

Save Our Souls

Happy Rhodes

We give to you a disc of gold
It represents the dreams we hold
We'll tell our children what to do
We'll show them how to listen for you

Please feel free to call
Our wheatfields await you all

We are the number one offender
Of specieism and yet
Here we are reaching out for aliens
Looking for our salvation

Pity our emptiness

Save our souls
Save our souls
Save our souls

We think that we're superior
To every living thing
It can be lonely at the top
So we look for higher praise to sing

Won't you just say hello
We'll give you a cable show
We have weapons to intimidate
You if you look afright
Come on down and see our
Zoos and refugee camps
Ain't it worth your time

Pity our emptiness

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SOS
SOS

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SOS

SOS

Well, there's a beacon in the sky
Meant to catch the Rye