

The Golden Age

The Asteroids Galaxy Tour

I wish I lived in the Golden Age, giving it up on the Broadway stage.

Hang with the rats and smoke cigars, have a break with Frank and count the stars.

Dressed to the nines, with hair to match. Shiny jewels, casino cash.

Tapping feet, wanna take the lead. A trip back in time is all I need!

Sing it out loud, gonna get back honey!

Sing it out loud, get away with me!

Sing it out loud, on a trip back honey!

Sing it out loud and let yourself free!

I'm on my way, gonna make it big, gonna make the songs for the chicks to dig.

It's really hot and a little bit sour, we're getting your strength to maximum power.

Flying away from reality, whatever ever happened to gravity?

I see it clear, a shooting star! I'm a really good singer la-di-da-da-da!

Sing it out loud, gonna get back honey!

Sing it out loud, get away with me!

Sing it out loud, on a trip back honey!

Sing it out loud and let yourself free!

Ooooh, Silver screen on a rainy day, Sally Bowles in a cabaret.

Shaking sticks, oh what a show, rushing joy from tip to toe.

Rambling down the boulevard, with a fire burning in a wooden heart.

My mind is set, I walk the line!

But I never really thought it would feel this fine! Yeah!

Sing it out loud, gonna get back honey!

Sing it out loud, get away with me!

Sing it out loud, on a trip back honey!

Sing it out loud and let yourself free!