

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