

# Neutral Milk Hotel, April 8th

Crawl across toward your window  
I'm calling softly from the street  
Always a lonely widow  
half-awake and sleeping on my feet  
I'm of age but have no children  
No quarter phone booth calls to home  
Just late night television  
inside my bedroom all alone

There is no use in waiting  
offer up your steps so I can climb  
Show me all your figure paintings  
etched in the middle of the night  
Let me stretch upon your carpet  
let me hear the rain tap on your street  
knowing I am safe on the inside  
blankets wrapped and drifting off to sleep