

Helicopter Interiors

The Dead Milkmen

Stan's been seeing phantoms and we're not sure what to do
His screaming keeps the whole house up all night
Though we've never touched his closet and his problems are few
Something 'bout his disposition just isn't right

The tender young boy with the life affirming needs
Waits in the garden
And everybody knows that he's praying for Stan

All the total strangers on the mountain tops
Quarrel, babble, sometimes they dance
Clouds on the horizon tell of impending doom
You know they seem to be saying that we don't stand a chance

Large chunks of evidence were chunked into my shirt
As the navy doctor fell asleep a tense fog? surrounded us
Brilliant lights ignite in the sky
Everyone is beautiful if not somewhat unrecognisable

Sometimes it's as simple as the stakes on a wall
Sometimes it's as hard as a renaissance lute
Stuffed animals into baby ?
You know they'll even laugh at the people we shoot

The tender young boy with the life affirming needs
Still waits in the garden
And everybody's sure that he's praying for Stan

Even long lost poets like to regenerate
With new arms and legs they sort the mail
Cast iron officers wander around
The president hopes that he'll grow a tail

Manifestations of ? ? and
Float into the sky at night AIIIEEEE!
Oh damn it configurations play against the gawky savage
? ? mayhem ? into the streets of ? ?