Tube

Record Chillout Radio

An asteroid crashed and nothing burned
It made me wonder
Do tigers sleep in lily patches?
Doctor, mine does run for thunderI got an ache in my left ear
I felt the truth but I still could hear
Made me think, I would not be burned
But rather give myself to scienceI felt that I could help
To science, I felt that I can helpParanoid, the doctor ran
Shouting his graphic translation
[Incomprehensible]
Gang wars and ails of richesSpewing forth their color
He purposely waited till I was done
To knock on the lavatory door
Accusing me of ruining the funHe knocked on it some more
The fun, he knocked on it some moreAnd alloy suitors were all inside
An apple or a grape
To put forth a cloud of mercury
In front of a mighty carOn a freeway in Los Angeles
Once the spraying has been done
'Cause there's more pain from necessity
You're a portrait of your past
There's a mummy in the cabinet
Are there no more arrows left?What's that rubber bottle doing here?
How's that napkin for a proof?
Ten cents to a dollar now
For a shelf of pregnant ears
Robert Palmer is applauded
Again, again, againSo stupendous, living in this tube
So stupendous, living in this tube
So stupendous, living in this tube
So stupendous, living in this tube

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