Mars Poem

Martians are coming,
Martians are here,
They're from the 4th planet,
Oh-my and oh-dear!
Their planet looks red,
From iron oxide,
What should we do?
Run, fight, or hide?
Their planet's named Mars,
Half of Earth's size,
But those Martians look giant,
Have lasers for eyes!

Martians are here,
A fact we can't hide,
They came in a spaceship,
A long, long, long ride!
But news is now out,
From Fiji to France,
Martians are friendly,
They came here to dance