

David Gibb

Key skills:

- Listening
- Singing
- Writing
- Examining
- Recalling

Lesson plan:

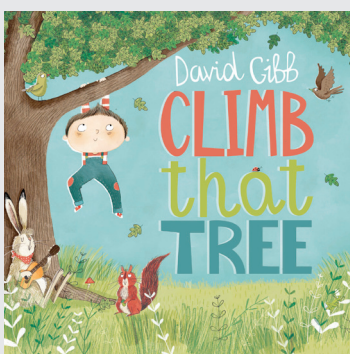
I'd Like To Build A Rocket With The Things Found In My Pocket

Activity

1. Listen to the song *I'd Like To Build A Rocket With The Things Found In My Pocket* from David Gibb's album *Climb That Tree*. Print the lyrics sing and along with the song.
2. Read the lyrics out loud to the class. Ask them to discuss in small groups where they might visit if they built a space rocket of their own.
3. Ask the children to make a list of all the parts they will need to build their rocket, explaining that they need to be things you could find in your pocket (see worksheet 1).
4. Either together a class, or each child individually, use the parts list to draw and design your space rocket.

Extension Activities

1. Write a postcard to a friend from your rocket ship journey. Let them know where you've visited and how you got there. What was the weather like? Have you met any aliens? Is your rocket going to get you back safely?
2. Try writing your own lyrics all about your rocket ship and the journey you will take in it. You can either use David's tune, or come with a tune of your very own!



I'd Like To Build A Rocket With The Things Found In My Pocket from David Gibb's album *Climb That Tree* - **TRACK 17**.

Available from iTunes
Amazon, Spotify and
www.davidgibb.com

Further listening:

Elton John - Rocket Man
David Bowie - Space Oddity
The Police - Walking On The Moon

www.davidgibb.com

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My Rocket Ship parts list...

Wings made from _____

Windows made from _____

Engines made from _____

_____ made from _____

_____ made from _____

_____ made from _____

_____ made from _____

POSTCARD



LYRICS: *I'd Like To Build A Rocket With The Things Found In My Pocket*

I'd like to build a rocket with the things found in my pocket,
Bits of string, rubber bands, and fluff.
I told my Dad and he said to me, "son listen very carefully,
You'll never reach the moon with all that stuff".

I plunged my hands down deep inside, pulled out a whole load more besides,
And laid it out for Dad to check the parts.
He looked it over, smiled at me, said "son this will do perfectly,"
Then clapped his hands. "Come on let's make a start!"

First up to make our rocket ship, were seven hundred paper clips,
Twisted, turned and tweaked to build the frame.
It towered sixty metres high, and stretched far up into the sky,
But wobbled in the wind, which was a shame.

So far, so good, we'd started well, but next we had to make a shell.
I reached into my pocket with a grin...
Dad melted down my boiled sweets and squashed them into panelled sheets,
To stop the moon and stars from falling in.

To stop it doing tail spins, a rocket needs a pair of wings,
But what to use to help our spaceship fly?
Six thousands bits of bubble gum, chewed up until our jaws went numb,
To help us guide our rocket through the sky.

To make our rocket ship complete we needed buttons, levers, seats,
To travel to the stars and back in style.
I knew exactly what to do, I took my crayon out and drew,
A dashboard full of flashing lights and dials.

For rocket ships, a real must is firepower to give some thrust,
But Dad said he thought Mum might not approve.
Instead we'd use my rubber bands, ten thousand stretched across the land,
To get us off the ground and on the move.

We worked all day and worked all night, until our ship was set for flight,
And just one thing remained for us to do.
From ten to one Dad counted down, and with a TWANG we left the ground,
Our rocket soaring gently through the blue.

Up up into the air so clear, the earth began to disappear,
And soon our ship was floating in the stars.
But where to go? First stop the moon! I checked the map, we'd be there soon,
And after that, to Jupiter and Mars!

The dashboard beeped, a dial spun, the landing cycle had begun,
Our rocket ship began to jerk and shake.
As we got nearer to the ground, no sign was there of slowing down,
Our rocket didn't seem to have a brake!

Our rocket crashed and smashed to bits, a twist of tangled paper clips,
Boiled sweets and sticky bubble gum.
"Oh no!" cried Dad, "we're out of luck. Without our rocket ship we're stuck!"
So there we sat, both looking rather glum.

Three hours passed without a peep, I'd almost fallen off to sleep,
When suddenly Dad woke me with a shout.
"Son look up there, up in the stars, a rocket ship, home-made like ours!
I think your mother's come to help us out."

Mum's ship was better built by far, and looked a LOT like our old car,
It even had the same old spots of rust.
She'd done it up to look quite nice, with leather seats and furry dice.
And rockets at the back to give some thrust.

She gently landed in her ship, and looked at us with hand on hip.
We wondered what it was that she would say...
"A rocket ship is hard to build, best leave it up to someone skilled.
Now, let's all go explore the Milky Way."

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