

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
Lay low, watch the universe expand
Skyway, permanent Saturday
By the way, Saturn is my rotary
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