

Flaming Lips, The "The Impulse"

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If you'd just come down
From your space tower jail
I could have shown you
Those colors aren't so pale
The way it glows
The way it shines
The way it plays on
The dimensions in your mind

But it seems like nothing's gonna satisfy
Your shapeless urges
You tryin'
Tryin'
Tryin'
Tryin'
Tryin'

You say you're unhappy
That you don't like your hair
I could have shown you
There are heavens everywhere
We go through tunnels
And we go up high
But you just got frustrated
With those electric power glides

And it seems like nothing's gonna satisfy
Your shapeless urges
You tryin'
Tryin'
Tryin'
Tryin'
Tryin'

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