

# Spaceman

## Fitz and the Tantrums

City running through my veins  
Like tiny bubbles in a champagne glass  
Make a body levitate  
Way way way up high, way way up high  
There's a party in my brain  
Every color of the rainbow sky  
Line of skittles on a plate  
Way way way up high

Feeling like a spaceman under the stars  
Living in a wasteland somewhere on mars  
Sending out an SOS in the dark  
But I've got no service, no service  
On and on you can find me in the clouds now  
On and on if you think we're coming down now  
Dream on, dream on  
Pop that lemonade, cola, soda turn that record over going

Dream on, dream on  
Pop that lemonade, cola, soda turn that record over

Friday knocking at my door  
Dodging Mondays like a matador  
Hundred miles up the floor  
Way way way up high

Feeling like a spaceman under the stars  
Living in a wasteland somewhere on mars  
Sending out an s.o.s in the dark  
But I've got no service, no service  
On and on you can find me in the clouds now  
On and on if you think we're coming down now  
Dream on, dream on  
Pop that lemonade, cola, soda turn that record over going

Dream on, dream on  
Pop that lemonade, cola, soda turn that record over

Nah nah nah nah nah  
Nah nah nah nah nah  
Nah nah nah nah nah, nah (dream on)  
Nah nah nah nah nah  
Nah nah nah nah nah  
Nah nah nah nah nah, nah (dream on)

On and on you can find me in the clouds now  
On and on if you think we're coming down now  
Dream on, dream on  
Pop that lemonade, cola, soda bring that record over going

Dream on, dream on  
Pop that lemonade, cola, soda turn that record over