

Wang Chung, Space Junk

(Hues / Feldman)

Yeah

Drifting down the spaceway
By the Betelgeuse Hotel
Mapping out constellations
Of the place I know so well
Sifting through the system
For the piece that knows my name
Endlessly I listen, in the master game

Chorus:

Welcome to my world
(Welcome to my world)
Welcome to my only world
(Welcome to my only world)
It is full of space junk
But your words are coming through
I'm riding on the space junk
And it's bringing me to you
Bringing me to you

Through the tenth dimension
To the certainties beyond
Dreamily inattention, and the sub-atomic bomb
Machine that spins within me
And the spirit that drives me on
Searching for an answer

Repeat Chorus with ad lib

Sitting on the space junk
What I am to do
Riding on the space junk
And it's bringing me to you
My head is full of space junk
But your words are coming through
Riding on the space junk
And it's bringing me to you
It's bringing me to you (Repeat)