

In a Dream

Flaming Lips

Well, we're standin' in the kitchen
And we're cookin' us some chicken
And the house is burnin' down
And we don't really care
See the children of the dealers
They're all kissin' their dead daddies
And their eyes are seein' backwards
They can't hear but they can sigh
Exploding butterflies hit and run
Evil Knievel jumped the gun
Well, as far as I'm concerned
They all do it 'cause they wanna
So don't come around my backyard
Smokin' marijuana, yeah