

Deerhoof, Chatterboxes

In pencil lines of ages past,
Idea maps were being drawn
Over the world.

Storytime in your wildest mind.
What a wonderful.
Magic animal.

Mother to child.
Singing a long song.

Set sail, seaworthy vessels.
Fill your holds with the sounds
Of daughters and sons
Wagging their tongues.

Written down in ink so clear,
Voices of a yesteryear.
Dreams are whispered in an ear.