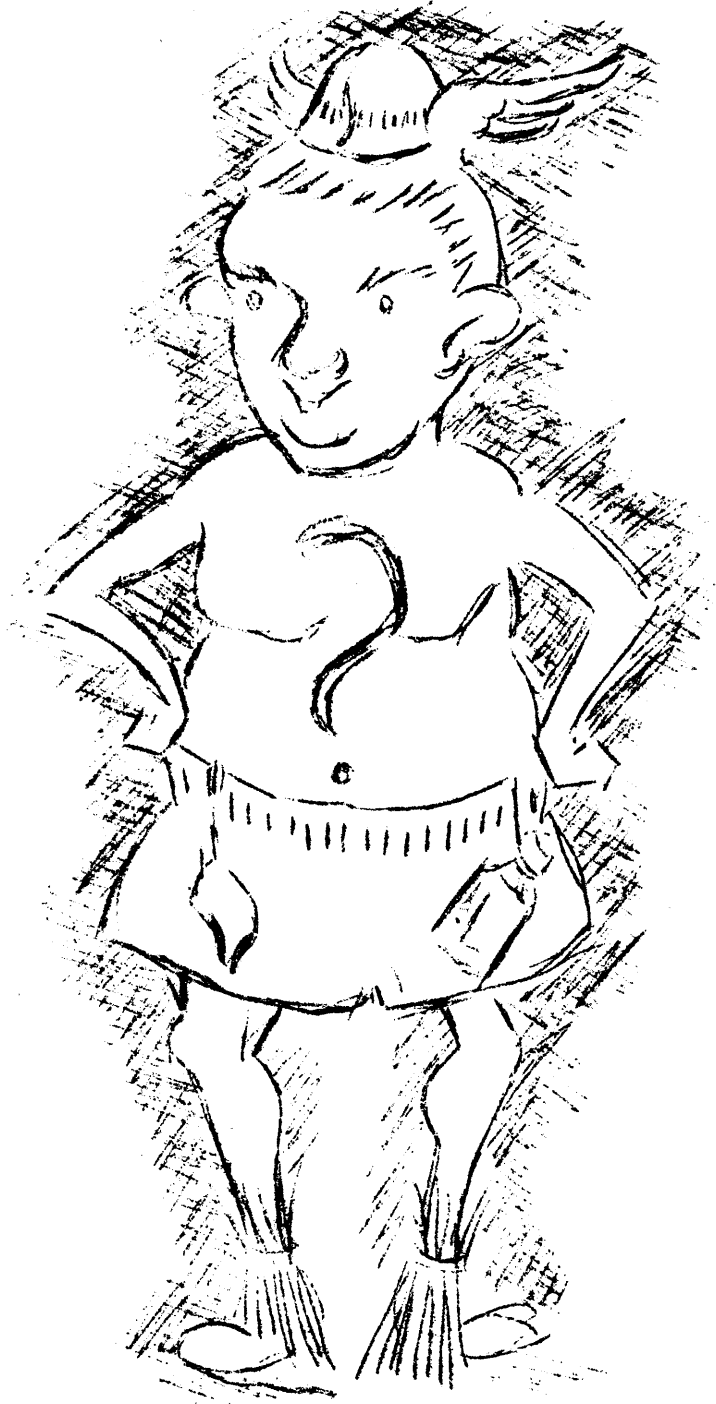


2/21/00

MERCURY

STYLISH FOR ALLS



Hickory dickory dock,
Our eyes are on the clock
We're waiting for you
To go into the blue
So for crissake get off the pot.

* * *

It's been thirty-three days since good old Newport,
To blue area five we've been told to report,
The waters we ply and the courses we steer,
Yet, not one NASA capsule has dared to appear.
To the troops at Cape, their praises we'd sling,
If they'd only count down and fire the damn thing.

* * *

We hope today is the day
For the hour is getting late
The gleam in the eyes
Of the brownbaggers guys
Says they want to be home
With their mate.

* * *

There is a GYRENE name of GLENN,
who for flying thru space has a yen.
But he's making us nervous,
down here on the PURVIS
Because he won't say when.

* * *

If there is another delay in this astro race.
We suggest a Texas tower to stand in our place.

"MERCURY MEDITATIONS"

ALONE, ALL ALONE ON A WIDE, WIDE SEA,
FOUR SHIPS ARRAYED CHANCE TO BE.
ALONE AND DESOLATE, FAR FROM PORT
AWAITING A SHOT WHICH MAY ABORT.

