Leave Your Head Alone

Meat Puppets

Inside the cavern at the heart of every astronaut
There plays a prehistoric radio
Its foggy instruments are rusting in the hurricane
That can be seen beneath the microscope

You gotta leave your head alone
You gotta leave, you gotta write a fine line on every stone
You gotta leave your head alone
You gotta leave, you gotta wave bye bye
'Cause there's nobody home

Up in the attic on the top of every spiderweb
Unwinds a ballad from a spinning wheel
In notes that break before they hit the silky spider floor
In broken notes that only spiders feel

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Out from a door in the museum in the alleyway
There falls a waterfall of styrofoam
It forms a luminescent puddle in the alley dust
And from it grows another radio

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