

The Flaming Lips, Unplugged

In this bogus town we ain't got nothing to do.
Everybody's pretty cool, hate to stoop.
Thinking they're great, some new kind of drug.
They got their wires pulled out, tell ya man they're unplugged.
They're unplugged.

Everybody here is a mental case.
Their eyes are staring out into space.
Try to talk to them and I really get burned.
Nobody's home, I tell ya man they're unplugged.
They're unplugged.

There's too many dumb-fucks.
Man, it really sucks.
Spending all their bucks.
They're all unplugged, in their heads. Come on.
In their heads.

Sick!