

## **Terrorizer**

### **"On A Mission"**

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Your hair's a mess, it's called distressed,  
It's the latest fashion don't I know,  
Oh where have I come from,  
I must've been living under a stone,

Or was I off of this planet,  
Was I high on a rocket,  
Was the G-force pushing my eyes out of the socket,  
Was I spinning through orbit,  
Hurtling through space,  
Off on a mission and out of this place,

I took a pill they said won't kill but that was back in '71,  
Oh what do I do now and what's more the point what  
have I done,

Since I've been off of this planet,  
I've been high on a rocket,  
And the G-force pushing my eyes out of the socket,  
I've been spinning through orbit,  
Hurtling through space,  
Off on a mission and out of this place,  
I've been off of this planet,  
I've been high on a rocket,  
And the G-force pushing my eyes out of the socket,  
I've been spinning through orbit,  
Hurtling through space,  
Off on a mission and out of this place,  
Off of this planet and into outer space,

And it's been two thousand years,  
It's been two hundred decades,  
The second millennium's now the twenty first century,  
Time don't wait for no-one at all,

Climbed in the Merc, set off for work just like I did  
every day,  
Where I climbed into my rocket, oh yeah, and they fired  
me, off into space,

I was off of this planet,

I was high on a rocket,  
And the G-force was pushing my eyes out of the  
socket,  
I was spinning through orbit,  
Hurling through space,  
Off on a mission and out of this place,  
Off of this planet,  
High on a rocket,  
G-force was pushing my eyes out of the socket,  
I'm spinning through orbit,  
Hurling through space,  
Off on a mission and out of this place,  
Inter outer space.

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