

Hopewell, The Notbirds (Atomic Version)

They lived in a house
On tall spindly legs
She could look right through you
Cough and shake her head

And when they drew blood
They could hardly look away
Even though it's not much
It was all they had to say

She said You're killing me
Pound me deader than a nail
He said You're killing me
Send me off in the US mail

They lived in a house
On a long winding stream
That water could run, man
No matter the scene

And shafts of light
Drove by the bed
Bright shafts of light
Trailed by their heads

He said You're killing me
Pound me deader than a nail
She said You're killing me
Send me off in the US mail

All the records were spun
The phone, it's dead
By word of mouth
Nothing was said

And when they were found
Red footprints led
All the people gathered round
At the foot of the bed

Their blessed union was fraught
With cellular dismay
The light they gave off
Held the people at bay