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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"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

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