

Dead Kennedys, One-Way Ticket To Pluto

Countdown!
Get ready for the Blast Off!
And don't forget the Hype!
We're going into space.

Distinguished 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:
Senator, 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 going 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 NO NO
NO.