

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