

Spacetravel

Bush

They're polishing the government
Resembles a last waltz
We are the playthings
We are the form
Soon it may come
Since we can rise
Too long since I've seen you
We move like satellites

My future lies
In space travel
She's coming over me

They're burning the tenements
Topless progressive thinking
Political holes
Got six but pray for seven

My future lies
In space travel
She's coming over me
I employ spies
To stroll the gravel
They never want to leave
The future lies
The future lies
Scared of the government scared of the government

The future lies
In space travel
There's someone after me
I employ spies
In silver tassels
The never seem that pleased

The future lies
The future lies (space)
The future lies
The future lies (space)
The future lies
The future lies (space travel)
The future lies (space travel)