

Clutch, Escape From The Prison Planet

Then against my better judgment I went walking out that door.
I smiled at one person then I nodded to three more.
One man asked me for a dollar, I asked him, "What's it for?"
He said, "I have seen them." I said, "O.K., it's yours."
And as featured on the MTV, the local high school lets out,
And the town becomes anarchy.
Parties are crashed, skid marks are measured.
The story's in the paper, you may read it at your leisure.

Get out.
Eject.
Escape From the Prison Planet.
Get out.
Eject.
Escape From the Prison Planet.

And to the tune of a billion dollars, I supplied to the D.O.E.
Some tasty little nuggets of alien technology.
And as one might expect, I've been harassed for years.
The Men In Black have been bending my ear.
As a matter of fact, they were just here today,
But I escaped them through a secret passageway.
Once I lived there for one thousand days.

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I have plans for the future, guess they're futuristic plans.
Move out west and buy some desert lands.
Maybe up North, just past Alaska.
You know nothing of this if they ask you.
Red Rover, Red Rover, Bob Lazar's coming over.
So honey clear the airstrip and light up that stove.
By Jove, I think it's started. Oh yeah,
Escape From the Prison Planet.

Billion people harvest on Mars.
Rebuild the remnants of the obelisk,
One mile from the pyramid.
Escape From the Planet of the Apes.
Go forth, ad infinitum.
Return the relics to the Elephant.
And Atlantis rises.

Get out.
Eject.
Escape From the Prison Planet.
Ejector seat ignite.

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