

Say Hi To Your Mom, Your Brain Vs. My Tractorbeam

at dawn, the day was ghastly
like a western, but in the east
we spent the night training for showdowns
and microwaving marshmallow treats
and now our adrenaline's rushing
and you are my arch-nemesis
you're still mad that i copied your hairdo
i'm still hoping you won't notice

and you pawned off your decoder ring
and you wrote it out in invisible ink
but your brains are no match for my tractorbeam
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the surround is encapsulating
theremins they sound twice as big
the closed-circuits gonna put on ten pounds
but we'll learn to get rid of them
everybody keep on dancing
but the code word's inside your head
it's delightful just for today
and tomorrow we'll go pre-med

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