

# Dead Milkmen, Helicopter Interiors

Stan's been seeing phantoms and we're not sure what to do  
His screaming keeps the whole house up all night  
Though we've never touched his closet and his problems are few  
Something 'bout his disposition just isn't right

The tender young boy with the life affirming needs  
Waits in the garden  
And everybody knows that he's praying for Stan

All the total strangers on the mountain tops  
Quarrel, babble, sometimes they dance  
Clouds on the horizon tell of impending doom  
You know they seem to be saying that we don't stand a chance

Large chunks of evidence were chucked into my shirt  
As the navy doctor fell asleep a tense fog? surrounded us  
Brilliant lights ignite in the sky  
Everyone is beautiful if not somewhat unrecognisable

Sometimes it's as simple as the stakes on a wall  
Sometimes it's as hard as a renaissance lute  
Stuffed animals into baby ?  
You know they'll even laugh at the people we shoot

The tender young boy with the life affirming needs  
Still waits in the garden  
And everybody's sure that he's praying for Stan

Even long lost poets like to regenerate  
With new arms and legs they sort the mail  
Cast iron officers wander around  
The president hopes that he'll grow a tail

Manifestations of ?? and  
Float into the sky at night AIIIEEEE!  
Oh damn it configurations play against the gawky savage  
?? mayhem ? into the streets of ??