Subterranean Homesick Alien

Christopher O'Riley

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 pavementUp 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 secretsThey're all
Uptight, uptight
Uptight, uptight
Uptight, uptight
UptightI 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 itI'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, alrightI'm just
Uptight, uptight
Uptight, uptight
Uptight, uptight
Uptight, uptight
Uptight

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