

Spacegrass

Clutch

Dodge Swinger 1973, Galaxy 500,
All the way stars' green, gotta go.
Dodge Swinger 1973, top down, chassis low,
Panel dim, light drive, Jesus on the dashboard.
T-minus whenever it feels right, Galaxy 500.
Planets align, a king is born. Whenever it feels right
Whenever it feels right
Whenever it feels right
Whenever it feels right Dodge Swinger 1973, top down, chassis free,
Buzz Aldrin, Armstrong, or maybe just me.
Don't worry, it's coming.
Don't worry, it's coming.
Jesus on the dashboard. Whenever it feels right
Whenever it feels right
Whenever it feels right
I turn on the radio. Hey kid, are you going my way?
Hop in, we'll have ourselves a field day.
We'll find us some spacegrass,
Lay low, watch the universe expand.
Skyway, permanent Saturday.
Oh, by the way, Saturn is my rotary.
Hop in, it'll be eternity
Till we make it to M83. Once around the Sun, cruising, climbing.
Jupiter cyclops winks at me, yeah, he knows who's driving.
Hit neutral in the tail of a comet.
Let the vortex pull my weight.
Push the seat back a little lower.
Watch light bend in the blower.
Planets align.
A king is born.
Dodge Swinger.
Jesus on the dashboard. Whenever it feels right
Whenever it feels right
Whenever it feels right
Whenever it feels right

Songwriters

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