

Destination Roswell

Lana Lane

In the southwest desert
North America
Back in '47
The day was almost done
The sound of the locusts
The color of the sand
And the sky in the desert
Fell to the land

There's something hidden in Hanger 18

What did they find, what do they know
Down in New Mexico
They're holding out, they're laying low
Down in New Mexico

There are secret meetings
In low lit rooms
There are careless whispers
In dark saloons

It's plausible denial
The chain of command
There's a secret hiding
And a master plan

They're hiding something in Hanger 18

What did they find, what do they know
Down in New Mexico
They're hiding out, they're laying low
Down in New Mexico
Who pulls the strings, who runs the show
Down in New Mexico
They're holding out, no secrets told
Down in new New Mexico

And everything will change
Astronomy, Astrology
Nothing stays the same
Theology, Philosophy

There's something hidden in Hanger 18

What did they find, what do they know
Down in New Mexico
They're hiding out, they're laying low
Down in New Mexico
Who pulls the strings, who runs the show
Down in New Mexico
They're holding out, no secrets told
Down in new New Mexico

What did they find, what do they know
Down in New Mexico
Who holds the key, who writes the code
Down in New Mexico

Who pulls the strings, who runs the show
Down in New Mexico
They're holding out, no secrets told
Down in new New Mexico