

Reverend Horton Heat "Galaxy 500"

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You take the dog,
I'll take the Galaxy 500.
You get the cat,
I get the cats you don't want anymore.

You take the fish,
I'll take the 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, 1973,
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.
No, it's not air conditioned.
It's not air conditioned.

Open the trunk,
All of my dirty laundry.
All of my junk in the yard,
And scattered out into the street.
You have the 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.

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