

# 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  
I was made from copper wires you don't know me at all  
I was made from copper wires you don't know me at all  
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)  
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)  
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)  
(I keep sucking in these carcinogens I'm a vacuum tube with nothing else to do)  
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)  
(I keep sucking in these carcinogens I'm a vacuum tube with nothing else to do)

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