

# Death Of A Martian

Red Hot Chili Peppers

Bear paws and rascal power  
Watching us in your garage  
Big girl you ate the neighbor  
The nova is over  
Wake up and play  
Balleradio  
Make room for clara's bare feet  
The love of a martian

Tick tock and waiting for the meteor  
This clock is opening another door

Lots of love just keep it comin'  
Making something out of nothin'  
These are the best that I  
I don't know how to say  
Losin' what I love today  
These are the best that I  
Lots of love just keep it comin'  
Making something out of nothin'  
These are the best that I  
I don't know what to say  
Look at what I lost today  
And these are the things that I

Blood flowers in the kitchen  
Signing off and winding down  
This martain ends her mission  
The nova is over  
She caught the ball  
By the mission bell  
Chase lizards bark at donkeys  
The love of a martian

Let's bow our heads  
And let the trumpets blow  
Our girl is gone  
God bless her little soul

(She's got sword in case  
Tho this is not her lord incase  
The one who can't afford to face  
Her image is restored to grace.

Disappeared.  
No trace.  
Musky tears.  
Suitcase.

The down turn brave  
Little burncub bearcareless turnip snare  
Rampages pitch color pages...  
Down and out but not in Vegas.  
Disembarks and disengages.  
No loft.

Sweet pink canary cages plummet pop dewskin fortitude

For the sniffing black noses that snort and allude  
To dangling trinkets that mimic the dirt cough go drink its.  
It's for you.

Blue battered naval town slip kisses delivered by duck  
Muscles and bottlenosed grifters arrive in time to catch the late show.  
It's a beehive barrel race.  
A shehive stare and chase wasted feature who tried and failed to reach her.  
Embossed beneath a box in the closet that's lost.  
The kind that you find when you mind your own mysteries.  
Shiv sister to the quickness before it blisters into the newmorning milk bla  
nket.  
Your ilk is funny to the turnstyle touch bunny who's bouquet set a course fo  
r bloom without decay.  
Get you broom and sweep the echoes of yesternights fallen freckles... away..  
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