

Of Montreal, Sleeping In The Beetle Bug

Sleeping in the beetle bug
With a hundred pounds of air in my heart.
Don't think that I'm able to sympathize,
I'm happier to see it gone.
Floating above your house like a penguin
Dropping cherries from my mouth.
Tapping the walnuts
and the shadows out of a dreaming
Pair of brown eyed ghosts.

In each of your eyes, I saw it's spring,
Where every mouth wakes up to a smile and a yawn.
Grass is long and laughs
when the wind jumps through it.

It must have started with that stick in the mud.
That there's where clouds are born.
Clouds can't stay where they are born.
Winds push them so far from home.
The sound of your laughter
Tiptoeing across the floor
makes the deepest of red umbrellas
able to inflate my smile.

In each of your eyes, I saw it's spring,
Where every mouth wakes up to a smile and a yawn.
Grass is long and laughs when the wind jumps through it.