

**Glad(?) Gliese (581g)** Lyrics © Kathleen A. Martin, 2010  
[written to the melody of Cat Stevens' "Sad Lisa" from Tea for the Tillerman]

She orbits Gliese five eighty-one, a red dwarf sun  
getting cooler, and Zarmina's her new ruler.  
Floating in Libra in the night sky,  
g, please don't be shy.  
You're a plus lass Milky Waying triple our Terra's mass.  
Gliese Gliese, g, Gliese Gliese.

Although she's dense, her gravity's right. We think she might  
(in fact, oughta) hold a load of liquid water.  
A wormhole to g, string theory or beam --  
we only can dream  
now. This new plan, it can mean a future for all of man.  
Gliese Gliese, g, Gliese Gliese.

She's twenty light years far away, but still one day  
we may live there, praying this time we will give care.  
g-whiz, you're a gem formed from the big bang  
(and our doppelganger).  
Please take us, when our Earth must finally forsake us.  
Gliese Gliese, g, Gliese Gliese.

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