

Far Too Jones, Alien Playground

This skin it fits me well
See how it's bronzed by this yellow sun

The taste, the touch, and the smell
It's easier when no one here lives long enough to bore me
I know somewhere out there
She's calling from the cold side of the moon
Saying "son I think it's time to come home"
(But I don't want to go)

If you think you thought you saw me
Would you go on, and on, and on, and on about me
Or would you call the F.B.I?
Who are you going to tell
When there is no one like you left here?
You're going to bow to the one with the shiny ray gun
I'm so cool Yeah I'm cool like that
Watch your step...

Mama says I can eat anybody I want
Gather up your toys
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