

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