

The Vibrators, U238

Na na na, etc.

U238 is in the atomic sea,
For satellite hatred she'll melt a city.
And the Earth will lie wrapped in a nuclear curtain,
No-one will escape that seems for certain.
(An' I go -)

U238 turns to U235,
What a great party we're all gonna die.
Big black curtain comin' down on me,
And you can't phone back from eternity.
(Oh no, an' I go -)

Ooh - whoo - ooh,
Don'tcha worry little angel
Ooh - whoo - ooh,
Don'tcha worry little angel.

Engage the enemy, engage your heart,
Lock in the computer and blow him apart.