

Eight Foot Two, Solid Blue

Allan Sherman

Last night I met a man from Mars, and he was very sad
He said, "Won't you help me find my girlfriend, please?"
So I asked him, "What does she look like?",
And the man from Mars said, she's

Eight foot two, solid blue,
Five transistors in each shoe,
Has anyone seen my gal?
Lucite nose, rust-proof toes,
And when her antenna glows,
She's the cutest Martian girl.

You know she promised me, recently,
She wouldn't stray,
But came the dawn, she was gone
Eighteen billion miles away.

Her steering wheel has sex appeal,
Her evening gown is stainless steel,
Has anybody seen my gal?
How I miss all the bliss
Of her sweet hydraulic kiss,
Has anybody seen my gal?
Lovely shape, custom built,
Squeeze her wrong and she says "tilt",
Has anybody seen my gal?

She does the cutest tricks,
With her six stereo ears.
When she walks by, spacemen cry,
'Specially when she shifts her gears.

If she's found, rush like mad,
Put her on a launching pad,
Down at Cape Canaveral,
And shoot my cutie,
My supersonic beauty,
Send me back my Martian gal.