

Don't Make Me a Target

Spoon

Here come the man from the stars
We don't know why he go so far
And keep on marching along
 Beatin' his drum
Clubs and sticks and bats and balls
For nuclear dicks with dialect drawls
They come from a parking lot town
 Where nothing lives in the sun
 Don't make me a target
 Don't make me a target
When you reach back in his mind
 Feels like he's breaking the law
There's something back there he got
 That nobody knows
He never claimed to say what he says
He smells like the inside of closets and stairs
 The kind where nobody goes
 Don't make me a target...
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