

# Pere Ubu, 30 Seconds Over Tokyo

Flew off early in the haze of dawn  
In a metal dragon locked in time,  
Skimming waves of an underground sea  
In some kind of a dream world fantasy

Sun a hot circle on a canopy,  
&#039;25 a racing blot on a bright green sea  
Ahead the dim blur of an alien land,  
Time to give ourselves to strange gods&#039; hands

Dark flak spiders bursting in the sky,  
Reaching twisted claws on every side  
No place to run,  
No place to hide,  
No turning back on a suicide ride

Toy city streets crawling through my sights,  
Sprouting clumps of mushrooms like a world surreal  
This dream won&#039;t ever seem to end,  
And time seems like it&#039;ll never begin  
30 seconds,  
And a one way ride  
30 seconds,  
And no place to hide  
30 seconds over tokyo