

# ALIEN

# LAUNDRY DAY

Maybe you lost your lover  
Maybe you lost your mind  
Maybe you lost your brother  
Maybe you're out of time  
Maybe you shouldn't say that  
Maybe you'll go to hell  
Maybe that's not your problem  
Maybe it's just as well  
Maybe you lost direction  
Maybe you lost the plot  
Maybe you lost your senses  
Maybe you lost your heart  
Or not  
I know what we say about them  
I wonder what they say bout us  
That's not your problem  
You can't control that stuff

How long?  
Till the world starts burning down around us  
I want you to give me something to remember  
You can't help it  
And I can't feel shit  
You're an alien  
And I'm just crazy 'bout it

Goddamn, goddamn, shit  
I don't think we in Kansas  
We played this for the radio  
But they don't understand us  
But we don't make shit for the parents or the panderers  
Call the cops on the kids  
We make them put their hands up  
This sound like we at the movies  
Mixing Root Beer with the Fanta  
Every chorus hit, I could've written "Tiny Dancer"  
But Elton John could've never written this  
I can prove it on camera  
"Yo Elton, what's good?"  
"Hello mate, how's your fam, Bruv?"

These are the breaks that you can't forget  
When you lock yourself out and you need a locksmith  
He just take cash  
And the ATM's on the fritz  
You split for a little bit  
These are the breaks where you really don't talk  
And you try to start walking  
But you end up stopping  
At every dumb store on the block  
Like "Yes bruv! This would be a really sick cop" like

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Goddamn, goddamn man  
I think I'm goin' batshit  
I wake up and I'm stressin'  
Runnin' late like I got classes  
Five years since I graduated  
Coulda had a masters  
Days slip away, don't know to do my taxes  
When I flash back to a better time  
All I see is  
Blasted watchin' half of Inglorious Bastards  
My grandma saw the show and said  
"I wish you were an actor"  
Broadway someday just so she'll stop askin'

When I think about records that are classic  
I realize that you gotta be cringey to appeal to the masses  
Do I sell my soul running laps in the rat race?  
I'm tryna get rich, but I know that it's a trap, shit  
Everything I'm worried 'bout now will be scratched in  
It's in my bloodstream like some medicine tablets  
How does Advil work?  
How does it know that my back aches  
Got so many questions but maybe it's not my-not my-not my

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