

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.

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

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.

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

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