

# Alien Days (Live @ Quilmes)

## MGMT

Sometimes the windows combine with the seams in a way  
That twitches on a peak at the place where the spirit was slain  
One foot leads to another  
Night's for sleep, blue curtains, covers  
Sequins in the eyes  
That's a fine time to dine  
Divine who's circling, feeding the cards to the midwives  
Who love those alien days  
The nonstop alien days  
Ooh the alien days Must've skipped the ship and joined the team  
For a ride  
A couple hours to learn the controls  
And commandeered both my eyes  
Hey!  
Be quick dear, times are uncertain  
One month crawling, next year blurring  
Decades in the drain  
Monograms on the brain  
Decide what's working and what's moved on  
To the last phase  
The floodgate alien days  
I love those alien days  
Mmm... the alien days When the peels are down, it feels like traveling in style  
You don't need wings to hover forty ton stones for a mile  
And in the summer, virgin visions  
Mindless humming  
Numbers can't decide if the day's supposed to smile Today find infinite ways it could be  
Plenty worse  
It's a blessing but it's also a curse Those days taught me everything I know  
How to catch a feeling  
And when to let it go  
How all the scheming, soulless creatures  
Can't find dreamer's honey in the hive  
If it's right beneath the nose And when the light is new  
The sky shows trembling cartoons  
You don't need smoke to cover  
Most of the world in a gloom  
But here comes racer number 7  
Watch my fingers ripping out the lines If it looks like we could lose

If it looks like we could lose  
If it looks like we could lose  
If it looks like we could lose

Songwriters

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