

Utopia '84

Hawkwind

Utopia, Utopia, Utopia
Welcome to Utopia
Planet of your wildest dreams
Where everybody drives a Cadillac car
And the streets are paved with hamburgers
And the rivers run with Watney's draught Red Barrel
Utopia, where all your needs are catered for
Anticipated, calculated
All your wants are monitored, programmed, computer formulated
We know you will be very happy here
Nobody has complained
Yet