

Death Of A Martian (Album Version)

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
Balleradio
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
Look at 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 heads
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

Look at what I lost today
And these are the things that I she's got 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 bottlenosed gifters arrive in time to catch the late show
It's a beehive barrel race
A shehive stare and chase wasted feature who tried and failed to reach her
Embossed beneath a box in the closet that's lost
The kind that 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 turnstyle touch bunny who's bouquet set a course for bloom without decay
Get you broom and sweep the echoes of yesternights fallen freckles, away

Songwriters

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