

## **Red Hot Chili Peppers**

### **"Death Of A Martin"**

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Bear paws and rascal power  
Watching us in your garage  
Big girl you ate the neighbor  
The nova is over  
Wake up and play  
Balleradio  
Make room for Clara's bare feet  
The love of a Martian

Tick tock and waiting for the meteor  
This clock is opening another door

Lots of love just keep it comin'  
Making something out of nothin'  
These are the best that I  
I don't know how to say  
Losin' what I love today  
These are the best that I  
Lots of love just keep it comin'  
Making something out of nothin'  
These are the best that I  
I don't know [what] to say  
[Look at] what I've lost today  
And these are the things that I

Blood flowers in the kitchen  
Signing off and winding down  
This martain ends her mission  
The nova is over  
She caught the ball  
By the mission bell  
Chase lizards bark at donkeys  
The love of a martian

Let's bow our head  
And let the trumpets blow  
Our girl is gone  
God bless her little soul

Lots of love just keep it comin'  
Making something out of nothin'  
These are the best that I

I don't know how to say  
Losin' what I love today  
These are the best that I  
Lots of love just keep it comin'  
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These are the best that I  
I don't know what to say  
[Look at] what I've lost today  
And these are the things that I

She's got a sword in case though this is not her lord  
in case the one who can't afford to face her image is  
restored to grace. Disappeared. No trace. Musky tears.  
Suitcase. The down turn brave little burncub  
bearcareless turnip snare rampages pitch color  
pages...down and out but not in Vegas. Disembarks  
and  
disengages. No loft. Sweet pink canary cages plummet  
pop dewskin fortitude for the sniffing black noses that  
snort and allude to the dangling trinkets that mimic  
the dirt cough go drink its. It's for you. Blue  
battered naval town slip kisses delivered by duck  
muscles and bottlenosed grifters arrive in time to  
catch the late show. It's a beehive barrel race. A  
shehive stare and chase wasted feature who tried and  
failed to reach her. Embossed beneath a box in the  
closet that's lost. The kind that you find when you  
mind your own business. Shiv sister to the quickness  
before it blisters into the newmorning milk blanket.  
Your ilk is funny to the turnstyle touch bunny whose  
bouquet set a course for bloom without decay. get your  
broom and sweep echoes of yesternights fallen  
freckles...AWAY!!!

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