

Perish in Fire

Monster Magnet

Walking down the highway, I've got the Staff of Ra in my hand
Gotta see some people and I'm making sure that they understand
Baby's got a fuzz box, I think that she should use it now
Get this fucking bus in the air, I need me some chow
The turbines' running and the moon is down
Jolly Jack K is gonna nuke this town
Baby's got a fuzz box I think she's gotta use it now

Come on, superstar, won't you throw this old dog a bone?
I would hate to think of Venus spending her nights alone
I can think of easier ways of paying my dues
Choking on my chicken, singing 21st century blues
The man with the plan is always yanking on my wire
I got three words for you now: perish in fire

Frustrated, medicated, talk-a-streak American girls
I love them in the tar pit I love them till the end of the world
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