

Rebecca Mayes

"UFO"

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How, how many times have I woken up from a car crash
Without knowing who I am
How, how many times have I lost something so
precious
That nothing makes sense again
Tell me life's not like this, one short icy, nightmare
ghost kiss
Me and my therapist clutching at straws

I don't think you got me right
No I don't think you've got my type
In your computer program
I don't think you understand
What it means to play me man
There's no program that can read my soul
Don't you know

How, how many times have I got lost in the darkness

With nothing but a flashlight
How, how many times have I run screaming from
monsters
That I just couldn't fight
Tell me life's not like this, in the clutches of a
ghoul's fist
In love with my therapist I'm clutching at straws

I don't think you got me right
No I don't think you've got my type
In your computer program
I don't think you understand
What it means to play me man
There's no program that can read my soul
Don't you know

Oh won't you get me a UFO outta here

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