

# Secret Tongues

[Adam Green](#)

There are men in shades just standing around  
These bleeding stars, the paradox  
Let the eyes of God be our guard  
To find a gentle path There's a broken record playing a tune  
To the floating waves of the antennas  
And you were just a little guy  
And I was little too And everything is just floating freely  
Just rocking around like a rocking horse  
Just jiggling around like silly putty  
And who are you and I? And you were looking at me smiling  
The aliens were just arriving  
Wherever they are headed next  
Speaking secret tongues

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