

Ookla The Mok, Private I

I want to wear a Stetson hat and a long trench coat
And I want to find a case-solving clue on a bloodstained note
Mysterious dames will hire me
To solve their dead uncle's mystery
And I'll carry a gun but I'll only shoot the bad guys
I want to be a private eye
I want to go where no man's ever gone before
And I want to wield my evil father's laser sword
One little step for me
Gets bigger when there's no gravity
And I'm gonna fly high in the sky faster than the speed of thought
I'm gonna be an astronaut

CHORUS:

People always ask me, "When you gonna grow up
And when you do what will you be?"
That's when I always tell them if I'm gonna grow up
I'll do it on my own sweet time and what I become is still up to me

I want to be the fastest draw in the wild, wild West
In boot and spurs and a ten-gallon hat I'll be well dressed
I'll catch the bandits and throw them in jail
I'll win a shootout at the OK Corral
Oh bury me not on the lone prairie don't fence me in, Roy
I want to be a cowboy
I want to say, "Land ho! Argghh! Avast!" and "Batten down the hatches!"
And I want to have a peg leg, a hook for an arm, and two eyepatches
I'll run you through then make you walk the plank or
I'll tie you to a two-ton anchor
I'll be a pirate I'll show no fear
I want to be a buccaneer
(What's a buccaneer?)
(Too much to pay for corn.)
(ha ha ha.)

CHORUS

In the sandbox and on the jungle gym
Barbie dolls and Tonka trucks were made for her and him
I don't know I don't know
But you just ask my mom, she says I can be whatever I want to be
And you just ask your dad if you can come over and play with me
I wanna be a photo-journalist college kid
And I wanna get bitten by a radioactive arachnid
One lesson that'll be learned by me
Is that with great power comes great responsibility
And I'll have an uncanny spider-sense and web-shooters on my hands
I wanna be Spider-Man!
(Cool!)
I want to arc through the air with the grace of a falcon
Then I want to jump into the arms of Macaulay Caulkin
While the other kids are dancing to U2
I'll be spinning round and round in a tutu
I wanna be as limber as fully cooked semolina
I want to be a male ballerina
(You wanna be a WHAT?)
(I wanna be a male ballerina!)
(No way!)
(No it's not, my mommy says that I can be whatever I wanna be, like who
do YOU wanna be? fricken uh...)
(Spider-Man, man)
(Spider-Man, oh, Spider-Man... like how about a cowboy, gimme a break,
Wyatt Earp didn't even exist! You're singing about the OK Corral, you
see the episode Spectre of the Gun from Star Trek, you think you know
everything there is to know about Wyatt Earp, gimme a fricken break!)
(Hey, I know everything I *need* to know about Wyatt Earp, OK!)
(Yeah, well, wasn't he just some old guy that died in a fricken nursing

home?)
(Yeah, well, at least I'm not a fricken... a fricken...)
(Just shut up and sing the chorus, OK?)
(OK...)
CHORUS