

# Monsters

## Blue Oyster Cult

Keep goin' getting higher  
New worlds waiting in the skies  
Escape the feasting and the hunger  
Not the monsters in our minds Got our hands on a ship  
And stole away into the night  
The four of us and Pasha dear  
She to steer and we to fight Fed up with rules and regulations  
No more laughter left on Earth  
Outer Space our one salvation  
May God help us in our search We fled so fast that we grew younger  
Put the ship on cruise control  
We all did our best with Pasha  
But not as good as good old Joe Monsters, monsters, monsters In the night  
Monsters, monsters, monsters In black and white  
Monsters, monsters, monsters Out of control  
Monsters, monsters, monsters When you're alone  
Monsters, monsters, monsters Feed on themselves  
Monsters, monsters, monsters On the road to hell Love never should have entered  
It was never in the plan  
We were finally going to have her  
And let Joe be damned Joe awoke from his stupor  
It was clear something was wrong  
He rushed in and found us with her  
And in his rage he aimed his gun One shot and it was over  
Pasha smiled and then was gone?

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