

I'm gonna beat the sweetness in you
I'm gonna wipe you brown
I'm gonna find you
What's the clue, babe?
Who makes a fluttering sound?
Can you imagine all the fruitcakes you were afraid to steal?
Can you imagine spies and angels, ready for signing a deal?

Life is an ashtray
Love is a drag
You're never alone, girl
All hens on deck

There's an enormous field
Upon the hill where we were born
Big men are driving big machines there
Ready to collect the corn
We'll be the spread upon their sandwich
We're gonna tape the porn
Und if wir gehen ins kino, mädchen
We're gonna blow the horn

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