

Planet Of Pants "Rodan"

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He's not a sculptor like they say Tho' he looks like he's
molded out of potter's clay A prehistoric monster from
by-gone days But he don't really mind it all anyway

Hey Come On Yeah, etc...

He come to take He wanna break Like William Blake He
can't fake it because he's got a beak on He's got his
grip on down

Lived in Japan for most of his life He wanna take
himself a trip just to see all the sights He's got his trunk
packed up ready for the flight That pterodactyl knows
he don't fly by night

Right Come On Yeah, and so on ...

He come to take He wanna break Like William Blake He
can't fake it because he's got a beak on He's got his
grip on

Rodan

Cruisin' Appalachia now look at him fly He spots a
barbecue below, a couple redneck guys He wanna
score some ribs and American pie When the sweat-
stained honkies shot him outta the sky

Hey who'd you eat today Leave 'em out to decay That's
why they're draggin' the bay

Oh but ain't that the way He's a member of the NRA

Hey Hey What'd I say That's why they're draggin' the
bay

Oh but ain't that the way
Tell me what'd I say

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