

Aliens

Slowly Slowly

Stuck in the weeds with your concrete boots
Blowing bubbles with the carp 'cause they're just like you
Introduced, overused and persuaded by price
Hid behind stacks of paper like a democratic landslide
Unabashed unashamed safe on the island
Terra Madre; silent asylum
You still complain that you'll rent 'til you die
And you get so sad and you get so high and

And you get so sad and you get so high and
You won't change, but you keep on trying

The microwave overcook. Turn to mush. Fill it up
Wash your hands. Parabens kill your pets. Take a look at yourself
You were young, might grow old, have a son
Then it starts, tattooed names, dedicating 5 days

Cycles that were born in the Industrial Age
Now you're running late 'cause they're not running the trains
Some poor soul jumped she had her eyes on God
She had coffee to wake up then booze to drift off

Am I lucky? Am I sad? I have problems? Are they bad?
I get sick, bulk billed, I get empty, get filled
But no I don't do nothing, I'm a cog, I'm a button
Little corporate springboard with a western landlord

You get so sad and you get so high and
You won't change, but you keep on trying
You get so sad and you get so high and
You won't change

So when I cross my heart and hope to die
You can tell me all the reasons why
Why I lock my eyes and stand up straight
And fight just like a heavyweight
So when your coffin calls, the years fly by
You clutch the things that kept you waiting
I'm hitchin' a ride with the aliens
Just tell me we're going home

You get so sad and you get so high and
You won't change, but you keep on trying