

Enter The Haggis, Bagpipes On Mars

I read about a man who'd been
Around the world and back again
Built a space ship in his back yard
And went to mars one afternoon

When he got home late that night
He said the people, they were kind
Bought him drinks and entertained him
And that's where he'd been all this time

But do they play the bagpipes on mars?
Do they have a shrine to Elvis?
Easy payments on their cars?
And what do they know about us?
Do they fly in flying saucers?
Do they have to take the bus?

Well, I got pretty curious and I built a space craft of my own
Blew a gasket and lost my oil a half a million miles from home
Fortunately, a family of martians came a drivin' by
Picked me up, and their daughter liked me
Now we're married and the kids look fine

But do they play the bagpipes on mars?
Do they have a shrine to Elvis?
Easy payments on their cars?
And what do they know about you and me?
Do they recycle plastic
And steal cable TV?

Now I got pretty homesick
So I started up a little band
We got famous - three gold records!
Bought the Partridge family's van!
Got bombed out on Uranus
Rave revues on Venus
Things got hot on Mercury
That's where I burned my piano

And now they're playing bagpipes on mars
They've got a drive-thru shrine to Elvis
Photo radar on their cars
They've learned everything from you and me
They're hanging out at singles bars
And watching MTV
... (yes they are)