

Excuse me but I really want to be polite about the matter,

For the interplanetary retirement is not sooner but latter;

For the politeness of Parsifal is management of time and money,

When courtesy is catching and men and women are eating honey.

When there is prayer for the planet and planets are in orbit,

And planes have plans to go where they've been and you saw a bit;

Like the pan and the flute is a pot and pizza down the toilet,

And the Panasonic is nation and world as the earth is the universe.

We need to be correct and exact and express politeness,

Because things take time to happen and money is political;

So you can bank on the can not being stolen when steel is steel,

Unless you are a bank robber then a gun is a gun to feel.

And the branch is a beach suburb and you want the plane,

Because it comes it over it just like a train on the plain;

For plain apparel is clothing made to look like trees in poetry,

And you need a rocket and a dentist when the sun is people.

So the moon and the stars are out there somewhere in the galaxy.

And I have to be patient and polite before some gal takes an axe to me;

For the provincial and proverbial problem of property has to be property,

Then promise of politeness is to get off the ground into space politically.

So what I am trying to say is that if you are fast and in a hurry,

You really need a shuttle to a satellite and a share and a worry;

For the distance to travel is far too far to go with our knowledge,

And the intelligence of breathing and temperature is beyond knowing.

Signed,

A real long way away