

Dead Milkmen "Helicopter Interiors"

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Stan's been seeing phantoms and we're not sure what to do

His screaming keeps the whole house up all night Though we've never touched his closet and his problems are few

Something 'bout his disposition just isn't right

The tender young boy with the life affirming needs Waits in the garden And everybody knows that he's praying for Stan

All the total strangers on the mountain tops
Quarrel, babble, sometimes they dance
Clouds on the horizon tell of impending doom
You know they seem to be saying that we don't stand a chance

Large chunks of evidence were chucked into my shirt As the navy doctor fell asleep a tense fog? surrounded us Brilliant lights ignite in the sky

Everyone is beautiful if not somewhat unrecognisable

Sometimes it's as simple as the stakes on a wall Sometimes it's as hard as a renaissance lute Stuffed animals into baby? You know they'll even laugh at the people we shoot

The tender young boy with the life affirming needs Still waits in the garden And everybody's sure that he's praying for Stan

Even long lost poets like to regenerate With new arms and legs they sort the mail Cast iron officers wander around The president hopes that he'll grow a tail

Manifestations of ? ? and Float into the sky at night AIIIEEEE! Oh damn it configurations play against the gawky savage

?? mayhem? into the streets of??

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