

Gaza Strippers, Dear Mr. Hubble

Dear Mr Hubble, letter from your staff:
Will you transmit our salvation, or naked photographs?
Is the galaxy just gold dust, blowing from god's ass?

Dear Mr Hubble, with your telescope
Are we all just monkeys on a little globe
Pushing on our buttons and jerking on our cords?!?

Dear Mr Hubble, please pull the blinds.
Let's stop some action while there's still time.
Is the maker moving mountains or is he doing lines?

Mr Hubble, you're so cool!
Mr Hubble, you're so bad!

Ye-e-eah!
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yow!

Dear Mr Hubble, letter from your staff:
Will you transmit our salvation, or naked photographs?
Is the galaxy just gold dust blowing from god's ass?

Mr Hubble, you're so high!
Mr Hubble, kiss our ass!

Ye-e-ah!
Ye-e-ah! Yow!