

Bass Tuned to DEAD

Super Furry Animals

Icy waters flow between us
In shelf life shock in the morning
I see rivers split to deltas
And trickle into the ocean

With my bow and my arrow
I will aim towards my atlas
And where I hit I'll go
And in my chosen location
I will croon a sorry sermon
And tune my bass to D.E.A.D.

Live volcanoes turn to craters
When their egos turn into space dust
Teleport me from this vacuum
I've some contraband information

With my bow and my arrow
I will aim towards my atlas
And where I hit I'll go
And in my chosen location
I will croon a sorry sermon
And tune my bass to D.E.A.D.

(Just get out of my space...)

With my bow and my arrow
I will aim towards my atlas
And where I hit I'll go
And in my given location
I will croon a sorry sermon
And tune my bass to L.U.V.?