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Author's note:

There's a downside to everything, even for cocky space pirates. Back in the late '70s, I read a quote from Harrison Ford saying basically the same thing, that if Han had not met Luke and Leia, he probably would have been lost for good. Sigh — he's probably right and there goes my fantasy of roaming through space forever in a ship big enough to carry all my books with me. Here's my take on that other side of the romance of roaming through space in a hot-rod freighter

Published: Skywalker 6 (1982)
ed., Barbara Green Deer

Tune: "The Reason I Left Mullingar" (Trad.)
Version used for this filk: *Festival of Irish Folk Music* (3 disk set),
Furey Brothers and Davey Arthur.

ANOTHER VIEW OF LIFE

by [Maggie Nowakowska](#)

I wander each planet a stranger
each world I could never call home,
and I curse the sad notion that caused me
in search of blind freedom to roam.

I'm weary of war and hard drinking,
for working means warring in space,
where you fight for your pay
through a black endless day
and you drink to forget the cruel pace.

CHORUS:

I remember that bright winter morning
when I ran off before the first bells.
But the freedom to thieve,
my debts to relieve,
's not the reason I left my Corell.

This Downport is brimming with heartbreak
from spacers who measure their friends
by the weight of a purse or a blaster
or the message a bloody fist sends.

And for everyone here who finds fortune
(surviving to tell of the tale),
each evening the slips, the cantinas and ships,
are filled with the thousands who fail.

Yet if you can find a position,
a captain who's fair with the gain,
to up-port you're just a Corellian,
no family, no friends, and no name.

Now freedom means nothing but labor:
make planet to lift off and then
you fight for your cargo when landing
and then go
and start it all over again.

CHORUS

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