

TV On The Radio, Wash The Day

Little flightless metal birds
High above in limbless tree
Echoes from their tiny box
Ring out into the atmosphere
Creating beauty inadvertently

It was a technological feat
This little bird

Wading through the market's waste
We locked eyes felt our loneliness abate
True desire showed its face, but only momentarily

Grey cascades in foreign waves
Wash the day away
I bought you flowers from the dying woods of Brazil
This little bird
While the kids burned down the greenhouse pushed the charred frame into the landfill
Put his beak to the word
We bought new bodies we bought diamond encrusted guns
So who the hell are you?
Making out so high in the backseat of a car-bomb under carcinogenic sun
Grey cascades in foreign waves
Wash the day away
Grey cascades in foreign waves
We did believe in magic we did believe
We let our souls act as canaries
Our hearts gilded cages be
Watched a million dimming lanterns float out to sea
Lay your malady at the mouth of the death machine
Aeroplane odabo,
Ba mi ki won lo odabo.
Eko meji, o yo mi
O yo mi
O yo mi

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