

Mars

Damiano David

Oh no, rock and roll has died again
Someone bought the rights to oxygen
Pack your shit, the doors are closing
There's only a few days left
Panic on the streets
Is this the end?

While everybody's going to Mars
Everybody's going to Mars

I don't need to live forever
As long as I can die in your arms
I don't need a different planet
Our love is staying right here with us
The Devil's on an Apollo mission
So maybe we can hang out with God
While everybody's going to Mars
Everybody's going to Mars
I wanna stay here with you

The world has gone, but nothing's really new
We're just making love in a bigger room
Eve and Adam, Ross and Rachel
The Beatles or the Who
What's left to human nature, me and you

Everybody moved to Mars
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