

Don't Make Me a Target

Spoon

Here come a man from the stars
We don't know why he go so far
And keep on marching along
Beatin' his drum

Clubs and sticks and bats and balls
For nuclear dicks with their dialect drawls
They come from a parking lot town
With nothing left in the sun

Don't make me a target
Don't make me a target

When he reach back in his mind
Feels like he's breaking the law
There's something back there he got
That nobody knows

He never claimed to say what he says
He smells like insides of closets upstairs
The kind where nobody goes

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Lyrics submitted by Bobby.