

I can have my cherries and you can have you real
And we can screw in lava 'till the gods lick at our heels
We were born in oil a million years ago
And we can push the buttons of the come that makes us go
Makes us go, makes us go, makes us go

When I spoke with Saturn, he told me I was gone
But I can't lick eruption when my pulls tells me it's strong th
ere's a tiny
little monkey, he lives inside my head
He whispers on your mind in sleeps and tucks you into bed
In your bed, in your bed, in your bed

I can smell invasion, red excited mind
I can see a general dropping into flaming pines

We just plugged forever, we just saved the day
Kiss your little self for me, everything's ok
It's ok, it's ok, it's ok

Aaaah...

It's ok, it's ok, it's ok