Singing something bout Everybody get drunk drunk

I saw the look in her eyes
She was a fast talking woman with a master disguise.
And she wore fake Gucci shades
Blowing rings with a smoke
And if you didn't know better
She'd let you know.

Get ready let's fuck fuck
ground control to major tom
And here comes the story so sing along yo.
Ground control to major tom and here goes the story
so..
(She would sing about)
Starships and Apocalypse
And drifting into the great abyss
to hide from tomorrow cuz she just had tonight.
She would sing about
oh no, and please don't go
Last call so lose control
Take my hand off we go to La La Land.

She gets me out of my head And she's the only kind of woman that makes me understand when I'm talking bout

Everybody get drunk drunk

Get ready let's fuck fuck
ground control to major tom

And here comes the story so sing along yo.

Ground control to major tom

And here comes the story so..

(She would sing about)

Starships and Apocalypse

And drifting into the great abyss
to hide from tomorrow cuz she just had tonight.

She would sing about

Oh no, and please don't go

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Take my hand off we go to La La Land.

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(Chorus 1 more time)