

# Hopewell, The Notbirds

They lived in a house  
On tall spindly legs  
She could look right through you  
Cough and shake her head

And when they drew blood  
They could hardly look away  
Even though it's not much  
It was all they had to say

She said You're killing me  
Pound me deader than a nail  
He said You're killing me  
Send me off in the US mail

They lived in a house  
On a long winding stream  
That water could run, man  
No matter the scene

And shafts of light  
Drove by the bed  
Bright shafts of light  
Trailed by their heads

He said You're killing me  
Pound me deader than a nail  
She said You're killing me  
Send me off in the US mail

All the records were spun  
The phone, it's dead  
By word of mouth  
Nothing was said

And when they were found  
Red footprints led  
All the people gathered round  
At the foot of the bed

Their blessed union was fraught  
With cellular dismay  
The light they gave off  
Held the people at bay