

Erlend Oye, 2 After 909 & Intergalactic Autobahn

In the morning
You leave your little planet behind
In your wooden space ship
You turn around, say goodbye
And travel into space

Around dinner time
You arrive at three rows of lights
That stretches indefinitely in all directions
So you stop there for a while
Without realizing
That you are, in fact
Standing in front of
The Legendary
Intergalactic
Autobahn