

If I clean my rocket we'll go flying today
And we'll hit the pockets of warm and crispy air
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Oh, you lovely boy, you smell so sweet, we ride so well
And we load our pistols as we perch upon my razor wings
Up to the planets, up to the bodies of the galaxy
We fly, we feed, we suck, we bleed, we need

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Oh, we flee the scene of our little crime, we feel so free
But the hounds of law they bite our heels as we retreat
Up to the planets, up to the bodies of the galaxy
We fly, we feed, we suck, we bleed, we need

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