

## 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