

# Utopia '84

## Hawkwind

Utopia, Utopia, Utopia  
Welcome to Utopia  
Planet of your wildest dreams  
Where everybody drives a Cadillac car And the streets are paved with hamburgers  
And the rivers run with Watney's draught Red Barrel  
Utopia, where all your needs are catered for  
Anticipated, calculated All your wants are monitored  
Programmed, computer formulated  
We know you will be very happy here  
Nobody has complained yet

Songwriters  
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