

# They Might Be Giants, Destination Moon

Don't bother to call this room  
There's nobody here who can pick up  
Or has stuff they need to talk about  
And who won't be now  
Checking out and flying

By rocket to the moon  
By airplane to the rocket  
By taxi to the airport  
By front door to the taxi  
By throwing back the blanket  
Hanging down the legs

Thank you for the card with the cartoon nurse  
But you see there's nothing wrong with me  
You think, "That's what you think."  
"That's what they all say,"  
Before I blow you away

By rocket to the moon  
By airplane to the rocket  
By taxi to the airport  
By front door to the taxi  
By throwing back the blanket  
Hanging down the legs

Soon the man who sweeps the room  
Brings the secret telegram:  
"COMMENCE OFFICIAL INTERPLANETARY EXPLORATION"

Thank you for the card with the cartoon nurse  
But you see there's nothing wrong with me  
You think, "That's what you think."  
"That's what they all say,"  
Before I blow you away

By rocket to the moon  
By airplane to the rocket  
By taxi to the airport  
By front door to the taxi  
By throwing back the blanket  
Hanging down the legs

By rocket to the moon  
Crawl to the rocket  
By coughing at the airport  
By limping to the taxi  
By throwing back the blanket  
Hanging down the withered leg