

Neutral Milk Hotel, Arms So Real

Folded in to arms, so real ("or" I hold it into arms so real)
There is something that we can't feel
Life's not horrible all the time

Smokes and cups and words of rhyme
Dripping ceiling, lemon-lime
I love you, and that's all I have to say

Eyes of gray and pavement green
Wrap your arms around the seam
Take your love and hold it close
Just slightest suggestion

Eyes of gray and pavement green
Wrap your arms around the seam
Take your love and hold it close
Just slightest suggestion

Spinning slightly round
My head hits the ground
A seed pops out
Glow the thought, then ("or" Globes of thought, then)
Descends the thought to you, with love
With love
With love