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.