

The B-52's, Hero Worship

Heroes falling to the ground
Like Hell's magnet
Pulls me down
On my knees
I try to please his eyes
His idol eyes

Jerking motions won't revive him
Mouth to mouth resuscitation (sic)
I just lay down beside him
And idolize

Motor, motor
Broken hearted
Rusted, rotted
Falling apart
A lock of hair
A belt he wore
It's not enough
I WANT MORE

God give me his soul
God give me his soul

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