

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