

Subterranean homesick alien (Greenwood, O'Brien, Greenwood, Selway, Yorke)

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

And up above
Aliens hover
Making home movies
For the folks back home
Of all these weird creatures
Who lock up their spirits
Drill holes in themselves
And live for their se-crets

They're all uptight, uptight
Uptight, uptight
Uptight, u-uptight
uh-uh-uh

I wish that they'd swoop down, in a country lane
Late at night when I'm driving
Take me on board 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 all right, all right, all right, all right

I'm just uptight, uptight
Uptight, uptight
Uptight, uptight
Uptight, u-uptight
uh-uh-uh-ptight