

I'd like to meet an alien.

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Yeah, wouldn't that be neat?
I'm sure there is not another
creature I would rather meet.

I wouldn't care if he was big,
or medium, or tiny,
or if his skin was rough and tough,
or super smooth and shiny.

I'd like him if his head were bald
or covered up with hair.
I'd like him if his face were round,
triangular, or square.

He could be coloured black and white,
or yellow, red, and green.
He might be awfully dirty
or meticulously clean.

I'd like him if he whispered
and I'd like him if he yelled.
I'd like him if he used perfume
or positively smelled.

It wouldn't matter much to me
if he was soft or scaly,
or if he danced the rhumba
or he played the ukulele.

He could look like a lizard
or be a mammalian.
I'd simply like to scare my mom
by bringing home an alien.

— Kenn Nesbitt