

Deerhoof, Apple Bomb

I said God
In the trees it's lovely
But it's lonely
With a bone
He will try to clone me
Make a mother
There will be another me

Your mom
When the bomb exploded
Overloaded
Eaten fruit birthday suit decoded
I decided
You would like another mom
Bomb, bomb, bomb, ...

Marry me lucky tree
You're my tree
And your my three
When you burn
Now I'm free
To find me number four
And number four can marry me
Bomb, bomb, bomb, ...

Just like me
Final tree
You're lovely
But you're lonely
I will clone thee
Little tree