

**Bobs****"Meat On The Moon"**

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Meat on the Moon

A barbecue tune

It's out of this world

I hope we get there soon

Stranded by Apollo Seven --

I'm a hungry astronaut

Left alone up here in heaven --

munching what I brought, no burgers to be bought

I long for lunar butchers carving every kind of cut

Flanks and chops and roasts and brisket

loin and tongue and butt

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Back on Earth too many people go without their daily  
bread

Don't they know that they don't need to --

they could all be fed by herds above their head

Lift the livestock up in rockets --

beam them to a better place

Pork has left the planet, pigs in outer space

Meat on the Moon

Baloney balloon

It's out of this world

I hope we get there soon

Aliens -- in cowboy hats

Aliens -- ropin' calves

Aliens -- they work for cheap

Aliens -- they don't need sleep

Aliens are milking cattle -- up on the milky way

At night the stars don't twinkle

Yippee ti yi yo yippee ti yippee yeh

Suited up in silver helmets cows are grazing in the  
grass

Gravity is but a rumor --

move that mighty mass, lord, they're free at last

Moos and oinks and squawks are muted

there's no barnyard sound

In a vacuum you can't smell the things

they drop around

Meat on the Moon

Braunschweiger balloon

It's out of this world

I hope we get there soon

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