

Radiohead, Subterranean Homesick Alien

The breath of the morning,
I keep forgetting
The smell of the warm summer air.
I live in a town
Where you can't smell a thing,
You watch your feet
For cracks in the pavement.
Up above, aliens hover
Making home movies for the folk back home.
Of all these weird creatures who lock up their spirits,
Drill holes in themselves and live for their secrets.
They're all...
Uptight.
I wish that they'd swoop down, in a country lane,
Late at night when I'm driving.
Take me onboard their beautiful ship, show me the world as I'd love to see it.
I'd tell all my friends but they'd never believe me
They'd think that I'd finally lost it completely.
I'd show them the stars, and the meaning of life.
They'd shut me away, but I'd be alright.
Alright.
I'm just...
Uptight!