

8 Over Par

"Oxygen"

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In the starship whopper box, I'm gonna crashland.
Wishin' I was home in the space van.
The sky is green and the ground is chrome.
I'd like to take my suit off but it's too fuckin' cold.
So, I go into town to grab a beer-
Didn't know humans we're so weird.
They started talkin' shit and ran me out of Dodge,
Back to the ship in the fuckin' space pod.

I need oxygen or I'm-a be dead.
If I don't get oxygen, I'm gonna be dead.

Cold chillin' on a different terrain.
I don't even know my own name.
Is it Ronny, Bobby, Ricky, or LeFrost?
I don't know because I'm lost.
I'm seein' red. It's gettin to my head.
If I don't get oxygen, I'm gonna be dead.

I need oxygen or I'm-a be dead.
If I don't get oxygen, I'm gonna be dead.

I'm flyin' the motherfuckin' UFO,
Restin' my feet on the cruise control.
Comin' straight towards Earth and it's all too slow
'Cause me and my robot don't wanna go.
Gettin' hard to breathe so I flipped the switch,
But the oxygen's out- ain't that a bitch!
Crashlandin', in the canyon.
Cursin' up a storm, straight sheer ba-bam-bam.

I need oxygen or I'm-a be dead.
If I don't get oxygen, I'm gonna be dead.

I landed on this planet, full of ugly creatures:
Furry ape-men with bumby features.
All these angry humans pollutin' the air,
Destroyin' their home without a care.
Primitive communication, primitive transportation

