

# 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