

The Ceiling Is Bendin'

Flaming Lips

Well, it's midnight in a liquor store
In texas on halloween
Salvador dali watches
From his window in a dream
Jesus is a rock star
Who destroys all he sees
Godzilla is a cowboy
Who is dressed up as a queen

She isn't as depressed as she used to be
Come on over here, my dear

Well, I hold my head real still
So I can't see very far
They got all these vietnamese
Heads stuffed into jars
They got all these things
That make them look like they're way in
They use polythene plastics
On their bods instead of skin

If I had someone to talk to
I wouldn't mind so much
But it takes so long to get there
Can't remember where I was
And I wouldn't mind to talk to you
Even if I could
The ceiling is bendin' on my telephone
Everything's gettin' weird
And my skin falls from my bones