

# The Flaming Lips, Mountain Side

If I'm standin' on your mountainside  
And I'm flyin' through your trees  
We're all drivin' our own heads now  
And I'm blessin' all your screed  
And I'm flyin' through your mountainside  
Dyin' in your plane crash of love

If I'm drivin' down your highway  
And I'm crashin' in your dreams  
We're all drivin' our own heads now  
All your lights are never green  
And I'm drivin' down your highway  
Crashin' through your windsheild of love

And if I'm standing on your mountainside  
And I'm crashin' through your dreams  
We're all drivin' our own heads now  
And all your bathroom floors are clean  
And I hold your electric toaster while  
Standin' in your bathtub of love  
And I'm flyin' through your mountainside  
Dyin' in your plane crash of love