

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

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 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

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

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