

Mars Spaceport Lounge (E)

(Verse)

Welcome to the Mars Spaceport Lounge,
Where gravity's light and the egos are heavy.
Caviar floats in zero-g,
Champagne bubbles drift like confetti.

Premium oxygen — imported air,
Picked by nerds who totally care.
Methane cocktails, asteroid ice,
Everything here has a billionaire price.

(Pre-Chorus)

So come on, babe — colonise Mars,
Trade your soul for the view of the stars.
Leave behind the planet you broke,
Earth was fun... but mostly a joke.

So pack your bags and board your craft —
History loves the rich and daft.
So pack your bags and board your craft —
History loves the rich and da-da-da-daft.

(Chorus)

Mars, Mars,
Colonise Mars
Mars, Mars, Mars
Colonise Mars
Why, why, why
Colonise Mars?
Who the fuck knows?

It was printed on a t-shirt

Mars, Mars,
Colonise Mars
Mars, Mars, Mars
Colonise Mars
Why, why, why
Colonise Mars?
Silverline is:
You will die alone.

You will die alone.
You will die alone.

(Verse)

Here on Mars, we honour your wealth:
Private domes for “optimal health”.
Designer suits in Martian red,
Beds that make you forget you fled.

Hologram sunsets on command,
AI servants who understand.
Filtered water mined with care —
From ice reserves that are not there.

(Pre-Chorus)

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(Outro)
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