

Reverend Horton Heat, The

"Galaxy 500"

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You take the dog, I'll take the Galaxy 500
You get the cat, I get the couch you don't want anymore
You take the fish, I'll take a bowl
You take the dishes, while you're at it take my soul
But things ain't so bad, 'cause I got a Galaxy 500

You get the house, I get a cheap motel room
You get a friend, but that should not matter to me
anymore
You have a date, he's just a friend
I can't believe that this is the end
But things ain't so bad, 'cause I got a Galaxy 500
Galaxy 500
In a Galaxy 500
Galaxy 500

I'm in my own galaxy
Nineteen seventy-three
In my own galaxy
You probably would have wanted this too, but it's not
air conditioned
No it's not air conditioned
No it's not air conditioned
It's not air conditioned

Flyin' solo now

Open the trunk, all of my dirt laundry
All of my junk in the yard and scattered out into the
street
You have a thing with my old guitar
I can't believe that you took it this far
But things ain't so bad, 'cause I got a Galaxy 500
Galaxy 500
In a Galaxy 500
Galaxy 500
In a Galaxy 500

Galaxy 500

