

Pretty Boys From Saint Tropez

"Aliens"

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Like a butterfly that's stuck in a cocoon,
There's something in the way, can we breaki»¿ away?

Like a satellite that's orbiting the moon,
Round and round we go, and we can't stop the flow.

We've been lying to ourselves for way too long,
The music's playing but we're hearing different songs.
I wanna pull, you wanna push, it's tug of war,
But I don't think we know each other any more.

We're like aliens.
We're like aliens.
We're like aliens.
We're like aliens.

It's like we're banging our heads up against the wall,
But we can't walk away and it's too hard to stay.
It's like we're standing on the edge about to fall,
But something's gotta give, can't take this anymore.

We've been lying to ourselves for way too long,
The music's playing but we're hearing different songs.
I wanna pull, you wanna push, it's tug of war,
But I don't think we know each other any more.

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