

Colonize the Moon

Busdriver

I threw my hands in the heavens, I own what I touch
This world's big enough for the both of us, but for me it's not enough
So I gotta colonize the moon
Colonize the moon, colonize the moon
Colonize the moon, colonize the moon, yeah
So I gotta colonize the moon
Colonize the moon, colonize the moon
Colonize the moon, colonize the moon, yeah

If you were here for the last song about world leaders and street fashion
We bent the truth quite a bit, and would like to announce the following redactions
First, my homie didn't die violently but he died of laughter
Binge drinking on diet Shasta
He slipped and fell down the fire ladder, but why does that matter
Second, I don't make money like an NFL runningback
If I could really turn a jack-o-lantern into a sports car
Why's my driveway look like a pumpkin patch
Third, I'm not that leftist
I ditched that ultraviolet lambast
With a code of silence that co-pilots militarized unmanned craft
And fourth, your hair fuels life
'Til the moral standards became puree paste
Could've stripped us open with [?] to the cavalcade's birthday cakes
And fifth, I don't think the country's run by blackened hellions
My business practices are Machiavellian
And a room for my throne of jagged skeleton
And six, I do recruiter overreaching my locals on every Mars rover
With QR codes for cardholders and product placement where your charted lobes were
And seventh, I can't agree with philanthropy of tycoons
Cause this money ain't made for saving children
It's to help me colonize the moon

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Colonize the moon, colonize the moon
Colonize the moon, colonize the moon, yeah
So I gotta colonize the moon, colonize the moon
Colonize the moon, colonize the moon, yeah

If you were here for the last song about world leaders and street fashion
We bent the truth like so, and would like to announce the following redactions
First, I think all your primitive poises are a pantomime's slow wank
That's why I greet 'em all with "atta boy", just a data point in the phone bank
Second, I do want your idea of new success to be crude at best
So when you hit those pratfalls insured by past laws
It won't be something even you can detect
Third, I do admit that sexual appetites conflict with ambition
But it's important that my life resemble Pimp C fan fiction
And fourth, I can assume the standing of finger point at an unfaithful man
When I'm a dog who feeds on excess that needs to express his anal gland
And fifth, I had to withhold
I never sniffed or sold a spec of coca
I'd be quarantined like I broke a fever
Or like a bloated diva with a leather boa

And six, our social fabric's been woven into some crazy polymer
With men in blue flannels and red flannels cooing death rattles through a ba
by monitor
And seventh, I can't agree with philanthropy of tycoons
Cause this money ain't made for saving children
It's to help me colonize the moon

All have done and all I've seen
Who cares about you
What else could I be
After all I've done and all I've seen
Who cares about you
What else could I be

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Colonize the moon, colonize the moon
Colonize the moon, colonize the moon, yeah
So I gotta colonize the moon
Colonize the moon, colonize the moon
Colonize the moon, colonize the moon, yeah