

# Metropolitan Vengeance

Primitive Radio Gods

She grew her hair  
The milkman stood before us  
Implored us not to make the same regret  
With a seam above his head  
The people started eating  
The psychic never picked her from a can

The messenger was first dancing  
Burying the books your fathers read  
Jangler changes, the kingdom needs  
Offered hand to plant their seeds  
Garden guards of Chinese wall  
We let your bows and arrows fall  
We let your bowtie against the sea  
Your prince, my heart and everything

We'll formulate the Chap Stick  
Our voice of blue turtles  
The milkman ran and laughed us to our feet  
Human's face fell apart  
The laughter of the chorus  
A flower's named Delores stood and ran

God is awe, your bones are strong  
Tell us why the first time's wrong  
Hold me tight and hold me long  
The messenger has come and gone  
Garden guards of Chinese wall  
We let your bows and arrows fall  
We let your bowtie against the sea  
Your prince, my heart and everything

The milkman planted seeds in the bathroom  
The mother found the son  
In a super station one  
Chickens slab the meat like a mother  
The crystal is all new  
Super station two  
Someone planted a rage on the parker  
Super flounder and me  
In super station three, whoa oh

Whoa oh, that's right  
Brothers and sisters  
Misses and mistresses  
57 half a day  
670 days a week  
We shrink, we move, we're proud of the fishing, man!