

Ray Gun

The Bird and the Bee

Did you hear the news
Saw it on TV.
Now ray guns are not only just the future
What are we to do
Where are we to go
With all the planets spinning fast
Around us

Will someone come and save my life
I'm caught under the weight of all this talk on life
I want a pretty little life
Will someone pull me out tonight
I'm stuck inside the walls of all this sin and strife
I want a pretty little life

Just a drop of blood
Floating in the air
And nothing but the angles of my future
What are we to do
Where are we to go
With all this beauty stretching out
Behind us

I want a life
I'm caught under the weight of all my life

I want a pretty little life
I'm want a life
I'm caught under the weight of all my life
Want a pretty little life