

I'm Working at NASA on Acid

Flaming Lips

I'm working here and as I press the wrong button they'll disappear
I'm walking here and as I crush the ants below me I'm full of fear
Oh, can we ever find out? I'll ask the mountain, oh, can he tell me?
I'll ask the sky, does it know why? Why?
Why, why, why, why, why... Why, why, why, why, why...
Why, why, why, why, why... (One, two, three, four...)
Why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why...
Why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why...
Why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why...
Why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why...
Why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why...
Why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why...
Why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why... (One, two, three, four...)
I man the controls and I'm trying to control
Oh, something that can never be controlled, oh
Oh, why is anything here
I'll ask the insect how does he fly, I'll ask the insect again
Oh, does he feel pain when he dies, when he dies
When he dies, when he dies, when he dies, when he dies
When he dies, when he dies