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 pathThere'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 tooAnd 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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