

# Earthling, Nefisa

Mirror boy, rhyme with dada convention  
Psychoanalysis didn't mean anything  
PVC costumes, letters to Castro  
Show me what you're reading, freaky girl with the afro

Franz Fannon, yeah yeah I get it  
All that curiosity with something to offset it  
Diagrams and plans, drawn in secret locations  
Scientific babies, they be peddling information

The queen, she's smoking prozac, we be smoking napalm  
The verbal countries, they be smoking atom bombs  
I wrote a book in the year seven-ten  
By nineteensixty-nine I had written more

If you're feeling insecure  
Cause you're living in a storm  
If you find them, you can burn them  
If you burn them you can keep warm

Them winds of change, they be bringing change  
Especially now there's prostitutes on Ilford Lane  
You see, it's kinda like, but no, it's not the same thing  
See there were men on the moon, but they killed them

Bearing in mind, my mind's soul food  
Bearing in mind, my mind's aquarian  
Bearing in mind, my mind's mine  
Times being what they are, Radar

Bearing in mind yes yes, y'all  
Bearing in mind, there's nothing in it  
Bearing in mind, my mind's mine  
Times being what they are, Radar

Aeroplanes in my room  
And I don't know who's flying them  
They're playing that tune  
It's okay, I got my eye on them

They're making their messages out of them smokes  
Words evaporate, I can't read what they wrote  
Their language is so strange, I never seen it's kind  
The smell of them vapors be taking my mind  
Combined with that melody, them engines be humming  
I pick up my mike, I put it down

See now I'm outside in, I don't know where I'm going  
I gets in my car, I starts rowing  
But like the water is seeping  
It's getting in through the bottom

I tickle them fish  
Swallow them whole, now I got some  
Bones, sticking in my throat  
Has anybody seen my universal antidote

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Bearing in mind, my mind's aquarian  
Bearing in mind, my mind's mine  
Times being what they are, Radar

Bearing in mind yes yes, y'all  
Bearing in mind, there's nothing in it

Bearing in mind, my mind's mine  
Times being what they are, Radar

Don't even think 'bout it  
Don't even contemplate  
Before the funk goes to your head  
You better stop and wait

Don't even think 'bout it  
Don't even contemplate  
Before the funk goes to your head  
You better stop

Don't even think 'bout it  
Don't even contemplate  
Before the funk goes to your head  
You better stop and wait

Don't even think 'bout it  
Don't even contemplate  
Before the funk goes to your head  
You better stop

And still it's cool, like they does it in Egypt  
I say come to that river man, but nobody's seen it  
Believe that, cinematic, atmospheric  
Panasonic my headphones, ain't nothing on it

Bonnets on cars, magazines, girls on Harleys  
We's sneaking up on babies, and we's eating them Farleys  
I don't know where my girl is, oh well, somebody took her  
Fixing those strings as she sings Mr Hooker

Spikey hair my head, since I cut off my dreads  
I got the green fish's tail, set sail on a moped  
Jean of Arc's on the back, trying not to fall off  
Valentines park, hip hop, set it all off

It's like I'm on a solitary exhibition  
It's like you see me everywhere, but you still know that I be missing  
Pissing in the wind as I'm lookin' for them answers  
In seventies movies and topless dancers

Bearing in mind, my mind's soul food  
Bearing in mind, my mind's aquarian  
Bearing in mind, my mind's mine  
Times being what they are, Radar

Bearing in mind there's nothing in it  
Bearing in mind yes yes, y'all  
Bearing in mind...  
Times being what they are, Radar