

The Spark That Bled

Flaming Lips

I accidentally touched my head
And noticed that I had been bleeding
For how long I didn't know
What was this, I thought, that struck me?
What kind of weapons have they got?
The softest bullet ever shot

I stood up and I said, yeah!
I stood up and I said, yeah!
I stood up and I said, hey! Yeah!

From this moment on
Blaring like a trumpet
Coming from above us and somewhere below
The confidence of knowing
Descending to relieve us of the struggle
To believe it's so

I stood up and I said, yeah!
I spoke up and I said, hey!
I stood up and I said, hey! Yeah!

And it seemed to cause a chain reaction
It had momentum, it was gaining traction
It was all the rage, it was all the fashion
The outreached hands had resigned themselves
To holding onto something that they never had
And that's too bad
'Cause in reality there was no reaction

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