

Rocket Pad

The Apples In Stereo

Calling all the kids in the city
Come around, check out our pad
We'll be in the house getting ready
It's better than the place we had
Here, the drums don't sound so bad

Calling all the kids in the city
Find the room that spins around
You'll step inside-out into orbit
As the place lifts off the ground
Into space without a sound

Oh, I know you're gonna love it
Oh, I know you're gonna flip out
I feel so at home in orbit
Oh, our own rocket ship!

Calling all the kids in the country
Come along and hear us play
Jump the fence, come on, Jack, be nimble
Meet you in the field today
Pick you up, up, and away

Oh, I know you're gonna love it
Oh, I know you're gonna flip out
I feel so at home in orbit
Oh, our own rocket ship!

Oh, I know you're gonna love it
Oh, I know you're gonna flip out
I feel so at home in orbit
Oh, our own rocket ship!

Calling all the kids in America
Bring along your moms and dads
They still love to turn up the stereo
Think about the fun they had
And did the kids turn out so bad?

Calling all the kids in the city
Calling all the kids in the country
Calling all the kids in America

In the city...
In the country...
In the city...
In the country...
Calling all the kids in America...