

Aluminium Beach

Babybird

There's a highway in the sky, and the people drive their Buics
to the moon.

I remember the good old days up, up in my beautiful balloon,
my beautiful balloon, my beautiful lead balloon, my beautiful b
alloon.

On Aluminium Beach where the preachers preach.
On Aluminium Beach where the teachers teach,
and the magnet of truth pulls out your teeth,
on Aluminium Beach, on Aluminium Beach,
on Aluminium Beach, on Aluminium Beach, on Aluminium Beach.

I was sucked out by a leech on Aluminium Beach
and I cleared out my throat with Vodka and bleach.
I sung like a goat on Aluminium Beach.
I found my niche just out of reach on Aluminium Beach,
on Aluminium Beach, on Aluminium, Aluminium, Aluminium Beach.

There's a highway in the sky, and the people drive their Fords
to the moon.

I remember the bad old days when you burst my balloon,
when you burst my balloon,
my balloon, my balloon, my balloon,
my balloon on Aluminium Beach,
on Aluminium Beach, on Aluminium Beach,
on Aluminium Beach, on Aluminium Beach,
on Aluminium Beach, on Aluminium, Aluminium Beach.

The sunshine in your eyes,
it withers like bluebottle flies coming out of cans on the beac
h.

They'll beseech you, they'll bewitch you,
they'll beseech you, they'll bewitch you they'll beseech you
to come on down to Aluminium Beach,
Aluminium Beach, to Aluminium Beach,
Aluminium, to Aluminium , Aluminium, Aluminium Beach. Aluminium
Beach.