

# Mary Lou Lord, Martian Saints

I went out and did my head I came home and thought about you  
I saw the world turn red I picked off my new tattoo  
I cut out pictures of days on end  
I tear up paper and wait for Martian Saints to descend

I woke up in a shallow sweat I went back to sleep again  
I walked around my room I called up my ex-boyfriend  
I said you're the reason I'm in this mess  
When they show up I'll give the Martian Saints your address

I see them flying round the mirror  
I know they're coming for me soon

Now I play my favorite tune I bemoan my lonely fate  
My last few days on earth spin in this stateless state  
And I hear the engines above the trees  
You tell the people about the Martian Saints for me