

Alan Murphy

Your Common or Garden Martian

Your common-or-garden Martian has three eyes in his head,
Seven ears and twenty limbs a-dangling from his bed,
He holidays near Jupiter and breakfasts on the Moon,
And he visits his scaly mother-in-law in the month of June.

Your common-or-garden Martian thinks that life is a beach
With silver sand and purple shells and waves that really greet a fella,
He sails the stellar on a sea of galaxies and such,
And smokes without a cigarette (but doesn't drink too much).

He's perfectly at home, in London or in Rome,
But he really likes to swim the stars
So he's not on the phone...

Your common-or-garden Martian is a happy-go-lucky chap,
With kids, a wife, a house, a bug-eyed monster in his lap,
He has a steady job that wobbles once in a wee while,
But by the way he gibbers you can tell he has real style.

All common-or-garden Martians think that flowers are a food,
And gravel is jewellery and valuable to boot,
They're frightened by our circus clowns and laugh at horror films,
And don't go giving them medicine as it only makes them ill.

They're perfectly at ease, in Paris or Berlin,
So long as they've got a shiny pot,
A ship to fly there in...

Your common-or-garden Martian hangs with earthlings now and then,
He's not in with the in-crowd but he has a pal called Ken,
He's weird as worms, it's true, in fact there is no doubt
That your common-or-garden Martian is pretty spaced out.

