Star Invasion

Helloween

There he's sitting in his cockpit
Out on guard, ten thousand miles from home, yeah
Looking through his little window
Earth appears as God's blue magic dome
Just a little bit disturbing, yeah
Are those colored spaceships closing in
Star invasion
From behind the sun
Destination
Straight into his face
Seven years they taught and told him
What to do and how to act right now, yeah
He would have to push a button
In his panic, he just don't know how
Seems like there's no red alert no more and
And so that squirrel wasn't there before
Star invasion
From behind the sun
Complication
Say what can be done, done, done?
Near to a thousand-eight squirrels
Beam aboard and say hello
Puke and shit his control board
Dematerialize and steer their ships away from earth
Star invasion
Praise the Lord, they're gone
Mere pollution
Cleaning ups, no fun
Star invasion
First touch with a different kind
Ausser spesen nix gewesen

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