

Of Montreal, On The Drive Home

There's an echo in my body echoes slide
Down the roof
You looked like heaven in bloom, I might now
Look deep in those eyes
Whose kindness moves my Texas to Oklahoma
Drops of light on the bed rolling off into a
Puddle on the floor You unbuttoned your life
And let me go
My eyes are as brown as blueberries love
Must put a mountain outside every window

I was crying my eyes out everything I drank
turned to tears, cherry cola tears, iced tea tears
I want to grab your words and fill them with
Coffee there we lie like monkeys in our beds
Burying each frown that gets born
I'll climb up under your nightgown we'll try to
Tickle a laugh out of the mattress
I'll use your boobs for a pillow