

# Bowie

## Flight of the Conchords

Bowie's in space  
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Whatcha doin' out there, man?  
That's pretty freaky, Bowie. (Ooh Bowie!)  
Isn't it cold out in space, Bowie?  
Do you want to borrow my jumper, Bowie?  
Does the space cold make your nipples go pointy, Bowie?  
Do you use your pointy nipples as telescopic antennae to transmit data back to Earth?  
I bet you 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 man, or do they smoke Astroturf? (Ooh!)\*Spoken\*  
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.  
Oooh yeah man!  
Your signal is weak on my radar screen. How far out are you man?  
I'm pretty far out  
That's pretty far out man  
I'm orbiting Pluto!  
Drawn in by its grooveatational (grooveatational) pull  
I'm jamming out with the Mick Jaggernauts  
And they think it's pretty cool, man. Are you ok 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.  
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. Bowie. Eenie e ma ma meenie miny  
moey  
Set your phasers on funky  
Eenie ma ma meenie miny moey  
B-b-b-b Bowies in... space!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>