

# Space, Charlie M.

I can see Manson  
He's holding me to ransom  
Gun to my feet  
Now he wants to see me dancing  
I can see Mickey Mouse  
Sitting on a shrink's couch  
Tryin' to cure his hang up  
'bout screwing little Minnie mouse  
I can see Madonna  
starin' at a shotgun  
Now she doesn't feel so sexy  
Now she wants to become a nun  
I can see George Best  
Tryin' to give the drink a rest  
Now he's down the station  
Failin' the blood test

Love is better  
That your nine-to-five's  
And your GCSE's  
Love is better  
Then your HIV or you university  
Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah  
Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah

There goes Elvis  
Looking for his pelvis  
Colonel Tom has dug it up  
And put it in for service  
Over the hill comes Huckleberry Hound  
Looking full of rabies  
And he's heading into town  
There goes Kennedy  
Looking for a remedy  
Soemone blew his head off  
And now he's in a cemetery  
Mister Blonde said to Mister Blue  
Who's the cop  
He said I haven't got a clue

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