

Flight Of The Conchords, Bowie

Bowie's in space

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Whatcha doin' out there, man?

That's pretty freaky, Bowie. (Ooh Bowie!)

Isn't it cold out in space, Bowie?

Do you want to borrow my jumper, Bowie?

Does the space cold make your nipples go pointy, Bowie?

Do you use your pointy nipples as telescopic antennae to transmit data back to Earth?

I bet you do you freaky old bastard you

Do you have one really funky sequined space suit, Bowie,

Or do you have several ch-changes?

Do they smoke grass out in space man, or do they smoke Astro turf? (Ooh!)

Spoken

Receiving transmission from David Bowie's nipple antennae! Do you read me, Lieutenant Bowie? I

Lieutenant Bowie?

This is Bowie to Bowie, do you hear me out there man?

This is Bowie back to Bowie I read you loud and clear, man.

Ooh yeah man!

Your signal is weak on my radar screen. How far out are you man?

I'm pretty far out

That's pretty far out man

I'm orbiting Pluto!

Drawn in by its grooveatational (grooveatational) pull

I'm jamming out with the Mick Jaggernauts

And they think it's pretty cool, man.

Are you ok Bowie? What was that sound?

I don't know man, I'll have to turn my ship around.

Ooh it's the craziest thing

Yeah, I'm picking it up on my LSD screen.

Can you see the stratosphere, ringing?

To the choir of Afronauts singing

Bowie's in space! Bowie. Bowie. Bowie. Bowie. Bowie. Bowie.

Bowie's in space! Bowie. Bowie. Bowie. Bowie. Bowie. Bowie.

Eenie e ma ma meenie miny moey

Set your phasers on funky

Eenie ma ma meenie miny moey

B-b-b-b Bowies in..... space!