

# *Beam Me Up Scotty*

*Tom Mody*

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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