

## Stephen Lynch

### "So This Is Outer Space?"

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So this is Outer Space  
What a lovely place  
I can't wait to tell the human race  
Hello alien will you be my friend  
Wait there's something I can't comprehend  
It's not outer space at all  
I'm just at the mall  
Holy shit I'm freaking out y'all

Your on acids  
Your on acids  
Your on acids

Oh that's right lets go to the arcade

LCD will keep me sane  
Help me reach a higher plane  
According to the spiders in my brain  
Hey there's a girl I now  
I should say hello  
But her face is melting  
Got to go  
I'm freaking out again  
Where's that alien  
I need him to tell me that this trip will end

Your on acids  
Your on acids  
Your on acids

All the colors pretty colors

I met the devil he was at a Cinnabon  
With a monkey named Ramone  
Oh there was dancing on a seven headed snake  
Man this acid's way to strong  
Acid's way to strong

In a psychedelic state  
Watch my pupils dilate  
Staring in this mirror

For three hours strait  
My reflection starts to glow  
And says man it's time to go

Hey reflection please don't  
Harsh my mellow bro  
Oh there's that alien  
Sir we meet again  
I've got a tab of window pain  
For you my friend  
Take to much  
You'll peak to soon  
What a crazy afternoon  
Me and the navy and our  
Tripping balls to the moon

Were on acids  
Were on acids  
Were on acids

Got so left for the devil and Ramone

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