

Bring Me the Head of Paul McCartney on Heather Mill's Wooden Peg (Dr

The Brian Jonestown Massacre

Oh man it's dropping out of heaven and it's bringing the word
The wicked fucking sound that you never have heard
I'll tell you all about it cause it's spoken to me
It damn near took my life and kicked the shit out of me, you see?

Now it walks with my soul and it lives with my mind
And it's got a big gun and it's hunting mankind
Shiny leather boots and a big set of wings
Many fucking presents for the children it brings
Flying through the heavens and it's made out of stars
It's walking on fire to the place that you are
Here it comes

So grab your silver bullets and sharpen your stakes
And lock your fucking doors for Jesus sakes
Because it's reading your mind and it's ruined this land
And it's speaking in German and things you don't understand
While it's fucking your girlfriend and it's flying in space
And it's putting you to shame as it spits in your face
Then it flies back to Heaven and it sleeps with the stars
And it's eating up planets and it's playing guitar
In fact it's playing right now