

# The Vibrators, U238 (Na Na Na)

Na na na, etc.

U238 is in the atomic sea,  
For satellite hatred she'll melt a city.  
And the Earth will lie wrapped in a nuclear curtain,  
No-one will escape that seems for certain.  
(An' I go -)

U238 turns to U235,  
What a great party we're all gonna die.  
Big black curtain comin' down on me,  
And you can't phone back from eternity.  
(Oh no, an' I go -)

Ooh - whoo - ooh,  
Don'tcha worry little angel  
Ooh - whoo - ooh,  
Don'tcha worry little angel.

Engage the enemy, engage your heart,  
Lock in the computer and blow him apart.