

Monsters

Blue Öyster Cult

Keep going getting higher
New worlds waiting in the sky
To escape the feasting and the hunger
Not the monsters in our minds

We got our hands on this ship
And stowed away into the night
The four of us and Pasha dear
She to steer and we to fight

Federal rules and regulations
No more laughter left on earth
Outer space our one salvation
May god help us in our search

We went so fast that we grew younger
Put this ship on cruise control!
We all did our best with Pasha
But not as good as good ol' Joe

Love never should have entered
It was never in the plan
We were finally going to have her
And let Joe be damned...

Monsters, monsters, monsters in the night
Monsters, monsters, monsters in black and white
Monsters, monsters, monsters out of control
Monsters, monsters, monsters when you're alone
Monsters, monsters, monsters feeding on themselves
Monsters, monsters on the road to hell...

Joe awoke from a stupor
It was clear something was wrong
He rushed in and found us with her
And in his rage he aimed his gun

One shot and it was over
Pasha smiled and then was gone