

# 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  
Dodge Swinger 1973, flaps 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, oh, yeah  
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 space grass  
Lay low, watch the universe expand  
Skyway, permanent Saturday  
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, oh yeah  
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 space grass  
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