

# Destination Roswell

Lana Lane

In the southwest desert  
North America  
Back in '47  
The day was almost done  
The sound of the locusts  
The color of the sand  
And the sky in the desert  
Fell to the land

There's something hidden in Hanger 18

What did they find, what do they know  
Down in New Mexico  
They're holding out, they're laying low  
Down in New Mexico

There are secret meetings  
In low lit rooms  
There are careless whispers  
In dark saloons

It's plausible denial  
The chain of command  
There's a secret hiding  
And a master plan

They're hiding something in Hanger 18

What did they find, what do they know  
Down in New Mexico  
They're hiding out, they're laying low  
Down in New Mexico  
Who pulls the strings, who runs the show  
Down in New Mexico  
They're holding out, no secrets told  
Down in new New Mexico

And everything will change  
Astronomy, Astrology  
Nothing stays the same  
Theology, Philosophy

There's something hidden in Hanger 18

What did they find, what do they know  
Down in New Mexico  
They're hiding out, they're laying low  
Down in New Mexico  
Who pulls the strings, who runs the show  
Down in New Mexico  
They're holding out, no secrets told  
Down in new New Mexico

What did they find, what do they know  
Down in New Mexico  
Who holds the key, who writes the code  
Down in New Mexico

Who pulls the strings, who runs the show  
Down in New Mexico  
They're holding out, no secrets told  
Down in new New Mexico