

Proxima "Poor Lonesome Voyager"

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Iâ€™m coming from deep space
Lonely voyager
I must make up my face
Iâ€™m undercover
My orders are to sit here
Staring at humans
Say if they deserve to like
Or are they dangerous

Lonely
I feel so lonely
Belong far away
Poor lomesone voyager
My job
Is to judge races
Should we give a spin
Should we come to destroy

Ten thousand years ago
I first came to earth
I brought knowledge and wiseness
Gave it to humans
I have to evaluate
What they have learned
Iâ€™ll choose to help them again
Or put them to death

Lonely
I feel so lonely
Belong everywhere
Poor lomesone voyager
My job
Is to judge races
Should we give a spin
Should we come to destroy

(coming from deep space lonely voyager)
(iâ€™m comming from deep space iâ€™m a voyager
forever)

