

Scott Weiland, Barbarella

You play the game,
I'll masturbate and sing a lullaby
You run the race,
I'll pay the miles
You sing the pink love fuzz
And dance the musty queer
I'll stay at home cause I'm the mouse

So high that i can't fly
More deep than space #9
Can't tell time by telling time
She's so ready
I'm so heavy
It's so heavy on me
Can't hold time by holding time

Barbarella, come and save me from my misery
Can't you see it's a disease
Shoot the bad guys and I'll gladly sing a tune for you
Lost in Space - we could be free

Let go, let god they say
I do believe, but not in yours or yours
I just believe it's all the same

Don't know just who I am
Don't know about the lamb
I'm the meat of the feast

Barbarella, come and save me from your misery
Can't you see it's a disease
Shoot the bad guys and I'll gladly sing a tune for you
Lost in Space - we could be free

Na na na na na na
Na na na na na na na
Na na na na na na
Hoo ho ho
Huh ho ho huh ho ho

And all the tangerines
They taste like jelly beans
This must be boring by now
Grab a scale and guess the weight of all the pain I've given with my name
I'm a selfish piece of shit

Barbarella, come and save me from my misery
Can't you see it's a disease
Shoot the bad guys and I'll gladly sing a tune for you
We'll watch 'Lost in Space' on my TV