

Death of a Martian

Red Hot Chili Peppers

Bear paws and rascal power watching us in your garage
Big girl, you ate the neighbor, the nova is over
Wake up and play, by the radio
Make room for Clara's bare feet, the love of a Martian
Tick-tock and waiting for the meteor
This clock is opening another door
Lots of love, just keep it comin', making something out of nothin'
(These are the best that I)
I don't know how to say, losin' what I love today
(These are the best that I)
Lots of love just keep it comin', making something out of nothin'
(These are the best that I)
I don't know what to say, lookin' what I lost today
(And these are the things that I)
Blood flowers in the kitchen, signing off and winding down
This Martian ends her mission, the nova is over
She caught the ball by the mission bell
Chase lizards, bark at donkeys, the love of a Martian
Let's bow our head and let the trumpets blow
Our girl is gone, God, bless her little soul
Lots of love, just keep it comin', making something out of nothin'
(These are the best that I)
I don't know how to say, losin' what I love today
(These are the best that I)
Lots of love just keep it comin', making something out of nothin'
(These are the best that I)
I don't know what to say, lookin' what I lost today
(And these are the things that I)
She's got a sword, in case though this is not her, Lord
In case, the one who can't afford to face her image is restored to grace
Disappeared, no trace, musky tears, suitcase
The down turn, brave little burn cub, bear careless
Turnip snare rampages pitch color pages
Down and out, but not in Vegas, disembarks and disengages
No loft, sweet pink canary cages plummet, pop dew skin fortitude
For the sniffing black noses that snort and allude to the dangling trinkets
That mimic the dirt, cough, go, drink, it's, it's for you
Blue battered naval town, slip kisses delivered by duck
muscles
And bottle nosed grifters arrive in time to catch the late show
It's a beehive barrel race, a she hive stare and chase wasted feature
Who tried and failed to reach her, embossed beneath a box
In the closet that's lost
The kind you find when you mind your own business
Shiv sister to the quickness
Before it blisters into the new morning, milk blanket
Your ilk is funny to the turnstile, touch bunny
Whose bouquet set a course for bloom without decay
Get your broom and sweep the echoes of yesternights
Fallen freckles away

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