

Oasis

Ugly Duckling

Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah

Come on a trip to the centre of the nebulous place
I'm your host (Space Ghost!) on this cosmos chase
It's a pattern around Saturn, so watch the rings
Then follow the flight plan to Andromeda's wings
Point your kaleidoscope at the balance expanse
Never any bending the surface of molecular plans
Enhance, the beat can secret so can search's and saves
and signals, but not radio waves
Cause' you've tuned into the top ten, the pop is repetitive
A sedative that would make insomniacs relax
Into a mummified state, but I'll unravel the clock
Travel the harp, and feed a bon-bon to a ton-ton
In other words, I duck and make the cargo drop
In simple terms, I stop and rock the spot
So I'm working on a new anti-gravity design
In the jet-propulsion lab with Young Einstein, (and)
Let me play Willy Mays and say hey to Dizzy Dustin
Formerly known as cue-ball, back when I was called too tall
But now with U-Haul, packing up, making moves to new places
(Including the Oasis!)

It's not a mirage, but a barrage of spoken ballet
Everyone is spun by the tongue, conductors DJ
It takes your ora from the world of the morbid
Shoot you through a vacuum, put you into orbit

Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah

Head to handicap, contact someone
To the percussion club drubbing up the non-hum drum
As it runs it and thus becomes a product of the ugly
Now we can make it lovely (Like)
A life can become a slow death, but one is left
It's sold to a genie with bandini on it's breath
Never came to baggage claim, so no venture over the fences into the frontier
Where regret is varied consequences
On the laster days, there will be no castaways
Coming aboard cause' there'll be more into the black hole
But we can clear this stratosphere
And watch planets disappear from the inside of our capsule
Andy Cat to Earth(This is mission control)
Prognosis?(All systems go)
Good, I'm going to make the jump to light speed to see my mom and d-a-d
Hey the apple didn't fall to far from the tree
Though it's not the route I claim, but the food I became
That should be judged because their not always the same
And if your aim is to criticize me
(then you)Then you can call the 1800 hotline(but it's not mine)
I don't make money like the hubbly and bubbly house
Still I'm thirsting to stay at the O.K Crowd
But my stomach won't growl and I'll bathe in the graces
Of timeless joy, via the oasis

Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah

You see my man Dan Large he's out of this world
And the People Under The Stairs are out of this world

Mr. Mark Jones is out of the this world

And the Jungle, the Brothers are out of this world

Dj Touché' he's out of this world
Everybody who bought the E.P, out of this world

Van The Man Ryker is out of this world
And Josh? Well he's down to earth

All my people in Antarctica, out of this world
and Ursula, she's out of this world

Big Gary Richards, he's out of this world
And the group Ugly Duckling, we're out!

And as they warned, a summer night on a hilltop
far from the bright lights of the city
a group of beginner students in astronomy
gazes up at the northern stars
there instructress speaking