

# Neutral Milk Hotel, Rubby Bulbs

I need to taste your voice in my mouth  
I need to taste your voice in the air  
And I need to feel your skin against all that I reach out  
And feel your voice all over everywhere

I need to paste your skin around the mailbox  
And hold the postman in your smile  
I need to fill your lungs with smallpox  
And fill the glow of a sick and distorted life

Beautiful baby  
All filled with angels  
Beautiful baby  
All filled with angels  
Beautiful baby  
All filled with angels  
Beautiful babies  
All filled with angels