

# The Ceiling Is Bendin'

Flaming Lips

Well, it's midnight in a liquor store  
In texas on halloween  
Salvador dali watches  
From his window in a dream  
Jesus is a rock star  
Who destroys all he sees  
Godzilla is a cowboy  
Who is dressed up as a queen

She isn't as depressed as she used to be  
Come on over here, my dear

Well, I hold my head real still  
So I can't see very far  
They got all these vietnamese  
Heads stuffed into jars  
They got all these things  
That make them look like they're way in  
They use polythene plastics  
On their bods instead of skin

If I had someone to talk to  
I wouldn't mind so much  
But it takes so long to get there  
Can't remember where I was  
And I wouldn't mind to talk to you  
Even if I could  
The ceiling is bendin' on my telephone  
Everything's gettin' weird  
And my skin falls from my bones