

# 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"