

Primitive Radio Gods, First Alien Photo

I am the alien; I've come here to take your son
I'm opening up your chest taking the parts that you won't miss
I've come here to measure life; I've come here to touch your wife
I've come here to float the ball; I've come here to write on your walls

It's all of that; it's all of that and more
It's all of that; it's all of that and more

A needle that's in your eyes is only to analyze
I'm giving you memories, to help you for your new disease
I'm punching the instruments, certain co-ordinance
Work that I came for is done, some pictures of us having fun

It's all of that; it's all of that and more
It's more of what; you kids have come here for
It's all of that; it's all of that and more
It's more of what; you kids have come here for