

Utopia

Hawkwind

Utopia, Utopia, UtopiaWelcome 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 barrelUtopia, 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 complainedYet

 Songwriters

 BROCK, DAVE /Published by

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