

Swimming To The Moon

I've come up with a project that I plan on starting soon.
I've got my fins and snorkel and I'm swimming to the moon.

The people that I tell this to all seem to wonder why
I just don't build a rocket, and instead of swimming, fly.

They make some decent arguments and really seem to care,
and they're very quick to point out I'll be swimming through the air.

And they say that flying is the proper way of getting there,
and that swimming, plainly speaking, is a water-based affair.

But I can't afford a rocket, hey, I'm not a millionaire.
And to tell me I can't do it, well I take that as a dare.

So I'm doing everything that I can think of to prepare.
I've practiced all my swimming strokes and shortened up my hair.

It's just a couple hundred thousand miles so they say,
and I did seven laps around my swimming pool today.

And moving through the water is much harder than through air,
so it's not apples to apples, and you really can't compare.

And up 'til now I'd say the biggest stumbling block I've found
is figuring out which stroke to use to get me off the ground.

But once I have that figured (and I plan to have it soon),
full speed ahead and pretty much a straight shot to the moon.

I plan to use my freestyle and my backstroke and my crawl,
my breaststroke and my butterfly, I'm gonna use 'em all.

And when I reach the moon I'll do a tuck and do a flip,
and push off of the moon for speed for my homecoming trip.

And when I'm safely home and they have passed out the cigars,
I'll tell you about swimming through the asteroids and stars.

And once I've told that story I'll already have begun
my next adventure that I'll tackle, running to the sun.

