

Don't Make Me a Target

Spoon

Here come the man from the stars
We don't know why he go so far
And keep on marching along
Beating his drum Clubs and sticks and bats and balls
For nuclear dicks with the dialect drawls
They come from a parking lot town
Where nothing lives in the sun Don't make me a target
Don't make me a target When you 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 the inside of closets upstairs
The kind where nobody goes Don't make me a target
Don't make me a target
No, don't make me a target Don't make me a target
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