

Flaming Lips, The "Silver Trembling Hands"

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She keeps feeling for the blindfold
She keeps wishing for the secret society
to fall
She keeps watching for the jaguar
With the silver trembling hand
Dagger
Night
Fight
Tomorrow
She forgets about the fear

When she's high
When she's high
When she's high
When she's high

She puts diamonds on her forehead
They remind her how the animals and
trees and insects call
Is it wrong not to believe
Nature makes us all compete
Daggers
Night Fight
Tomorrow
She forgets about the fear

When she's high
When she's high
When she's high
When she's high

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