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO DESERVE OUR LUCK,
THE ALBATROSS WE DID NOT PLUCK.
TO THE GODS THAT BE WE PASS THE WORD,
WE'VE NEVER SEEN THAT CURS'D BIRD.

WE HOPEFULLY TRUST OUR TRIBULATION,
WILL SOMEDAY TURN TO JUBILATION.
WHEN WE HAVE DONE REQUIRE'D PENANCE,
AND ARE ALLOWED THE HARBOR ENTRANCE.

WHAT ARE THE THINGS FOR WHICH WE PINE,
A WENCH, A KISS, AND A GLASS OF WINE.
A SOOTHING TOUCH AND LITTLE MORE,
TO REST IN PORT, NOT STEAMING AREA FOUR.

BUT NASA PRAYS FOR SHORT DELAYS,
AND SCHEDULES HOLDS FOR JUST FOUR DAYS.
SO HERE WE ARE WITH A SALTY RIME.
THE ANCIENT MARINERS OF MODERN TIME

* * *

John Glenn, he will not forfeit
his right to go in orbit.
The bosses are leary,
The PURVIS is weary.
The sailors can just not absort it.

* * *

There once was a ship named PURVIS
assigned to NASA for service.
To her station she went, brave and bold
and she's still there waiting thru another hold.

NOW YOU CAN WRITE YOUR POEMS
AND SAY YOUR RHYME
BUT I'M JUST WONDERING
AIN'T IT ABOUT TIME.

WE WERE LEAVING THIS PLACE
AND GETTING A BERTH
AND LET 'OL GLENN'
GO ORBITING THIS EARTH.

LET'S SEE OUR LOVED ONES
IN THAT DISTANT LAND
OR SHOULD WE STAY
AND GIVE HIM A HAND.

WHEN HE RETURNS
HE'LL BRING US GLORY FOR SURE,
BUT THIS DAMN WAITING
IS MIGHTY HARD TO ENDURE.

BUT COMDES FLOT FOUR
HAS THE FINAL WORD
THE WORD WAS RECEIVED
AND WE ALL HEARD.

STAY ON STATION
UNTIL THE TANGO DATE,
IT'LL GO THIS TIME
STAY WITH IT MATES.

* * *

Pending the weather, depends if we stay
Let's make that shot and be on our way.
For the PURVIS has a way of doing things
their own way.

Let us be bold and hope we're not told
there is a big fat hold.
Tango time has been past before,
but still the PURVIS is waiting once more

I think that Glenn better get "hip",
and go up in his rocket space ship.
We're all down here waiting,
and anticipating
his flight to the atmosphere's tip.

Oh, Glenn is a fearless young flyer,
he pushes his goal ever higher.
The trouble you see,
is the recovery,
All the space ship needs is fire.

* * *

Light off, split up, crossconnect and secure
is the everyday life of a PURVIS engineer.
If lift off day doesn't come soon,
we'll have made a round trip to the moon
Light off, split up, crossconnect and secure
Will be a delight when we tie up to the pier
and get rid of this - astronaut recovery gear.

SHIP OVER MATE, THE TIME IS RIGHT
THAT ASTRONAUT WON'T FLY TONIGHT
IT'S BEEN 40 DAYS, IT'LL BE 40 MORE
BEFORE YOU SEE THAT DISTANT SHORE.
SO WHILE YOU'RE WAITING, SHIP FOR SIX
JUST FOR KICKS.

WRITE "GLENN" A NOTE, AND TELL HIM THIS-
I EAT THIS STEAM'IN UP, IT'S BLISS.
AND JUST ONE OTHER WISE REMARK-
TELL HIM, IT MAY RING A BELL,
MY LIBERTY IS SHOT TO HELL.....

* * *

WAY OUT - BUT WHEN

LISTEN MY STUDS AND YOU SHALL DIG,
OF A NIGHT-TIME RIDE IN A MERCURY RIG.

THAT SQUARE HAS NOT YET MADE THE SCENE,
AND IF HE EVER DOES IT WOULD REALLY BE KEEN.

MEANWHILE WE'RE FLAKED OUT HERE IN A TRANCE,
WHILE THE PUSH-BUTTON SPOOKS HAVE THEIR MITTS IN THEIR PANTS.

AND THAT BUGGY BABOON IN THE SEA-DIVER'S SUIT,
IS SCOFFIN' UP SUDS AND RAKIN' IN LOOT.

AND ALL THE COOL BITS THAT A CAT REALLY CRAVES
LIKE GOOF-BALLS, EXPRESSO, AND CHICKS IN DARK CAVES,
AREN'T PEDDLED OUT HERE WHERE WE'RE SHAKING THE STAVES.