

Cloud Cult, Alien Christ

You're invited to the party
Down by the rocket crash
No one knows what happened there
Cause the thing went down so fast
And they've gathered up the pieces
Still burning with blue radiance
Some say it's just a missile
Others say it must be aliens

And the only eye-witness
Is a Russian widow and she says
"It's clear that he has come again
Sell your SUVs for Jesus"
But the merchants were the first to come
With popcorn stands and freakshows
Selling everything from religious relics to plastic UFOs
And the news teams come with cameras cameras cameras thick as flies
A Pulitzer Prize to the first of you who talks to the alien Christ

And the days they came and went
With no sign of the mystical
So they all went back to the daily drone
Of the practical and predictable
And Farmer Johnson built his rambler house upon that rocket hole
As if to prove man's domain
Over everything unknown

And he fell in love with the neighbor girl
And had a baby shortly after
That kid never made a single sound
Except the sound of laughter
And the words first came at 8 years old
When she spoke about the crash
And she said and she said and she said
"Someone as God came
And ran its fingers through my hair"