

Ookla The Mok, Cowboy Secret Space Detective

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 am gonna be an astronaut
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 shoot out at the OK corral
Oh bury me not on the lone prairie
don't fence me in, Roy
I want to be a cowboy

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS