

## Oxygen

8 Bit

In the starship whopper box, I'm gonna crashland.  
Wishin' I was home in the space van.  
The sky is green and the ground is chrome.  
I'd like to take my suit off but it's too f\*\*kin' cold.  
So, I go into town to grab a beer-  
Didn't know humans we're so weird.  
They started talkin' shit and ran me out of Dodge,  
Back to the ship in the f\*\*kin' space pod.

I need oxygen or I'm-a be dead.  
If I don't get oxygen, I'm gonna be dead.

Cold chillin' on a different terrain.  
I don't even know my own name.  
Is it Ronny, Bobby, Ricky, or LeFrost?  
I don't know because I'm lost.  
I'm seein' red. It's gettin to my head.  
If I don't get oxygen, I'm gonna be dead.

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I'm flyin' the motherf\*\*kin' UFO,  
Restin' my feet on the cruise control.  
Comin' straight towards Earth and it's all too slow  
'Cause me and my robot don't wanna go.  
Gettin' hard to breathe so I flipped the switch,  
But the oxygen's out- ain't that a bitch!  
Crashlandin', in the canyon.  
Cursin' up a storm, straight sheer ba-bam-bam.

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I landed on this planet, full of ugly creatures:  
Furry ape-men with bumby features.  
All these angry humans pollutin' the air,  
Destroyin' their home without a care.  
Primitive communication, primitive transportation