Countdown!

Kennedys Dead "One Way Ticket To Pluto"

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Get ready for the blast off!
And don't forget the hype!
We're going into space.
Distinguihed scientists
A pesky senator
And monkey turds leaking from the lab
All brought to us play-by-play by Howard cosell
You're going where no man has gone before
Because we owe you some favors
And besides you're bright
A little too bright
Step one:
nator, your vomit,
It's time to analyze it
For the folks back home
Open the hatch, launch the war satellite
That the commies aren't supposed to know about
Our real challenge is to keep it a secret
>From the press back home

You're going where no man has gone before

Don't ask us where that is-we have no idea

YOu're chosen for this great mission

Because you're hearty and strong

and make a lot of fuss

Especially around us

We like you better when you're far away

Have you noticed?

You're gong the wrong direction.

We have.

But that's your problem.

We planned it that way

We had to dispose of all of you so

We can spoil the final frontier

How dare you question our Star Wars plans

For the farce that they are?

You're going where no man has gone before

For rocking the boat

In our temple of doom

You're on a one-way ticket to Pluto

We wash our hands

Of you and your lost Ark

Don't forget to write...

NO NO NO NO

NO NO NO NO

NO NO NO NO

NO	

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