

The Flaming Lips, Moth In The Incubator

Something in you, it jitters like a moth
And I see that your arms are out to God
And oh, they kill you when they talk
It makes a mountain peak seem little when it's not

Your incubator is so tight (2x)
I've been born before, I'm pretty used to it
Brain-dead is always all there is

So embryonic it's all right (2x)
I've been born before, I'm gettin' used to it
Brain-dead is how it always ends