

# 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