

MGMT, Alien Days

Sometimes the windows combine with the seams in a way
That twitches on a peak at the place where the spirit was slain
One foot leads to another
Night's for sleep, blue curtains, covers
Sequins in the eyes
That's a fine time to dine
Divine who's circling, feeding the cards to the midwives
Who love those alien days
The nonstop alien days
Mmm the alien days

Must've skipped the ship and joined the team
For a ride
A couple hours to learn the controls
And commandeered both my eyes
Hey!
Be quick dear, times are uncertain
One month crawling, next year blurring
Decades in the drain
Monograms on the brain
Decide what's working and what's moved on
To the last phase
The floodgate alien days
I love those alien days
Mmm the alien days

When the peels are down it feels like traveling in style
You don't need wings to hover forty ton stones for a mile
And in the summer, virgin visions
Mindless humming
Numbers can't decide if the day's supposed to smile

Today find infinite ways it could be
Plenty worse
It's a blessing but it's also a curse

Those days taught me everything I know
How to catch a feeling
And when to let it go
How all the scheming, soulless creatures
Can't find dreamer's honey in the hive
If it's right beneath the nose

And when the light is new
The sky shows trembling cartoons
You don't need smoke to cover
Most of the world in a gloom
But here comes racer number 7
Watch my fingers ripping out the lines
If it looks like we could lose
If it looks like we could lose
If it looks like we could lose
If it looks like we could lose