

ALIEN DOWN YOUR THROAT

Lyrics and music by Mark Osier

Am C D E (4x) - opening riff

If you want to be a guinea pig 'cause the money appeals to you
Sign up for a clinical study - but I'll warn you before you do
If they take you to the bronchoscopy room you better watch your back
'Cause they'll hold up a long black alien and tell it to attack

CHORUS

You can talk about the werewolf, living dead or Frankenstein
And you can talk about Count Dracula - I hear he don't drink wine
You can talk of H.P. Lovecraft and the horror that he wrote
But none of these can quite compare with an alien down your throat

(Launch into opening riff after each CHORUS)

When the alien attacks you, the first thing it will do
Is numb up your mouth and vocal chords with a foul-tasting goo
As sensation leaves your palate and you can't sing another note
It will push its long black phallic thing in your mouth and down your throat

*<Deep throat? Linda Lovelace has nothing on this thing -
it doesn't stop 'till it's in your lungs!>*

Once it's good and stuck down there and your mouth is open wide
That's when the creature makes a meal out of your sweet insides
He'll release digestive fluid though it's hard to say just when
And after he's let you suffer some he'll suck it back up again

When the alien is done feeding - it's disgusting beyond belief
It'll settle back and rest some and heave a sigh of relief
But this little guy's efficient - he'll take all that he can glean
So he'll lower out a brush and scrape your insides nice and clean

CHORUS

When this alien attacks you, doctors try to analyze
And keep you alive with probes and needles of every shape and size
When the creature's finished feeding and has gone its merry way
The doctors rip the tape off your legs and say, "Have a nice day!"

If you only get bronchitis then you're luckier than the rest
It could've left an egg that later on burst right out of your chest
Though my song is almost over you had better hide in fright
'Cause there just might be a little black alien waiting for you tonight

FINAL CHORUS

You can talk about the werewolf, living dead or Frankenstein
And you can talk about Count Dracula - I hear he don't drink wine
You can talk of H.P. Lovecraft and the horror that he wrote
But none of these can quite compare with an alien down your throat