

The Flaming Lips, Love Yer Brain

Sometimes I don't know what to think about the world
When this guy is burnin' up in the street with gasoline
And the flames show no mercy
So when you really need someone to talk to you
It doesn't always work like it's supposed to

But you can love yer brain
Even if it slips down the drain
Man, I'm not no drug addict
But a person's gotta have something
To keep him from going insane

Well, this man kills this other man
Who's killed this other man, so it's okay
And this fourteen year old's sittin' in the electric chair
Smilin' and smokin' a cigarette
So I guess I was right all along readin' Mad magazine