

Eight Foot Two, Solid Blue (by Allen Sherman)

[E7]Last night I met a man from Mars, and he was very sad. He said, "Won't you help me find my girl friend, please?" So I asked him, "What does she look like?" and the man from Mars said, she's ...

[C]Eight foot two, [E7]solid blue, [A7]five transistors in each shoe,
Has an[D7]ybody [G7]seen my [C]gal? [G7]

[C]Lucite nose, [E7]rust-proof toes, [A7]and when her antenna glows,
[D7]She's the cutest [G7]Martian [C]gal.

[Tacit]You know she [E7]promised me, recently, [A7]she wouldn't stray,
[D7]But came the dawn, she was gone, [G7][/stop —]eighteen billion miles away.

[C]Her steering wheel has [E7]sex appeal, [A7]her evening gown is stainless steel,
Has an[D7]ybody [G7]seen my [C]gal? [G7]

[C]How I miss [E7]all the bliss of [A7]her sweet hydraulic kiss,
Has an[D7]ybody [G7]seen my [C]gal? [G7]

[C]Lovely shape, [E7]custom built, [A7]squeeze her wrong and she says "tilt",
Has an[D7]ybody [G7]seen my [C]gal?

[tacit]She does the [E7]cutest tricks, with her six ----[A7]stereo ears.
[D7]When she walks by, spacemen cry, [G7][/stop]'specially when she shifts her gears.

[C]If she's found, [E7]rush like mad, [A7]put her on a launching pad,
[D7]Down at [G7]Cape [A7]Canaveral,
[D7]And shoot me back my [G7]cutie, my [D7]supersonic [G7]beauty,
[D7]Send me back my [G7]Martian [C]gal.

[C][C][F][F]----[C]