

# Bowie

## Flight of the Conchords

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Bowie's in space, Bowie's in space  
Whatcha doin' out there, man?  
That's pretty freaky Bowie, ooh Bowie  
Is it cold out in space, Bowie?  
You can borrow my jumper if you like, Bowie Does the cold of deep space  
Make your nipples go pointy, Bowie?  
Do you use your pointy nipples as telescopic antennae  
To transmit data back to Earth?  
I betcha 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, Bowie  
Or do they smoke Astro turf, ooh? Receiving transmission  
From David Bowie's nipple antennae  
Do you read me, Lieutenant Bowie?  
I said do you read me, 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 signals weak on my radar screen  
How far out are you, man?  
I'm pretty far out  
That's pretty far out, man Ooh ah ooh, I'm orbiting Pluto, ooh ah ooh  
Drawn in by its groovitational  
(Groovitational pull)  
I'm jamming out with the Mick Juggernauts  
And they think it's pretty cool, man Are you okay 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  
But 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, BowieEenie ma ma meenie miny moey  
Phasers on funky  
Eenie, ma ma meenie miny Bowie  
B-B-Bowie's in space

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