

# Destination Moon

## They Might Be Giants

Don't bother to call this room  
There's nobody here who can pick up  
Or has stuff they need to talk about  
And who won't be now checking out and flying  
By rocket to the moon, by airplane to the rocket  
By taxi to the airport, by front door to the taxi  
By throwing back the blanket hanging down the legs  
Thank you for the card with the cartoon nurse  
But you see there's nothing wrong with me  
You think, "That's what you think"  
"That's what they all say", before I blow you away  
By rocket to the moon, by airplane to the rocket  
By taxi to the airport, by front door to the taxi  
By throwing back the blanket hanging down the legs  
Soon the man who sweeps the room  
Brings the secret telegram  
"Commence official interplanetary exploration"  
Thank you for the card with the cartoon nurse  
But you see there's nothing wrong with me  
You think, "That's what you think"  
"That's what they all say", before I blow you away  
By rocket to the moon, by airplane to the rocket  
By taxi to the airport, by front door to the taxi  
By throwing back the blanket hanging down the legs  
By rocket to the moon, crawl to the rocket  
By coughing at the airport, by limping to the taxi  
By throwing back the blanket, hanging down the withered leg

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