

Monkey Swallows The Universe, When The Work

We go outside in the sun for the last hours of the day, for the best hours of the day
Our heads are sore from the day we've had or the night before
But our worries seem to pass when we lay down on the grass

In the dwindling light of the sun
In the arms of your only one
When the wait and the work has been done
Is this home? Is this home?

I could be wrong - so what? We won't be young for long
And there are trees outside for us to climb
In case we grow too old before our time

In the dwindling light of the sun
In the arms of your only one
When the wait and the work has been done
Is this home? Is this home?

At the prettiest part of the day
When the sunset starts out on her way
And his arms and his lips seem to say
This is home, this is home.