

Is David Bowie Dying?

Flaming Lips

Take your golden tooth, try to throw it to the moon, ahh
Take your mouth and scream whistle wasted in your dreams, ahh
Take your eyes and leave, one for love and one for me, ahh
Take your ears, they must be filled with tons of meteoric dust,
ahh

Ohh, ohh, ohh, ohh, ohh
At the mountain you scream, now the fountain reveals
Has filled you up and made you whole
Goodbye, goodbye...

Take your legs and run into the death-rays of the sun, aah
Take your legs and run into the death-rays of the sun, aah
Take your legs and run into the death-rays of the sun, aah
Take your legs and run into the death-rays of the sun, the sun
Take your legs and run into the death rays of the sun, aah