

# SPACESUITS

David Roth  
arr. David Ezell

Moderato, very freely

C G7 C F/C C F/C C Dm/C C

On the day we're born our soul is placed in -

4 G C F/C C Dm/C C D7 G7(sus4) G7

side spe-cial space-suit, An a - ma-zing thing of flesh and bones, of fi - bers, tubes and cells, Each

The score is written in 4/4 time. The vocal line begins with a whole rest in the first measure, followed by a quarter rest in the second measure, and then the lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the tempo is marked 'Moderato, very freely'. The score is divided into two systems, with a measure number '4' at the start of the second system.

Spacesuits

F C/E E7 Am

No sweet-er mu-sic ev-er came from an-y kind of or-gan\_\_ As the

93 F C/E Dm7 Dm7/G Am D7 F C/E Dm7 Dm7/G

one we have in com-mon called the heart, The one we have in com-mon called the

96 C D7/C C D7/C C D7/C Cmaj7/69

heart.

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Moderato, very freely

C G<sup>7</sup> C F/C C F/C C Dm/C C G C

On the day we're born our soul is placed in - side spe-cial space-suit, An a-

5 F/C C Dm/C C D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>(sus4) G<sup>7</sup>

ma - zing thing of flesh and bones, of fi - bers, tubes and cells, Each

F C/E E<sup>7</sup> Am

No sweet-er mu-sic ev-er came from an-y kind of or-gan\_\_ As the

93 F C/E Dm<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup>/G Am D<sup>7</sup> F C/E Dm<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup>/G

one we have in com-mon called the heart, The one we have in com-mon called the

96 C D<sup>7</sup>/C C D<sup>7</sup>/C C D<sup>7</sup>/C Cmaj<sup>7</sup>/6<sup>9</sup>

heart.

# SPACESUITS

David Roth

## Verse

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.