

# First Contact

A septic is the best way to describe me in my youth  
I laughed at the abduction crowd and yearned to  
know the truth  
Then came the moment when I saw the light  
When I was first abducted in the middle of the  
Night

before I knew

Some other folk may look upon a UFO with glee  
But I know what first contact means to me

Roswell, flying saucers, lights up in the sky  
It wasn't all for crackpots, just imagine my surprise  
Hollywood directors give us cuddly ET  
But I know what first contact means to me

The first was pretty awful but the second time was  
worse  
They tried some telepathic tests, I fear that I was  
terse  
I learned some basic manners running through a maze  
I think there was some cheese involved  
The rest is all a haze

Crop circles, fiery wheels and mutilated cows  
This intellectual skeptic is more open minded now  
New agey types would like to take an alien out to  
tea  
But I know what first contact means to me

I go to my meetings with the other abductees  
Sometimes I think I should have joined a gym  
I want to find a way to keep the aliens away  
But somehow I'm still out here on a limb

The third time I was waylaid drew some comment from  
my peers  
That's when some clashing jewelry was cemented  
to my ear  
It wasn't half as bad as what they did with tubes  
I guess I could have had it worse, at least they used  
some lube

Kidnapped, anesthetized, purged and tagged  
The rigid sigmoidoscopy annoyed me pretty bad  
A tin foil hat's an item I admire secretly  
Yes, I know what first contact means to me

Yes, Pyramids, crystal skulls and pictures in Peru  
I scoffed and scorned and pointed fun but that's