on the planet Earth

Star was rising - special effects
To give a nudge for some respect
The big slob came on cue with gifts
It was perfect (what a lift)
But no one saw the drooling idiot no
Was hanging out in the shadow
And what he mumbled was the baby heard
With his super ears the poor little nerd
Good luck - good luck on the planet earth

I was sittin in my glen with some poor sucker bent on hope
One on welfare one on dope
One whose at the end of her rope
One who could find couldn't cope
One who said make 'n slope
Several who were bent 'n broke
One who ate until he choked
Many who could smoke + smoke
One who glared from hinda cloak
One who yelled it's all the root
Two who left and took a boat
One who cut another's throat
One who tried to call a vote

Then a man with a stuck mustache
Through the door came and said
With a good luck