

Captain Pasty

Black Francis

I'm a captain in a flying crew
I find the farm is a super bore
The world is small when I'm in the air
The universe, it don't make me scared, no

I'm a zipper in a metal mule
I'm a sipper of a rocket fuel
I see my friends take the blessed dive
I'm just lucky to be alive

Don't take your eyes off Captain Pasty
High in the skies of alabaster faces
Don't take your eyes off Captain Pasty

Even better, I'm a mother's son
I love the rattle of the melting gun
We must attack when they flee and hiss
I see my friends in a million bits

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Captain Pasty, please report to the tarmac
For a very important assignment
Godspeed

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Hang on baby, I'm a bit a fast
Present future and the future past
Tells me something I don't wanna know
So I do ya then I go

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