

Atomic Clock

Ceramic Hobs

The moon crashed into the desert
It gave me my brand new home
These souls gone to feed in my crater, yeah yeah
I eat 'em as fast as they come I dig your love and affection
Oh, I dig your voice on the phone, yeah
Oh, so pour some coins in my crater, yeah yeah
I spend 'em as fast as they come right now A greased up atomic pavilion
And a great way to swallow my time
But I do think I need a stronger witness yeah yes
To watch me blow my mind You ain't diggin' on my questions
Well I know I ain't diggin' on your lies
Keep on selling me my future
And I'll keep on wearin' my disguise Bullshit may last forever
But my fuse gets shorter every day
And I'd be glad to take your money
But gladder to burn it all away So won't you put my dick in plastic?
And put my brain in a jar
If there's something left of my spirit
It'll find you where you are Aah, still so goddamn hungry
Or I'm feedin' off my own bones
So lay me out in my crater yeah yeah
And nuke me 'til I glow

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