

Rob Zombie

"Welcome to Planet Motherfucker/Psychoholic Slag"

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(Oh, Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh... you can kiss me)
Woven in the surface, a premonition of the land
erupting
A sparkling occasion of a city crashdown overhead,
Revolvin' in a whirlpool a drag-o-rama walk'n on the
sidewalk
So let me see ya howl'n through the keyhole,
"God damn, swept away"

She shouted,
(now let's move)
She love it,
(but let's take the back door)
Gettin' away,

Yeah, I concentrate the midnight without the benefit of
ceremony
Whoever said, "The one who strips your soul is the one
that got away"
A weather-beaten angel descending to embrace the
cemetery
Got love so mystifying,
"God damn, swept away"

She shouted,
(now let's move)
She love it,
(but let's take the back door)
Gettin' away,

She shouted,
(now let's move)
She love it,
(but let's take the back door)
Gettin' away,

(Oh, wow, cool it. What's that John,
Beat it. You want to start a rumble)

Voodoo beat on the mind
The digs too deep to find,

Something has got to give man
Psycho racketeero star,
You are just what you are
So play the misty, baby
Get you into a river sky,
Let your nature cry "I need another"

Drift beyond the sleeping
The moon is shift'n shadows on her figure
Swaptime locomotion "I can't take it, anymore"
Sunlight through the shutters
Illuminating moment to the moment
Put the halo over
"God damn, swept away"

She shouted,
(now let's move)
She love it,
(but let's take the back door)
Gettin' away,

She shouted,
(now let's move)
She love it,
(but let's take the back door)
Gettin' away,

(Do you have to open graves to find girls to fall in love
with)

Planet pretty kill (get up and kill)
Motherfucker hanging on the thrill,
Psychoholic slag
Tomorrow yeah, It's another drag,

Picnic in the homeland
Like a Jesus super-star,
Sleepin' daily, baby
Yeah I know who you are,

Planet pretty kill (get up and kill)
Motherfucker hanging on the thrill,
Small haven, haven
I got a left hand of the keeper
Meet me in St. Louis
God a one-way ticket's cheaper
Time-travel I'm walkin'
I got white line zombie fever
Time bomb the hero, tickin' to zero,

(Cool a fast short, swing with a gassy chick, turn on to a

thousand joys, smile on what happened or check
what's going to happen, you'll miss what's happening.
Turn your eyes inside & dig the vacuum. Tomorrow...
drag)

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