

The Flaming Lips, A Machine In India

I'm going to India over and over again.

I'm standin' in a cylinder, seein' all the bleedin' vaginas.

I feel it now comin' over me so I strive to love the Messiah.

I'm goin' to India over and over again.

I'm rushin' to the nearest station, feet and hands collided with the driver.

All that I think, all I thought and all I know the Syrian missile guides itself into the vaginas.

I'm goin' to India over and over again.