

Boyzone

"Star Trek Intro"

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Beeping of alert signal.
Ensign: Captain, the transporters ready.
Captain: That's hip. Lieutenant Marvin, what is the condition of the planets surface?
Marvin: It is difficult to be precise. However, my instruments indicate a condition of extreme rigor mortis, spreading rapidly throughout the population. Highly illogical, Captain.
Captain: A bunch of stiffs, huh? Well, set coordinates for, ah, Chocolate City, and have a landing party of nine men beam down immediately, with phasers set on funk-funk!

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