

My Morning Jacket, Librarian

"My Morning Jacket - "Librarian""

Walk across the courtyard,
Towards the library.
I can hear the insects buzz on the leaves, 'neath my feet.

Ramble up the stairwell,
To the hall of books.
Since we got the interweb these hardly get used.

Duck into the men's room,
Combing through my hair.
When God gave us mirrors he had no idea.

Looking for a lesson
In the periodicals,
There I spy you listening to the AM radio.

Karen of the Carpenters,
Singing in the rain.
Another lovely victim of the mirror's evil way.

It's not like you're not trying,
With a pencil in your hair,
To defy the beauty the good Lord put in there

Simple little bookworm,
Buried underneath
Is the sexiest librarian.
Take off those glasses and let down your hair for me.

So I watch you through the bookcase,
Imagining a scene.
You and I had dinner,
Spending time when you sleep.
And what can I say to you,
Lying there in bed.
These words were the kiss I would play in your head.

What is it inside our heads
That makes us do the opposite,
Makes us do the opposite
Of what's right for us.
'Cause everything be great,
And everything be good,
And everybody gave,
Like everybody could.

Sweetest little bookworm,
Hidden underneath
Is the sexiest librarian.
Take off those glasses and let down your hair for me.
Take off those glasses, and let down your hair for me.

Simple little beauty,
Heaven in your breath.
Simplest of pleasures
The world at its best.