



Now we fly at FTL  
And leap from star to star.  
Centauri's just a trip to hell  
To buy at the bazaar  
A thousand years of data mined  
From this closest set of suns  
By the instruments we left behind  
On the old Centauri run.

It's the shortest trip you'll ever make  
To see another sun.  
And there's nothing there that you want to take  
From Three, or Two, or One,  
But we're going back out along the track  
Where the star lanes first begun.  
So sit down, Jack, learn to love the black

**F E F**

On the old Centauri run.

**Am G F E**

So sit down, Jack, learn to love the black

**F E Am**

On the old Centauri run.