

# Up!

## M83

If I clean my rocket we'll go flying today  
And we'll hit the pockets of warm and crispy air  
If I clean my rocket we'll go flying today  
And we'll hit the pockets of warm and crispy air  
Oh, you lovely boy, you smell so sweet, we ride so well  
And we load our pistols as we perch upon my razor wings  
Up to the planets, up to the bodies of the galaxy  
We fly, we feed, we suck, we bleed, we need  
If I clean my rocket we'll go flying today  
And we'll hit the pockets of warm and crispy air  
If I clean my rocket we'll go flying today  
And we'll hit the pockets of warm and crispy air

Oh, we flee the scene of our little crime, we feel so free  
But the hounds of law they bite our heels as we retreat  
Up to the planets, up to the bodies of the galaxy  
We fly, we feed, we suck, we bleed, we need  
If I clean my rocket, if I clean my rocket  
We'll hit the pockets  
If I clean my rocket, if I clean my rocket  
We'll hit the pockets  
If I clean my rocket, if I clean my rocket  
We'll hit the pockets  
If I clean my rocket, if I clean my rocket  
We'll hit the pockets

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