

Up!

M83

If I clean my rocket we'll go flying today
And we'll hit the pockets of warm and crispy air
If I clean my rocket we'll go flying today
And we'll hit the pockets of warm and crispy air Oh, you lovely boy, you smell so sweet, we ride so well
And we load our pistols as we perch upon my razor wings
Up to the planets, up to the bodies of the galaxy
We fly, we feed, we suck, we bleed, we need If I clean my rocket we'll go flying today
And we'll hit the pockets of warm and crispy air
If I clean my rocket we'll go flying today
And we'll hit the pockets of warm and crispy air Oh, we flee the scene of our little crime, we feel so free
But the hounds of law they bite our heels as we retreat
Up to the planets, up to the bodies of the galaxy
We fly, we feed, we suck, we bleed, we need If I clean my rocket, if I clean my rocket
We'll hit the pockets
If I clean my rocket, if I clean my rocket
We'll hit the pockets If I clean my rocket, if I clean my rocket
We'll hit the pockets
If I clean my rocket, if I clean my rocket
We'll hit the pockets

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