

Queen of Outer Space

Sloppy Seconds

Crawling from the wreckage
Walking through the wasteland
Searching for a sign of life
Another lonely spaceman
Jet pack of my back
Helmet on my head
Laser in my shoulder holster
Then somebody said
Do not move, do not run
Do not reach for your ray gun
Turn and face the queen of outer space
She was tall
She was green
She was penthouse magazine
Pure and chaste
The queen of outer space
she led me to titania
She took me to her chamber
She said I was now a guest
And I was out of danger
knee boots on her legs
Hands upone her hips
Sweet nothings flowing
From those lucious lips
Do not move, do not run
Do not reach for your ray gun
Turn and face the queen of outer space
She was sleek
She was blessed
She had three enormous breast
in my face
The queen of outer space
Do not move, do not run
Do not reach for your ray gun
Turn and face the queen of outer space
lead me on
Through your door
Where no man has gone before...
To take my place with the queen of outer space