

Tin Foil Phoenix

"The Mothership"

Visit "[The Mothership](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Search the skies

People of the morning
Thus consumed by their work-a-day
Do run about here and there
They stagger in the evening liquids - They do not see
her

Teach them Sister
Like you taught me aboard the mothership
How to pronounce the dark secret
Slicing my tongue - Under my skin

Wild blue bombs away - Burn my books with love

Wild blue bombs away
Over mother earth
Tear the last words from the page
Burn my books with love

On and on this continued
Crushing spring and bruising summer
She grew dirty red blossoms for him and made a
cracked glass bouquet
He did not see them

So she took matters into her own hands
And brought him aboard the mothership
Threw her lacy tendrils over him
Until he let it all go

Wild blue bombs away - Burn my books with love

Wild blue bombs away
Over mother earth
Tear the last words from the page
Burn my books with love

Search the skies

