

Allan Sherman, Eight Foot Two, Solid Blue

Last night I met a man from Mars, and he was very sad
He said, "Won't you help me find my girl friend, please?"
So I asked him, "What does she look like?"
And the man from Mars said, she's
Eight foot two, solid blue
Five transistors in each shoe
Has anybody seen my gal?
Lucite nose, rust-proof toes
And when her antenna glows
She's the cutest Martian gal
You know she promised me, recently
She wouldn't stray
But came the dawn, she was gone
Eighteen billion miles away
Her steering wheel has sex appeal
Her evening gown is stainless steel
Has anybody seen my gal?
How I miss all the bliss
Of her sweet hydraulic kiss
Has anybody seen my gal?
Lovely shape, custom built
Squeeze her wrong and she says, "Tilt"
Has anybody seen my gal?
She does the cutest tricks
With her six stereo ears
When she walks by, spacemen cry
'Specially when she shifts her gears
If she's found, rush like mad
Put her on a launching pad
Down at Cape Canaveral
And shoot me back my cutie
My supersonic beauty
Send me back my Martian gal