

## Red Hot Chili Peppers

### "Death of martian"

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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, [Incomprehensible]  
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, lookin' what I lost today  
(And these are the things that I)

Blood flowers in the kitchen, signing off and winding down  
This Martian 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

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(These are the best that I)  
I don't know how to say, losin' what I love today  
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Lots of love just keep it comin', making something out of nothin'  
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I don't know what to say, lookin' what I 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 burn cub, bear careless  
Turnip snare rampages pitch color pages

Down and out, but not in Vegas, disembarks and disengages  
No loft, sweet pink canary cages plummet, pop dew skin fortitude  
For the sniffing black noses that snort and allude to the dangling trinkets  
That mimic the dirt, cough, go, drink, it's, it's for you

Blue battered naval town, slip kisses delivered by duck muscles  
And bottle nosed grifters arrive in time to catch the late show  
It's a beehive barrel race, a she hive stare and chase wasted feature  
Who tried and failed to reach her, embossed beneath a box  
In the closet that's lost

The kind you find when you mind your own business  
Shiv sister to the quickness  
Before it blisters into the new morning, milk blanket

Your ilk is funny to the turnstile, touch bunny  
Whose bouquet set a course for bloom without decay  
Get your broom and sweep the echoes of yesternights  
Fallen freckles away

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