

Say Hi To Your Mom, The Twenty-second Century

We dreamt it clearly,
shush don't tell them:
the blue craters and all the glass,
the lush plant life,
the lack of angles and the fluorescence, under stars.

Chorus:

But can you keep a secret?

We're gonna be the kids who ruled everything
in the twenty-second century.

Don't ever say that we'll never get there,
we can start with our jars of coins,
we'll build space suits made out of silver,
we'll find a rocket in the rocket graveyard