

The Spider And The Spaceship

Meat Puppets

I don't think too clearly on matters sincerely
And matters sincerely seem cloudy at best
There's debate about the mascot for a building in the
neighborhood
And minolean chickens are growing out west

Which one is larger, the spider or the spaceship?
It's the question of the hour, if you know what I mean
Which one is more powerful, the spider or the
astronaut?
In the score left unsettled, it remains to be seen

Let's ponder this question, why did I eat peanuts?
Though pretty to look at, it tartened the sea
That beautiful peanuts are there to be eaten
May somehow not fit into nature's great scheme

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Mr. Saturday Night is a cowboy in a motorcar
With a head full of answers to criminal schemes
His daddy's in prison and his friends are all fuckers
The car drinks petroleum, Mr. S runs on beans

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