

# Subterranean Homesick Alien

## The Illuminati

The breath of the morning, I keep forgetting  
The smell of the warm summer air  
I live in a town where you can't smell a thing  
You watch your feet for cracks in the pavement  
Up above, aliens hover  
Making home movies for the folks back home  
Of all these weird creatures who lock up their spirits  
Drill holes in themselves and live for their secrets  
They're all  
Uptight, uptight  
Uptight, uptight  
Uptight, uptight  
Uptight  
I wish that they'd swoop down, in a country lane  
Late at night when I'm driving  
Take me on board their beautiful ship  
Show me the world as I'd love to see it  
I'd tell all my friends but they'd never believe me  
They'd think that I'd finally lost it completely  
I'd show them the stars, and the meaning of life  
They'd shut me away, but I'd be alright, alright  
I'm alright, alright  
I'm just  
Uptight, uptight  
Uptight, uptight  
Uptight, uptight  
Uptight, uptight  
Uptight

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