

Dr. Steel, Land Of The Lost

Woke up this morning a million years ago.
My head is spinning don't know where to go.
Slipped and slid into a dimensional door
Now all I hear is them dinosaur roars.
The trees are plastic and the sky's a mess
I'm feeling spastic and I can't repress it

Slow-motion lizard-zombies hiss and creep.
So I better move my feet.
Yeah, I better move my feet.

I got tossed into the Land of the Lost
In the Land of the Lost I'm tossed
And I gotta get back, gotta get back
But I got tossed into the Land of the Lost
In the Land of the Lost I'm tossed
And I gotta get back gotta get back gotta get

To the Lost City, it's so itty-bitty
And the bubbling brew of strangeness
Rearranges while sustaining this
Suspended animation I'm in a state
Of bad Claymation
It's a Krofft produced
Drug induced
Styrofoam vacation

With a kick back Dopey giving me a ride
And a hairy little Clint Howard by my side
Hiding in the lizard's Pylon to
Defeat their weak attack
So I'm cranking up my Marshal Sleeztacks
to the max
While I ROCK!

In the Land of the Lost
In the Land of the Lost I rock
And I'm never going back never going back
Cause now I rock in the Land of the Lost
In the Land of the Lost I rock
And I'm never going back,
never going back
never leave.

Now I'm controlling everything
With the Lite-Brite set I'm the lizard king.
Holly's getting busy, Chaka's always sauced.
No need to come and find me
In the Land of the Lost.