

Neutral Milk Hotel, Engine

For I am an engine
And I'm rolling on
The world is all bending and breaking from me
For sweetness alone who flew out through the window
And landed back home in a garden of green

You're a riding alone in the back of steamer
And steaming yourself in the warm shower spray
And water rolls on off the round captain's belly
Who's talking to tigers from his cafeteria tray

And sweet babies cry for the cool taste of milking
That milky delight that invited us all
And if there's a taste in this life more inviting
Then wake up your windows and watch as the sweet babies crawl
Away