

Star Invasion

Helloween

There he's sitting in his cockpit
Out on guard, ten thousand miles from home
Lookin' through his little window
Earth appears as god's blue magic dome

Just a little bit disturbing
Are those coloured spaceships
Closing in

Star invasion
From behind the sun
Destination
Straight into his face

Seven years they taught and told him
What to do and how to act right now
He would have to push a button
In his panic he just don't know how
Seems like there's no red alert no more
And so that squirrel wasn't there before

Star invasion
From behind the sun
Complication
Say what can be done?

Near to a thousand-eight squirrels beam aboard and say hello
Puke and shit his control board, dematerialize and steer their
ships
Away from earth

Star invasion
Praise the lord they're gone
Mere pollution
Cleaning up's no fun
Star invasion
First touch with a different kind
Ausser spesen nix gewesen iiii