

Secret Tongues

Adam Green

there are men in shades just standing around
these bleeding stars, the paradox
let the eyes of god be our guide to find a
gentle path

there's a broken record playing a tune
to the floating waves of the antennas
and you were just a little guy
and i was little too

and everything is just floating freely just
rocking around like a rocking horse just
jiggling around like silly putty and who
are you and i?

and you were looking at me smiling
the aliens were just arriving
wherever they are headed next speaking secret tongues.