**STAR FLEET LIFE**

 by Dusty Jones and Chris Balderson

 ttto "Army Life"

Oh, I don't want no more of Star Fleet life.

Gee, ma, I wanna go

(Vulcan's the place, you know!)

Gee, ma, I wanna go home!

The pay out here in Star Fleet they say is mighty fine.

They give you a hundred credits and they take out ninety-nine.

Communications people, they make a lot of dough.

You ask to call a star base, they tell you where to go.

The engineers in Star Fleet they say are mighty fine.

They live on Scotch and water and just a drop of wine.

The helmsmen here in Star Fleet bring lethal things aboard.

You give a simple order, they stab you with a sword.

The Star Fleet navigators have learned their manners well.

You ask them for directions, they say, "Oh, go to hell!"

The shuttlecrafts in Star Fleet have seats'll make you sore.

You activate the sensors, they throw you out the door.

The phasers out in Star Fleet, the best in outer space.

You fire at a Klingon, they blow up in your face.

The uniforms in Star Fleet they say are dynamite.

You ask to fit a Vulcan, they fit a Tellerite.

Transporters out in Star Fleet, they fill you full of fear.

You beam down to a planet and your hand sticks out you ear.

[refers to "Star Trek" by Gene Roddenberry]