

# Of Montreal, At Night Trees Aren't Sleeping

Everything is falling apart, yes I am  
Watching me watch birds watch people.

I wear my bowtie to bed,  
Because I'm waiting for the gorgeous young man  
Hiding in the spaces.  
That darkness hides gorgeous young men.

Everything is falling apart, yes I am  
Watching me watch birds watch people.

If we are only waiting here to die.  
At least let me put my arms around you.  
Why try to keep it from myself,  
When it feels so good to sing about love?

Everything is falling apart, yes I am