

## Tool "Rosetta Stoned"

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Alright then, picture this if you will:

10 to 2 AM, X, Yogi DMT, and a box of Krispy Kremes, in my "need to know" pose, just outside of Area 51.

Contemplating the whole "chosen people" thingy when a flaming stealth banana split the sky like one would hope but never really expect to see in a place like this.

Cutting right angle donuts on a dime and stopping right at my Birkenstocks, and me yelping...

Holy fucking shit!

Then the X-Files being, looking like some kind of blue-green Jackie Chan with Isabella Rossellini lips and breath that reeked of vanilla Chig Champa, did a slow-mo Matrix descent out of the butt end of the banana vessel and hovered above my bug-eyes, my gaping jaw, and my sweaty L. Ron Hubbard upper lip and all I could think was: "I hope Uncle Martin here doesn't notice that I pissed my fuckin' pants."

So light in his way,  
Like an apparition,  
He had me crying out,  
"Fuck me,  
It's gotta be,  
Deadhead Chemistry,  
The blotter got right on top of me,  
Got me seein' E-motherfuckin'-T!"

And after calming me down with some orange slices and some fetal spooning, E.T. revealed to me his singular purpose.

He said, "You are the Chosen One, the One who will deliver the message. A message of hope for those who choose to hear it and a warning for those who do not."

Me. The Chosen One?

They chose me!!!

And I didn't even graduate from fuckin' high school.

You better.

You better.

You better.

You better listen.

When he looked right through me  
With somniferous almond eyes.  
Don't even know what that means  
Must remember to write it down.  
This is so real.  
Like the time he floated away.  
See my heart is pounding,  
'Cause this shit never happens to me.  
Can't breathe, right now!  
It was so real.  
Like I woke up in Wonderland.  
All sort of terrifying.  
And I don't wanna be all alone when I tell this story.  
And can anyone tell me why  
Ya'll look like Peanuts parents?  
Will I ever be coming down?  
This is so real.  
Finally it's my lucky day.  
See my heart is racing,  
'Cause this shit never happens to me.

Can't breathe, right now!

You believe me, don't you?  
Please believe what I just said, see the dead ain't  
tourin.  
And this wasn't all in my head.  
See they took me by the hand and invited me right in,  
Then they showed me something.  
I don't even know where to begin.

STRAPPED DOWN MY BED. FEET COLD AND EYES RED.  
I'M OUT MY HEAD. AM I ALIVE, AM I DEAD?  
CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT THEY SAID.  
GOD DAMN. SHIT THE BED!

(high... I I I I I... high... I I I I I)  
(high)  
[repeated]

Overwhelmed as one would be, placed in my position.  
Such a heavy burden now to be the one.  
Born to bear and read to all  
The details of our ending.  
To write it down for all the world to see.  
But I forgot my pen,  
Shit the bed again,  
Typical.

STRAPPED DOWN MY BED. FEET COLD AND EYES RED.

I'M OUT MY HEAD. AM I ALIVE, AM I DEAD?  
SUNKIST AND SUDAFED, GYROSCOPES AND INFRARED.  
WON'T HELP, BRAIN DEAD.  
CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT THEY SAID.  
GOD DAMN SHIT THE BED!

I...!!!

CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT THEY SAID TO ME.  
CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT THEY SAID TO ME.  
MADE OUT TO BE, A HERO!!!  
Can't remember what they said.

OH NO, HELP NOW.  
Can't remember what they said.

DON'T KNOW.  
WON'T KNOW.  
[repeated]

GOD DAMN SHIT THE BED!

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