

Frank Black, Pie In The Sky

It takes photon power and eight minutes of an hour
To make it to our sun
And I know it sounds weird, but it'll take you four years
To make the next one

Expanding border
That's the sauce of chaos
And that's an order
That's an order

So stomp your feet and clap your hands
Get outta your seat and do a little dance
Lift up your voice and sing with glee
Now listen carefully to me

Desert your quarters
Behold the pie in the sky
And that's an order
That's an order

That's an order
That's an order
That's an order
That's an order
That's an order
That's an order
That's an order