

The Flaming Lips, Drug Machine In Heaven

Every time that we fly together
Our plane blows up in the sky
We're workin' in an explosives factory
Cause we don't care if we die

Everything, everything, everything that I wish
Give us a 20th century Jesus guy
And he could make us rich

You've known me for a million years
And I've been chewed up by all your gears
I don't wanna be no one else
I like it here, 'cause I like hell.