COUNTDOWN

Lyrics and Music © 1987 by Bill Roper

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(Chorus)
E          G          D       C
Countdown, countdown, rockets roaring,
E           G           D
Five, four, three, two, one.
E          G          D          C
Countdown, countdown, let's go exploring.
E         G      A
She might be the one.
A                E      G DE G D
She might be the one.

E      D      A
Rocket pilot, master of seduction,
C          D         E
Just blown in from a deep space cruise.
E7                    A7
You're so hot, you're cooking by induction.
     D7                              E
Just keep your head together and you know you can't lose.

Scope it out now, sitting on a barstool,
Mapping out the lay of the land.
Know the terrain or you might go too far, fool,
Find yourself in something that you just didn't plan.

(Chorus)

Some are hunting, others merely cruising -
Watching as the parade passes by.
Take it in for you know you should be choosing.
Got to get it all together, 'fore your time comes to fly.
Then you see her, sitting in the corner.
She knows you're looking at her, and she catches your eye.
You're so hot, and you know you're getting warmer.
You're a hunter of the hunted, got to give it a try.

(Chorus)

Watch her smiling, see her getting closer,
Sliding onto the stool next to you.
Then you remember that it wasn't you that chose her,
But it doesn't really matter, 'cause she's settled on you.
Hunter, hunted, tell me, what's the difference?
You know that in the end you'll still be flying away.
You look into her eyes, you know you'll put up no resistance
As she tells you that a rocket man's her favorite prey.

(Chorus)   E G D E G D E G A
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Jet jockies are chick magnets. So are rocket pilots. Trust me.