

You're An Unidentified Flying Object

Roky Erickson

You're an unidentified flying object
A rebel without a cause
You need something you shouldn't kick
You're living beyond the arm of the law

You got such a psychic life to live
Makes me sorry some think you were supposed to die
You've got so much to give
You need someone's to take
It's all a lie

You're an unidentified flying object
Flying uncharted and untraveled skies
You pull at and play my heart's guitar strings
Flatter and compliment and comply my mind
Host stood special Lord is Gurdjieff
Flying at speeds as fast as Beethoven
You fill in imagination to fairy tales
An artist's best friend

You're an unidentified flying object
Indefinably far and way out in space
First the solar system, then the universe
Where you don't travel is no place

Your communication in life is unknown
I had to write you this, another song
The look on your face
It does no wrong
May you keep flying on