

The Flaming Lips, Man From Pakistan

This man was walking, down by the curb,
He had lost his saddle in the mud.
This guy was crying, tears from his eyes,
Part of his body was paralyzed.

I thought it was a dream.
Strangest thing I've seen.
O'er and o'er and over, 'til I think I don't exist.

So I went up to him, and asked him what
He was doing, and who he was.
He said his memory had been dilluted,
He said he once was electrocuted.

I thought it was a dream.
Strangest thing I've seen.
O'er and o'er and over, 'til I think I don't exist.

He said he'd come from Pakistan,
Where he was beaten by a policeman.
That's why he walked, a duty crawl.
And acted like he knew it all.

I thought it was a dream.
Strangest thing I've seen.
O'er and o'er and over, 'til I think I don't exist.