

Flaming Lips, The "Maximum Dream For Evil Knieval"

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Well, we're standin' in the kitchen
And we're cookin' us some chicken
And the house is burnin' down
And we don't really care

See the children of the dealers
They're all kissin' their dead daddies
And their eyes are seein' backwards
They can't hear but they can sigh

Exploding butterflies hit and run
E*** k***** jumped the gun

Well, as far as I'm concerned
They all do it 'cause they wanna
So don't come around my backyard
Smokin' marijuana

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