

Astronaut

Luna

I wanna plug you in
I wanna get you things
Send you a pentagram
Feed you diazepam
I wanna play the game
I wanna live again
I wanna bend your spoons and make your
Silver shine

I'll wear a stylin' mustache
You'll wear a frozen smile
We'll run like Tamil Tigers
We'll drink the poison vial
I'm not the Jack of diamonds
I'm not the six of spades
I don't know what you thought
I'm not your astronaut

Because our surly stare
Is so revealing
Because your feet are bare
My eyes are peeling
Because your mistletoe
Because I gamble
Because I told you so
My eyes are scrambled