

# The B-52s, 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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