

The Martian Boogie

Brownsville Station

The other night I was
Walking down the street
I was getting kinda hungry
I decided to get me something to eat
Now I passed up all the chain
Franchise joints on Hamburger row
And stopped at a little greasy spoon place
I always eat at called Eat, Sit and Gulp
Get you one of the greasy hamburgers
All peppered up, lay you up in the
Hospital for about ten days
So I ordered me up a
Couple of those grease bombs
Waitress brought 'em over
Lifted up the bun, checked 'em out
Damn, no ketchup
So I nudged the guy sitting next to me
At the counter, I said, hey, partner
How about passing the ketchup over
Suddenly, this little bitty green hand
Holding a ketchup bottle came into view
And I freaked cause the guy sitting
Next to me was a Martian
Now in twenty-eight years of eating hamburgers
I ain't never run into no Martian
Not at 2:30 in the morning and certainly
Not at a fine scarfing establishment like EatWell, he was sitting over there with a
Bunch of colored sticks on his plate
And I looked over at him and I said
What you eating there, boy, crayons
He said, why no
they're Martian cigarettes
Here, try one
Well, 'bout half hour later
He looked over at me and smiled
Them Martians ain't got
But two teeth in their head
And he said, how do you feel
And I said, well, I feel so good
Yeah, I do, gonna boogie
Meanwhile, back at Eat's
I was still thinking, I said
How come out of all the places
You could have landed
You wound up here
He said, well, according
To my lunar space map
This town here is supposed to be
The boogie capital of the U.S.
So I asked him, I said

Now, where else you been, boy
And he told meHe said, I've rocked 'em over
And I've rocked 'em down
Rocked 'em in the country
I've rocked 'em in town
Rock and roll been so good to meUp walked a lady and she asked me my name
Told her my name was on ten of my shirt
Told her, rocking chair Martian
Don't have to workYeah, I feel so good
Yeah, yeah, gonna boogie
Martian boogie

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