

Utopia

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 drought 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

BROCK, DAVE /Published by

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