

Space Junk

Wang Chung

Yeah
Drifting on the spaceway
By the Betelgeuse Hotel
Mapping out constellations
Of the place I know so well
Sifting through the system
For the piece that knows my name
Endlessly I listen
In the master game
Welcome to my world
(Welcome to my world)
Welcome to my only world
(Welcome to my only world)
It is full of space junk
But your words are coming through
I'm riding on the space junk
And it's bringing me to you
Bringing me to you
Through the tenth dimension
To the certainties beyond
Dreamily in attention
And the sub-atomic bomb
Machine that spins within me
And the spirit that drives me on
Searching for an answer
Welcome to my world
(Welcome to my world)
Welcome to my only world
(Welcome to my only world)
My head is full of space junk
But your words are getting through
I'm riding on the space junk
And it's bringing me to you
Bringing me to you, yeah
It's bringing me to you, yeah, yeah oh
Sitting on the space junk
What am I to do?
I'm riding on the space junk
And it's bringing me to you
My head is full of space junk
But your words are getting through
I'm riding on the space junk
And it's bringing me to you
It's bringing me to you
It's bringing me to you
It's bringing me to you

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