

In Vacuum Tubes

The Moon And Her Mother

On today's show we'll be humble
We'll remake your mind
And if you listen you new question
Is killing time a crimeA compilation of copulation
Is playing in my car
Their talking pillows well didn't you know
That's what makes a starAnd I keep sucking in these carcinogens
I'm a vacuum tube with nothing else to doI saw a pro-mo it said I'm po-mo
But I don't trust the signs
If I nay say will you hate me
For a real long timeSome disaster I paid my pastor
To come and knock me out
Got some therapy and some hair cream
Now I cry in styleAnd I keep sucking in these carcinogens
I'm a vacuum tube with nothing else to doI was made from copper wires you don't know me at all
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I was made from copper wires you don't know me at all
(I'm the engine you're the driver I'm the engine you're the driver)
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(I'm the engine you're the driver I'm the engine you're the driver)
(I keep sucking in these carcinogens I'm a vacuum tube with nothing else to do)

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