

Well I've been sitting on this couch
Feeling kinda bored and uninspired

Writing thinly veiled fiction for the soul
And feeling like a liar

I've been thinking about you, Laura
And thinking about the songs that you sing

And how you sang with such conviction
I almost forgot they weren't for me

And I know you're from another planet
And you're crazy as a loon
But it's too cold down here on Earth
To go up on the roof

But I'll feel a little less alone
When I'm sitting in my room

Writing songs about you

Well I've been lying in this bed
Trying once again to find my muse

But if we're only gonna die
Or worse get middle aged
Then what's the use?

Still I remember what you said
How it'd be when you were dead and gone

And you are and here I am
Living proof that someone's world had carried on

And I know you're from another planet
And you're crazy as a loon
But it's too cold down here on Earth
To go up on the roof

But I'll feel a little less alone
When I'm sitting in my room
Writing songs about you