

# View Master

## Ookla the Mok

I turned on the TV set to check up on Battle of the Planets  
At seven a.m. on Saturday  
But G-Force and Mr. Magoo went the way of the New Zoo Revue  
And all my Super Friends have gone away  
Daphne, Fred and Velma, what am I to do?  
You've gone and left me hanging out with Scooby-Dum and Scrappy-Doo  
All the countless hours we spent  
watching Jimmy Olsen, Lois, Perry and Clark Kent  
I guess George Reeves wasn't bulletproof after all  
Oh Captain Kangaroo  
they broke the Creepy Crawler Mold after they made you  
And Mr. Moose ran out of ping-pong balls  
My Rock 'Em Sock 'Em Robots have seen better days  
And Mom just went and threw my Archie comics away  
CHORUS:  
I'm gonna cry if I can't find my View Master  
Etch-a-Sketch me a pretty picture  
Go Speed Racer go a little faster  
I could hear the voices of my childhood  
When I traded in my Close and Play for a second-hand guitar  
I was straining to hear, I was straining to reach them  
But Stretch Armstrong couldn't stretch that far  
Slinkies and Slurpees and Crazy Straws  
The Easter Bunny and Santa Claus  
A Shogun Warrior, a Weebles, and Evel Knievel  
I opened my blue toy box  
and found a couple dead spiders and a pair of old socks  
My Batman costume didn't seem to fit  
All my Star Wars guys are gone  
except a headless Tusken Raider and the Carbon Frozen Han  
And Boba's still digesting in my sandbox Sarlacc pit  
My NHL Slot Hockey is rusting underneath my bed  
My Hungry Hungry Hippo's starving, it's been years since he was fed  
I can't believe it's been so long  
since I stayed up past my bedtime just to play a game of Pong  
My Sit and Spin has got me in a whirl  
Was it twenty years ago  
that I'd get up once a week to watch the Krofft Supershow  
With Electra Woman and Dynagirl?

I can hear the Sleestak pounding at my door  
Since Puff the Magic Dragon ceased his mighty roar

CHORUS:

I'm gonna cry if I can't find my View Master

    Spirograph me a pretty picture

    Go Speed Racer go a little faster

    I could hear the voices of my childhood

When I traded in my Close and Play for a second-hand guitar

    I was straining to hear, I was straining to reach them

    But Stretch Armstrong couldn't stretch that far

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