

The Chinese Stars

"Hospital Fly"

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oh as the sad mechanic
I tried to fix your stomach
for parts and labors
I searched the recovery room
you need a compass on your forehead
'cause you're lost in my afterlife
you need a top hat for the nightmares
when you're under the knife

your wings are on that machine
your brain is on a kite
and your face is on that hospital fly

oh as the plastic surgeon
I tried to fix your cheekbones
for parts and labor
I searched the old junkyard
I need life insurance on my zipper
to kick you out of my pants
I need car insurance on my lover
I crashed under her trance

you're in orbit around my dreams
your breath smells like needles
and your face on is on that hospital fly

your wings are on that machine
your brain is on a kite
and your face is on that hospital fly

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