

# Black Francis, Captain Pasty

I'm a captain in the flying corp  
I find the farm is a super bore  
The world is small when I'm in the air  
The universe, it don't make me scared, no

I'm a zipper in the metal mule  
I'm a sipper of the rocket fuel  
I've seen my friends take the blessed dive  
I'm just lucky to be alive

Don't take your eyes off Captain Pasty  
High in the skies of alabaster faces  
Don't take your eyes off Captain Pasty

In the battle I'm my mother's son  
I love the rattle of the melting gun  
When Mars attacked with a million hits  
I seen my friends in a billion bits

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High in the skies of alabaster faces  
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"Captain Pasty, please report to the tarmac for a very important assignment  
Godspeed."

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Hang on, baby, I'm-a-really fast  
Past is future and the future's past  
Something I don't want to know  
I'm sorry, baby, I gotta go

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