

The Flaming Lips, Charlie Manson Blues

The seance has just been told,
The slaughter has just been sold,
To some people who won't get old,
Cause their skin is getting cold.

The room that's in the back,
That's where I lost it all.
In the room that's in the back,
Let's go have a ball.

Cause I'm slipping into the Charlie Manson Blues.
I'm a stupid dressed Jesus son.
I'm slipping into the Charlie Manson Blues.
I'm a stupid dressed Jesus son.

Head burning up, chain-smoking,
Everybody here is choking.
Shrunken heads are joking,
And new-born skull is broke.

And the room that's in the back,
Is where I lost it all.
In the room that's in the back,
Let's go have a ball.

Cause I'm slipping into the Charlie Manson Blues.
I'm a stupid dressed Jesus son.
I'm slipping into the Charlie Manson Blues.
I'm a stupid dressed Jesus son.

Cause I'm slipping into the Charlie Manson Blues.
I'm a stupid dressed Jesus son.
I'm slipping into the Charlie Manson Blues.
I'm a stupid dressed Jesus son.

Whoa, Goddammit!
Shit!