

# Texting an Alien

## Girl Band

At the minute  
At the minute I'm throwing biscuits down  
O' Connell street, it's pointless and I don't why  
I'm doing it to be honest At the minute she's  
At the minute  
She's suggesting texting an alien  
With custard on her hand with fastest tongue in Ireland At the minute  
At the minute I'm just wearing Lynx Africa and talking about putting crisps in pasta dishes At the minute she's  
At the minute she's putting the jackets on the coated tablets and listening to the new jet sounds or something Oh  
sex pesto... It was all she knows from the tip of her tongue to the tip of her toes You big weirdo licking flat coke  
from the horny nettles of Barcode Out of it  
Out of it  
I look at them and I'm out of it Out of it  
Out of it  
I look at them and I'm out of it Yeah I look at your photos to piss me off from time to time  
I wish I had a cap gun for every time you said that one  
Got sent to the office for whistling  
What would it be like if everyone was whistling going around everywhere?  
What would you do? Take a photo  
of Quazimoto  
I look like him and I'm out of it Out of it  
Out of it  
I look at him and I'm out of it She races her slugs to their salt lines but you don't mind do you? Do you?  
Sometimes I wanna watch

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