

Spoon, Don't Make Me A Target

Here come the man from the stars
we don't know why he go so far
and keep on marching along
beating his drum

Thugs and stick and bats and balls
for nuclear dicks with dialect drawls
they come from a parking lot town
where nothing lives in the sun

Don't make me a target (2x)

When you reach back in his mind
feels like he's breaking the law
There's something back there he got
that nobody knows

He never claimed to say what he says
He smells like the inside of closets and stairs-
The kind where nobody goes

Don't make me a target...