

Beam Me Up Scotty

Tom Mody

You might say I've been around
I was the man on the scene
Yeah I've loved em all
But some were just a little green
So when I looked back in time
I need someone more my kind.
A little Midwestern with eyes to the skies
Imagine my surprise

[chorus]

Beam me up Scotty, gotta get out of this place
Take my advice they don't play nice
Beam me up Scotty, back to our kind of space
No more tattoo'd mamma's shopping Walmart in pajamas
Beam me up Scotty, what the hell's wrong with this race

I'll turn around, double down
Split myself in half and leave the mean
Maybe that'll to tame 'em 'cause nothing's gonna shame 'em
They're a vicious breed
They're packing guns, dancing for ones
I need someone without a hit and run
It's back to the future and trolling the skies
It's been 5 years where's my prize

[chorus]

Beam me up Scotty, gotta get out of this place
They just inhaled all my Romulan ale
Beam me up Scotty, back to our kind of space
The prime directive should have never been rejected
Beam me up Scotty, what the hell's wrong with this race

[bridge]

They're hazardous, illogica, barely comprehensible
Mixing them with alcohol they multiply like tribble balls
Beam me up Scotty and engage warp speed.

[Chorus]

Beam me up Scotty, gotta get out of this place
They don't think twice, they're parasites
Beam me up Scotty, back to our kind of space
They don't want no protection now I've got a post infection
Beam me up Scotty, what the hell's wrong with this race