

Once Up in the Time of Space

Once up in the time of space
We looked down with our saving grace.
Confused, is that the human race?
God, I wonder how they handle that pace.
Young women running around dressed in lace;
Old women running away with a can of mace.
I wonder how they can look each other in the face.
I doubt if I'd like to live in this place
Where all they think about is stealing second base.
Now isn't that life such an ace,
I'd rather be corked up forever in a vase.
ONCE UP IN THE TIME OF SPACE.

– Dale McCombs, 2014

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