

## **Saddle Club, The "Pop Astronauts"**

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Think you're in a time machine  
Or is it a time bomb  
Think you left me here behind  
Perhaps you've got it wrong

You're hanging out with space cadets  
You've got to understand  
You're crazy for pop astronauts  
You're going to crash land

Running round this mirror maze  
Through the silver days you ran  
Feeling so much outer-spaced  
You've taken all you can  
Wonder where it's taking you  
Plying the firebrand  
Gonna end up afterburned  
It's getting out of hand

Flying through the stratosphere  
It's what you had to do  
You had to get away from here  
Take the Jupiter 2

You're rocking out on rocket ships  
You've got a head full of sound  
You're cruising with pop astronauts  
You're going to crash down

If you find you swim too far  
You'll go below and drown  
Maybe when you've seen it all  
You won't like what you've found  
While you're waiting here on earth  
You'll find it's a small town  
The little bit we got here's  
Not enough to go around

You're in a spiral galaxy  
Or is it a tailspin  
Zero in on what you want

Cuz spacelings don't give in

You're racing in a death machine  
It makes me wanna shout  
You're cruising with pop asronauts  
You're going to crash out

You run from plastic meteors  
I see without a doubt  
You think you really got it all  
And what it's all about  
I think you'd better add it up  
And see what it amounts  
But what you think the countdown  
Is just you down for the count

Pop astronauts  
Pop astronauts  
Pop astronauts  
Pop astronauts

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