

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