

Adam Green, Secret Tongues

there are men in shades, just standing around.
these bleeding stars, the paradox.
let the eyes of god be our guide to find a gentle path.

there's a broken record playing a tune.
to the floating waves of the antennas.
and you were just a little guy, and i was little too.

and everything is just floating freely,
just rocking around like a rocking horse.
just jiggling around like silly putty,
and who are you and i?

and you were looking at me smiling,
the aliens were just arriving,
wherever they are headed next,
speaking secret tongues.