

# Space Junk

Wang Chung

Drifting down the spaceway  
By the Betelgeuse Hotel  
Mapping out constellations  
Of the place I know so well  
Sifting through the system  
For the piece that knows my name  
Endlessly I listen, in the master game

Welcome to my world  
(Welcome to my world)  
Welcome to my only world  
(Welcome to my only world)  
It is full of space junk  
But your words are coming through  
I'm riding on the space junk  
And it's bringing me to you  
Bringing me to you

Through the tenth dimension  
To the certainties beyond  
Dreamily inattention, and the sub-atomic bomb  
Machine that spins within me  
And the spirit that drives me on  
Searching for an answer

Sitting on the space junk  
What I am to do  
Riding on the space junk  
And it's bringing me to you  
My head is full of space junk  
But your words are coming through  
Riding on the space junk  
And it's bringing me to you  
It's bringing me to you [repeat]