

# Monster Magnet, Vertigo

I can have my cherries and you can have you real  
And we can screw in lava 'till the gods lick at our heels  
We were born in oil a million years ago  
And we can push the buttons of the come that makes us go  
Makes us go, makes us go, makes us go

When I spoke with Saturn, he told me I was gone  
But I can't lick eruption when my pulls tells me it's strong There's a tiny  
little monkey, he lives inside my head  
He whispers on your mind in sleeps and tucks you into bed  
In your bed, in your bed, in your bed

I can smell invasion, red excited mind  
I can see a general dropping into flaming pines

We just plugged forever, we just saved the day  
Kiss your little self for me, everything's ok  
It's ok, it's ok, it's ok

Aaaah...

It's ok, it's ok, it's ok