

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

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