

Hawkwind, Utopia '84

Utopia, Utopia, Utopia

Welcome to Utopia

Planet of your wildest dreams

Where everybody drives a Cadillac car

And the streets are paved with hamburgers

And the rivers run with Watney's draught Red Barrel

Utopia, where all your needs are catered for

Anticipated, calculated

All your wants are monitored, programmed, computer formulated

We know you will be very happy here

Nobody has complained

Yet.....