

## Maximum Dream for Evil Knievel

Flaming Lips

Well, we're standin' in the kitchen  
And we're cookin' us some chicken  
And the house is burnin' down  
And we don't really care

See the children of the dealers  
They're all kissin' their dead daddies  
And their eyes are seein' backwards  
They can't hear but they can sigh

Exploding butterflies hit and run  
E\*\*\* k\*\*\*\*\* jumped the gun

Well, as far as I'm concerned  
They all do it 'cause they wanna  
So don't come around my backyard  
Smokin' marijuana