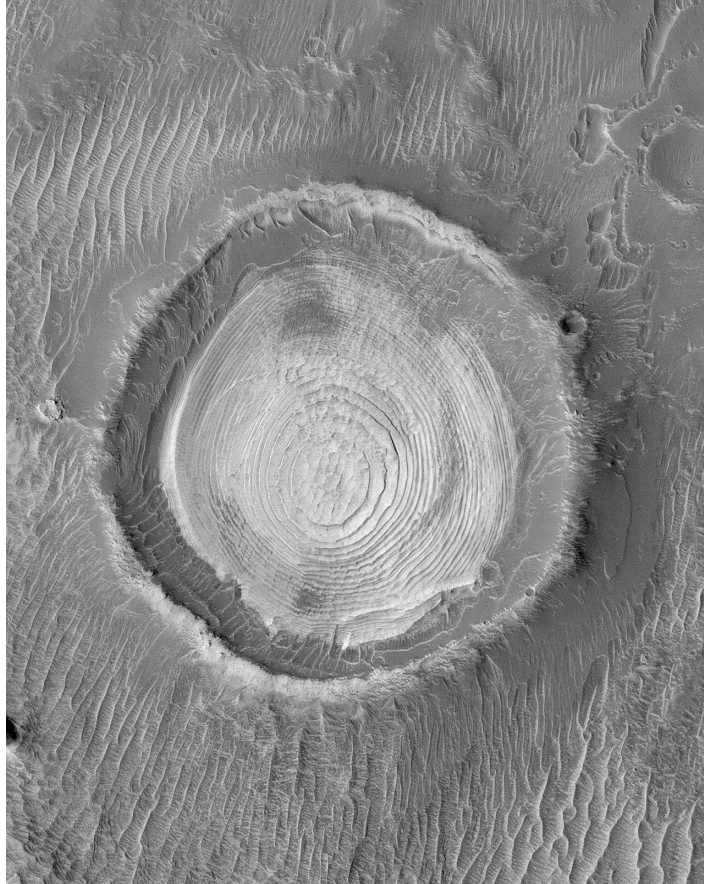


Sciaparelli Crater

by Albatross, March 2017



♪ Come all you tired farmers
Who should grow free from care
Who thought you'd purchase passage
To a world both red and fair
Gather 'round and listen
To the tale of my travail
And never sign with Earthlings
And of Schiaparelli lands beware

Oh when we sailed from Earth and home
To the ports on Luna where
We searched for work at Copernicus
Or any other Mare
But they shut the door upon the poor
And once again we were driven away
By all the Earthlings there
We made our way to Phobos
At the town of Stickney there
Was nought to do but drink and curse
For soon we were aware
Not a thing will grow on dark moon glow
And broke, a man said sign with me
And you'll sail without a fare
Oh trust me sons and daughters
There was an Earthling there
We indentured ourselves all to him
This barbarous billionaire
We're lashed along, starved if wrong
They rank us up like robots
As we choke upon the dust in Schiaparelli air

At times when I am sleeping
And my dreams break through despair
I'm with my sweet in some wonderful place
I hope exists somewhere
Now you've listened along so heed my song
And never sign with Earthlings
And of Schiaparelli land beware ♪