

## Ray Gun

## The Bird and the Bee

Did you hear the news  
Saw it on TV.  
Now ray guns are not only just the future  
What are we to do  
Where are we to go  
With all the planets spinning fast  
Around us

Will someone come and save my life  
I'm caught under the weight of all this talk on life  
I want a pretty little life  
Will someone pull me out tonight  
I'm stuck inside the walls of all this sin and strife  
I want a pretty little life

Just a drop of blood  
Floating in the air  
And nothing but the angles of my future  
What are we to do  
Where are we to go  
With all this beauty stretching out  
Behind us

I want a life  
I'm caught under the weight of all my life

I want a pretty little life  
I'm want a life  
I'm caught under the weight of all my life  
Want a pretty little life