

Reverend Horton Heat, Galaxy 500

You take the dog
I'll take the Galaxy 500
You get the cat
I get the couch you don't want anymore

You take the fish
I'll take the bone
You take the dishes
While you're at it take my soul
But things ain't so bad
Cause i got a galaxy 500

You get the house
I get a cheap motel room
You get a friend
Nut that should not matter to me anymore
You have a thang he's just a friend
I can't believe that this is the end
But things aint so bad
Cause I got a Galaxy 500
Galaxy 500 in a Galaxy 500
Galaxy 500

I'm in my own galaxy 1973
In my own galaxy
You probably would have wanted this too
But it's not air conditioned
No it's not air conditioned
No it's not air conditioned
No it's not air conditioned
It's not air conditioned

Open the trunk
All of my dirty laundry
All of my junk in the yard
And scattered out into the street
You have the thing with my old guitar
I can't believe that you took it this far
But things ain't so bad
Cause i got a Galaxy 500
Galaxy 500
In a Galaxy 500
Galaxy 500
In a galaxy 500