

Greg Kihn Band

"Bright Ideas"

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Back down off the sun
I need a light to tell the time
I'm sure the sky wants it's black back
Air attack
So in love with the view
You bombast
It's just like a sunburn but contagious
You really are outrageous
When you've got your bright ideas on

And I believe you when you say that the mail is killing
you
'Cause I believe the mail-man is slowly killing me too

Ease up on your mouth
I can't make any words out
The fruitflies all buzzing out
Man what are you getting to
You may be right and I may be wrong
I know that you've got to hang your bright ideas on

And I believe you when you say that the mail is killing
you
'Cause I believe the mail-man is slowly killing me too

You may say
I'm not here

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