

Helping the Retarded to Know God

Flaming Lips

We both hold our hands to our eyes blocking out the sun
Watching as the plane flew by ignoring everyone
We can hear them laughing at us judging all the time
I wish I could be like you, you don't pay them no mind

And I stood there with you trying not to cry
You don't pay them no mind

We could both just walk away leaving it alone
But it's here, we want to stay, where else would we go?

And I stood there with you trying not to cry
You don't pay them no mind

Oh, I am trying to know you, oh, I am trying to know you
Oh, I am trying to know you, oh, I am trying to know you
Oh, I am trying to know you, oh, I am trying to know you
Oh, I am trying to know you, oh, I am