

Phanta

Le Tigre

One the morning of June 14, 1968
A group of hippies fled into the mountains of Colorado
To wait for doomsday Four months and eight days
 Been waiting here
 Transporter broken
 Horizon's clear (Day 1)
 No vegetation
 Blips on my screen
 Whatever was here
Has been disappeared Now here's alright
 Now here's alright, alright (Day 2)
 Wait tower
 Radar's going off
 I see a small creature
Who can barely walk My data says large
 But what I see is small
 Text reads, "Big danger"
But this just looks tired Now here's alright
Now here's alright, alright, alright (Day 3)
 Come in tower
 All our data's wrong
 Research inconsistent
We misread it all There was no monster
 And what's left is near dead
 Control killed a phantom
From inside their heads Nowhere's alright
Nowhere's alright, alright, alright, alright, al

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