

White Lies, I Don't Want To Go To Mars

They made me put all my things in a silver case
Took my blood and my name and asked my age
Told me all my friends were on their way
And I'm just late in the game

But oh, God
I don't want to go to Mars
What kind of brainwashed idiot does?
It's all a lab-rat life in jars
They branded the dream of ages
I don't want to go to Mars
Be with me here and return to dust
We can borrow your parents' car
And take it to all our places

They made this terrible thing look like a train
There's something sweet in the air what I can't say
Would I like a drink to calm the brain?
Oh please stay in your chairs

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(I don't want to go to Mars)
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(I don't want to go to)

It's been another four years and not one birthday cake
We sometimes sleep all day and never shake
You can hike the abyss with a friend you hate
Oh! I miss the news and change

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