Milking

Deerhoof

And all the kids are looking down
And all the kids hear marching sounds
They all see the armies on the ground
And all the kids are looking downGun fire after another
Hear the fire going higherThere is a castle in the air
And all the kids are trapped in there
There is a king, they don't know where
There is a castle in the airGunfire after another
Bright fire shooting higherAnd the boys cried out but they can't get through to you, through to you
And the king cried out but he can't be true to you, true to youIf all the kids could reach to see
They wonder who the king would be
A little boy who looks like me
If all the kids could reach to see

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