

Student Bodies

Rob Sonic

(What about the flying saucers? Did you do a study on the flying saucers yet? I seen one once)

Hmmm, up early
Showered and ate breakfast
Took the dog out
Yes mom just did

[Hearts to me won]
Chew some gum, found freshmen
Half dead
I got the bus ride headspins live

They give the teacher ether
At eleven thirty our time
We can see her

Win it for the Gipper
Or the meat beneath her
No bother in the bitties
With the freaky features

Laughing at the leisure suit
Bootleg dime
By Mister Sayers
Wearing his toupee wrong

News days dawn
In the age of Pong
Dot matrix
And the faceless songs

Schoolyard rock is the place to be
Hit the A.V. Room
Sign the paper please

Through two O six
The adjacent wing
Near the music room
Where we would chase Eugene

And sang with Jesus
[Loving you so]
Where I first felt titty
And administered smoke

To my friends like Mike
And stuttering Joe
Where I first sipped vodka
From a cup full of Coke

Broke mostly
But today
Chill
No beef with the bird chest nerds for milk

Money
Cause the day
Our attention will
Be mainly on the
Challenger's engine tilt

Check this field
With the reddest ink mark
Cause everyone's accounted for
Prepped and in our

Seats real quiet
With some restless skin parts
Reaganomics promising
The best was in charge

First time
That I felt the country
Was bigger than myself
And I owed it something

Even for one day
I'm like guard the fucking
Place in case
We were charged by Russians

Major Tom
The cover's closed
Simon Says
That you can touch your toes

And smile for the camera
Under oath
Of a space program

With a hundred holes

Exploding hopes
Wait did that
Just really happen
And were they attacked?

Cut to the newsroom
Razorbacks
No survivors
Fade to black

Age intact
I even laughed a bit
Cause everything that day
Felt accurate

And I still learned more than
Math from it
Like life is a box
Full of asterisks

You just never know
When your measurements
Would fit nicely
Over an estimate

Of your coffin closed
Because your next of kin
Is some crazy motherfucker
With some debts to fix

Precipice
For the burning build
Attached to me now
Like a furnace filled

Full of gas, gullibility and serpent's milk
On the day that the earth was turning still

(Can you fucking believe that shit?)

[No I don't really know what I mean. No I don't really know what I mean. No I don't really
know what I mean and I don't really know
No I don't really know what I be, no I don't really know what I be, no I don't really know what I
be, no I don't really know]

No I don't really know x2

(I like it, it's good right?)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>