

## John Grant

### "Sigourney Weaver"

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When I woke up today, the air was very strange  
I couldn't feel my skin and there was evil in my bones  
I tried to speak but found that I didn't have a voice  
It was a prison like the one you would find in the twilight  
zone

And I feel just like Sigourney Weaver  
When she had to kill those aliens  
And one guy tried to get them back to the earth  
And she couldn't believe her ears

So I was taken or I went towards what was west  
Where the ground was dead and struck out at the giant  
sky  
The sky was black and filled with tiny silver holes  
And it was there with a frightened voice that I began to  
cry out loud

I feel just like Winona Ryder  
In that movie about vampires  
And she couldn't get that accent right  
Neither could that other guy

And I feel just like I am on Jupiter  
The one that looks like rainbow sherbet  
But it doesn't lend itself to life  
And I haven't finished yet

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